FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

AUGUST 1977 $1.50

OUTER-SPACE VISITORS IN TENNESSEE

DYANNE (ILSA THE SHEWOLF) THORNE IN THE FLESH

THE WEIRD PLOT TO KILL GERALD FORD

ROBERT S. WIEDER ON SLEEP MYTHS

SOFTBALL 1977: THE PEOPLE AT BAT

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER ON THE SEX SECRETS OF BODYBUILDERS

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Technics
by Panasonic

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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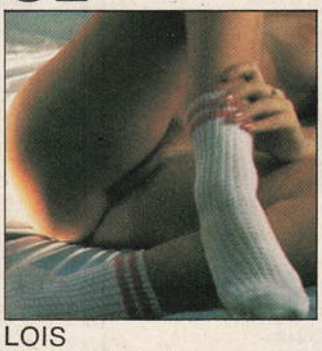
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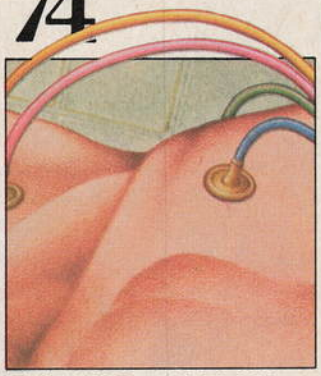
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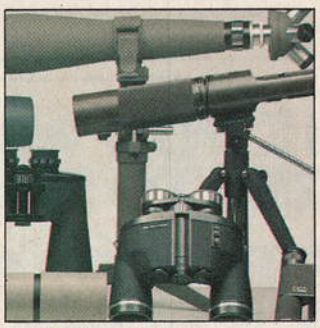
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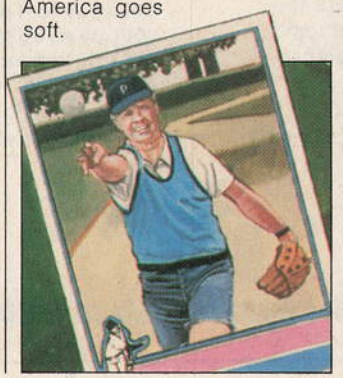

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MIRANDA
She hands down a decision.

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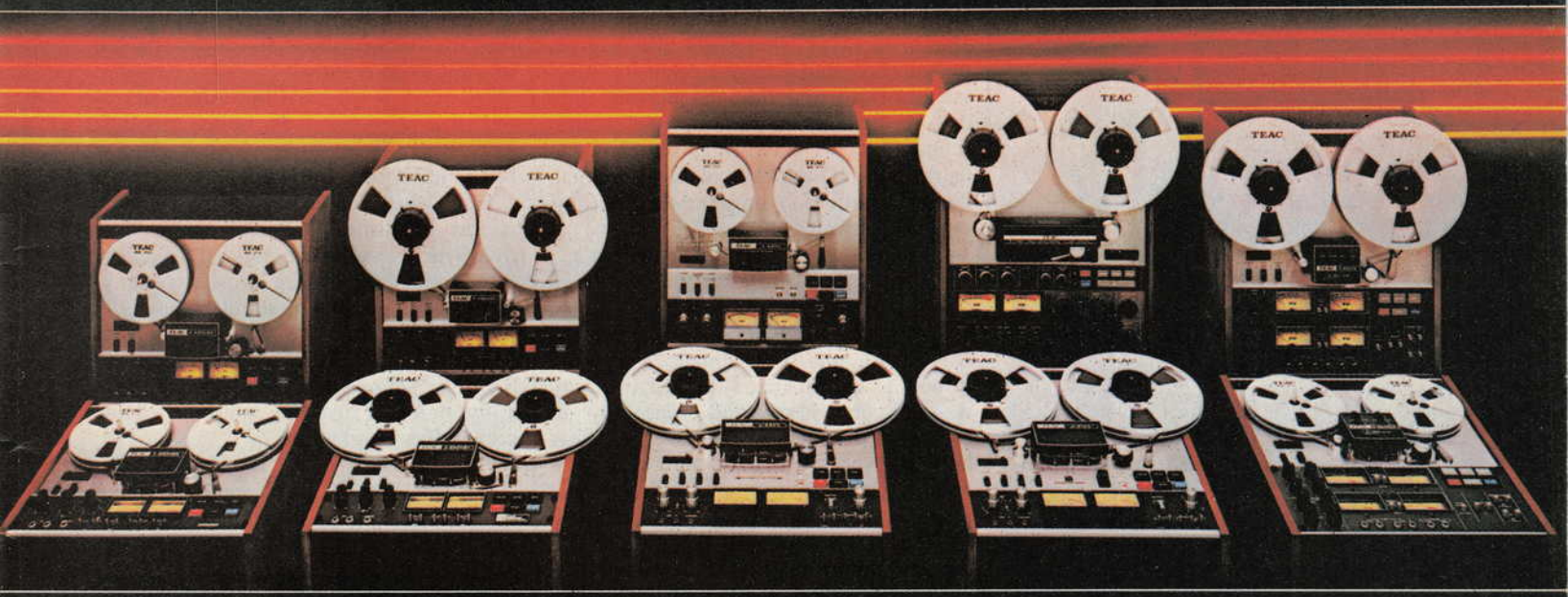
BE SURE YOU CHOOSE THE ONE YOU LIKE.



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Protein 29 Hair Grooms
Liquid, gel and sprays

Do something about the next 10 years.

MAIL

Faye's rays

I always thought that Faye Dunaway was a great actress, and I see from Fred Robbins' *Conversation with Faye Dunaway* (May) that she's also a great person. So often I read a celebrity interview only to find that the person hates cats or believes in est or some weirdo religion, so it's reassuring, somehow, to learn that Dunaway is heterosexual, happy and doesn't mind sewing buttons on her husband's shirts.

WILLIAM BITTNER
Baltimore, Maryland

I disagree with Dunaway's statement that overt nudity is unnecessary and unsexy in the movies. I think that nudity is sexy anywhere, and especially in movies and in magazines. In fact, I was hoping, when I bought the May OUI, that maybe, just maybe, Dunaway had taken her clothes off. Damn! Oh, well, we can't be winners all the time. I saw the devastating Dunaway backstage during the Oscar rehearsals and she looked absolutely delicious in a well-fitting brown suit. My imagination ran rampant. I certainly didn't expect her to take off her clothes then, but when I pay good money to see a lovely doll in a magazine or on the screen I want to see some action and let my imagination rest.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Hollywood, California

Swelling up with pride

I read Jerome Doolittle's piece on *The Return of the Gout* (May) primarily because it had a terrific subtitle: "That Swelling in Your Joint May Have Nothing to Do with Being Horny." I had another reason, however. Like Doolittle, I am a gout sufferer, but unlike him, I have suffered in silence. Until now. I used to be embarrassed by having the gout—I couldn't understand why it hadn't died out like smallpox and those other 18th Century diseases—but after reading Doolittle's article I must say I feel rather proud of the company I keep. A disease that attacked Julius Caesar, Charles Darwin, Martin Luther and Frederick the Great can't be all bad, right?

HOWARD HILL
Seattle, Washington

Maybe. But just think about this: Syphilis attacked Henry the Eighth, Beethoven, Napoleon and Nietzsche.

Holy Moses

I've read many articles about prostitutes in OUI over the years, but none was so freshly entertaining as the May *Short Takes: Hookers of the Holy Land*, by Jonathan Broder. I have yet to meet an American hooker who would feed me chicken soup; all they ever seem to want to do is eat.

JOHN GIBBONS
St. Louis, Missouri

Mira, Mira, on the wall

The May pictorial on *Mira Fonseca* is just exquisite. I've read somewhere that Brazilian girls are, by and large, the most beautiful in the world. If anyone has any doubts, he should reopen the May issue and take another look at Mira. After all, Mira means "look" in Spanish; she couldn't have been more aptly named. Just one question: How come Mira never smiles?

AL PARKER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mira says she smiles only when she has something to smile about. Your letter, for instance. By the way, Mira would like you to know that Brazilians speak Portuguese, not Spanish.

Better living through chemistry

I greatly enjoyed Robert Anton Wilson's article, *Ten Good Reasons to Get Out of Bed in the Morning* (May). It may interest OUI's readers to know that two of the subjects mentioned—life extension and solar power from space—have been incorporated into a NASA study by Science Applications, Inc. Also, the latest studies on space habitats, space industrialization and solar-power satellites are extremely encouraging. The economic break-even point appears to

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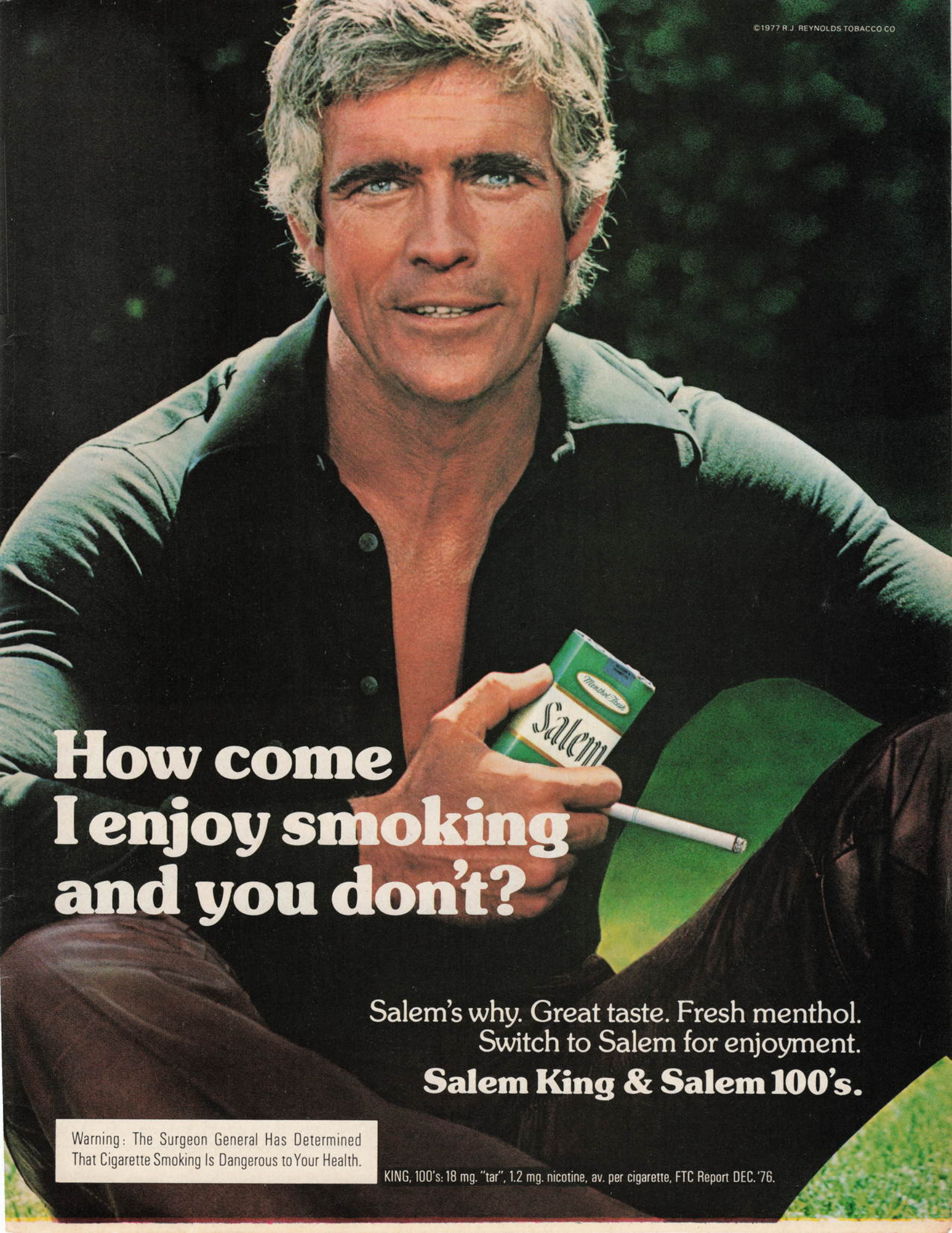


How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

Salem King & Salem 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

be only about ten years away from reality, and cost estimates are now less than the *profits* of the largest oil company over that same period.

H. KEITH HENSON
L-5 Society
Tucson, Arizona

Wilson certainly beats anything Billy Graham says for uplift. As an amen, let me quote the slogan of the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Society: "Arise! Awake! and stop not till the goal is reached."

PAUL M. STURGES
Stone Ridge, New York

Immortality over apocalypse? I'd rather stay in bed. What does the promise of life extension offer those unfortunate millions who must drudge in the office or on assembly lines? How many people really want 20, 50, 100 or maybe 1000 more years of digging, pounding, sweating and other kinds of scrounging around just to make a living? To promise everyone a life worth 500 years of living is unrealistic. If humans can't go without sleep indefinitely without going bananas, how can we expect to postpone death indefinitely? For the chemist who discovers a way, I wish 500 years of cleaning test tubes.

KEITH CROES
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania

Our actions in the next 50 years will determine whether we become immortal superbeings living in fantastic luxury or sacrificial lambs in a suicidal exercise in futility. There is little doubt that life extension is potentially right around the corner and that physical immortality is a rational possibility in the 21st Century. Anyone who doubts this or who wants to join the war against aging and death should attend the Life Extension Conference on March 11–12, 1978, at the Los Angeles International Hyatt House. Every aspect of life extension will be discussed at this conference by the leading authorities in the field.

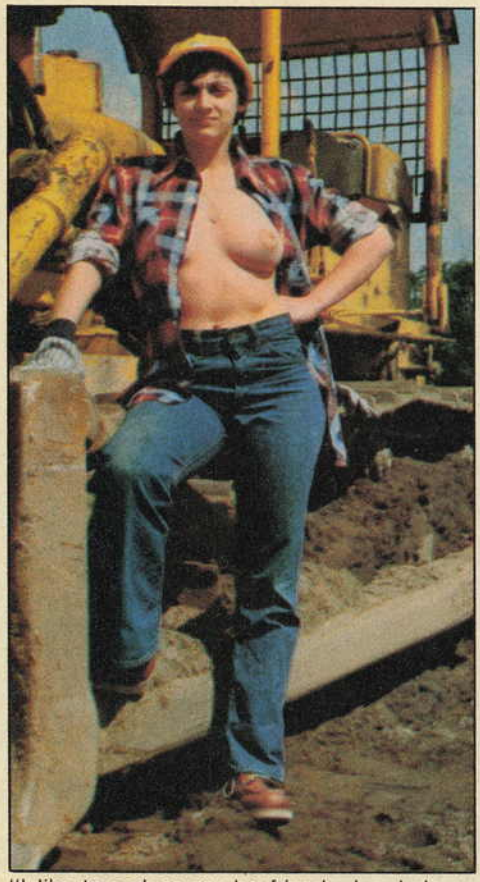
SAUL KENT
Woodstock, New York

Distilled fiction

I was fascinated to see Robert Mayer's *Superfolks* in the May issue, particularly since I had just finished reading—and loving—the novel from which the OUI piece was distilled. It's great to see fiction of that quality in a popular magazine. Mayer is a brilliant writer who took hold of an idea that's such a natural it makes the rest of us wonder why we didn't think of it, and then conveyed that idea with such subtle artistry that we have to concede that it's just as well it was he who thought of it. Unfortunately OUI's excerpt, entertaining as it is,

WHAT'S YOUR SEXIEST OUTFIT? Eight OUI readers dress up for their men

When we started the "How to Dress Sexy for Your Lover" contest in last December's *Mail* column, we never realized how many OUI readers like to dress up in funny outfits in order to turn on their lovers. The response has been tremendous. Ever since we announced our first $50 winner—a girl who wore nothing but grapes—the problem of choosing new winners has been increasingly difficult, so this month we've decided to publish as many winners as space would allow. Men as well as women are invited to enter this contest.



"I like to seduce my boyfriend when he's on the job," writes M. A., from New York State.

"My husband can't resist me in fringes," says C. B., from Fort Walton Beach, Florida.

"My lover doesn't like aggressive women," writes P. H., of Rochester, Minnesota. "He always wants to make the first move. But I try my damnedest to inspire him."

"Nothing excites my husband more than seeing me dressed in lace and black satin," says E. Z., of New York City. "Fantasy is what keeps our sex life wild and wonderful."

"My man prefers me in nothing but high-heeled boots," writes G. D. from New York, New York.

"Wearing black turns me on as well as my boyfriend," says D. G., from Massachusetts.

A. W., from Alberta, Canada, likes to wear plastic pants. "Makes me juicy," she says.

"My boyfriend likes me to pop out of my clothes," says J. S., from New Jersey.

INTRODUCING COMPONENT STEREO WITHOUT COMPONENTS.

Audio experts agree on very little. But they all concur on one thing. So far, components are the best approach to high fidelity.

But there's no rule that says you just can't put those components together in one neat package. And still get all the sound. Without all the hassle.

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Made simple by Pioneer.

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood 2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band	40 - 30,000 Hz	20 - 20,000 Hz	40 - 20,000 Hz	20 - 20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion *(smaller is better)*	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity *(smaller is better)*	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation *(larger is better)*	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio *(smaller is better)*	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
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*Source: Stereo Review's Stereo Directory & Buying Guide/Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price

Check the specs before you buy anything else. Centrex compares favorably with these typical audio store component packages. And by the way, did you notice the prices?

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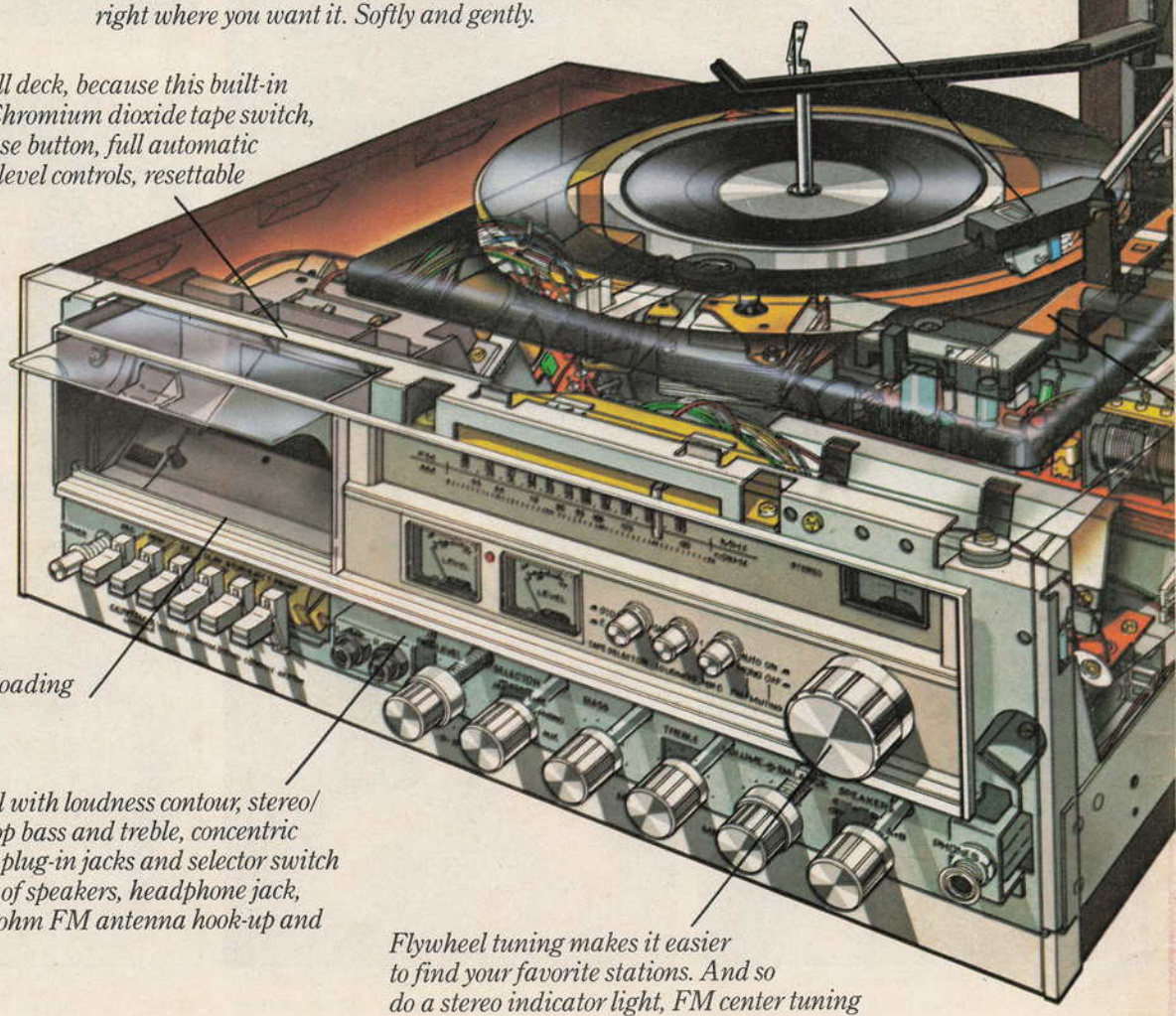

Model KH-7766

Professional-style front-loading design is where it's at.

You're in total control with loudness contour, stereo/mono switch, click-stop bass and treble, concentric volume and balance, plug-in jacks and selector switch for an additional set of speakers, headphone jack, auxiliary input, 300 ohm FM antenna hook-up and meters galore.

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This full-range, 3-way speaker system is controlled by a precise frequency divider network. So it always puts out powerful, yet clean sound. A 4-inch mid-range speaker has crisp, clear audio response.

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For more information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 10, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.

is just a pale reflection of Mayer's novel. Worse, OUI gives no indication directly connected to the piece itself that *Superfolks* is a novel at all (the cover mention is ambiguous and the squib on the *We* page is obscure). OUI's readers should know that what they've read in the magazine is only a small part of a very funny and complex novel.

JONATHAN RICHARDS
New York, New York

Elevated thoughts

The Elevator (May) proves it for sure: No magazine in the country does more provocative story pictorials than OUI. Bob Reed's photography is funny, imaginative and erotic. I must admit, though, that Godfrey and Lucinda thought up some interesting variations I'd never have envisioned without OUI's help. Tell me, though: Weren't Godfrey and Lucinda afraid that their see-through elevator might attract some unwanted attention?

RICHARD FINCH
Indianapolis, Indiana

Godfrey and Lucinda believe in the passion of the moment, and when you believe in the passion of the moment you don't worry about little problems like being seen. You worry about big

problems, such as how to climb the walls while keeping the door closed and looking for the right button to push.

Bye-bye, Band

There has been no better goodbye to The Band than Emmett Grogan's May article, *The Band's Perfect Goodbye*. Unfortunately I was not able to attend the concert the media billed as "the greatest of all time," but I'm anxiously awaiting Martin Scorsese's film of the event. Because he participated in the concert, Grogan was able to add more depth and behind-the-scene color than any of the rock journalists who reported the concert for the daily papers. I had the feeling, while reading Grogan's piece, that I was right up there on the stage with Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell and the others. And I can't even sing!

JOE RAMIREZ
Dallas, Texas

I hope that Grogan's article on The Band's Last Waltz is not the last article he plans for OUI, for that would be a waste of great talent.

KEN MOORE
Washington, D.C.

Have no fear, Ken. Grogan promises to have some interesting things to say soon about plutonium theft (which is the subject of his novel "Final Score," excerpted in OUI, November 1976).

A mute question

In *On the Trail of the Night Surgeons* (May) (as well as in last September's first cattle-mutilation story), Ed Sanders from the outset makes two wrong assumptions. First, he contends that mutes began appearing in the Seventies, and second, that they have been spreading eastward from the wild West.

During my wanderings in the Sixties, I came across many cases of mutilated animals in Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and other Eastern states. By the end of the decade, groups of farmers in Pennsylvania were so alarmed by the phenomenon that they formed vigilante groups. My 1969 book (written in 1968), *Strange Creatures from Time and Space*, contains a chapter titled "Cattle Rustlers from the Skies."

Mutes are not a modern phenomenon. Charles Fort recounted many cases in his books published in the Twenties, and those books dealt largely with events that occurred in the 19th Century.

If the mutes were the work of a secret government or military/industrial organization, it is probable that Sanders would not have lived long enough to get his ideas down on paper. Sanders is a neighbor and a friend, but, despite the thoroughness of his investigations, he has failed to inquire into the historical aspects of his subject. Like so many of the flying-saucer believers, he has allowed his personal beliefs to color his approach, and he has tried to fit the evidence into a frame of reference acceptable to himself.

JOHN A. KEEL
Woodstock, New York

Hope rises again

I've never seen anyone quite so inspiring as the *Hope* who springs eternal in the May OUI. Robert Anton Wilson says in the same issue that hope is one of the major reasons for getting out of bed in the morning, but I'd have to say that Hope is a convincing reason for staying in bed in the morning—or in the afternoon or all day long. I especially liked the story of Hope's fingers going on safari all over her body. What did Hope's little hunters do when they finally crossed over the bush and into the hot springs?

JIM SATTERFIELD
Atlanta, Georgia

The poor little things almost drowned, Hope says, especially after slipping into

a voracious whirlpool. She rescued them, though, and laid them out to dry. But do you know what? As soon as they'd rested, they insisted on marching right back into that same damp grotto.

Spring forward, fall back

How did OUI manage to get 30 people together in various stages of undress for one goofy but terrific picture on *The Rites of Spring* (May)?

TOM DOUGHERTY
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Setting up the picture wasn't particularly difficult; we just brought in a photographer to take pictures of our weekly T.G.I.F. party. What was hard was getting everyone to say cheese at the same time.

I moved to Southern Florida ten years ago when I was 15. I agree with OUI that Key West is a really colorful little place and that Daytona Beach's police force is remarkably liberated. You forgot to mention, however, that Fort Lauderdale has the best beaches in Florida. Just thought you Northerners should know.

BOB FISCHER
Lauderdale Lakes, Florida

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Benson & Hedges 100's

my comment is censored.

that's the breaks.

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18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

OPENERS

Arch criminal terrorizes Atlanta!

"I was on my way to court with my briefcase, walking through wino park in the middle of downtown Atlanta," says the comely Miss C., "when, all of a sudden, someone seemed to fall against me. Only he landed squarely on top of my insteps. I let out a scream, but he just continued on his way." Miss C., it turns out, was yet another victim of George Mitchell, aka the Atlanta Stomper, but only later did she learn that three other women had been stomped the same day in the same area. "I called a friend of mine who is a policeman and said, 'Curtis, please don't laugh, but I think I've been hit by the Stomper.' He cracked up."

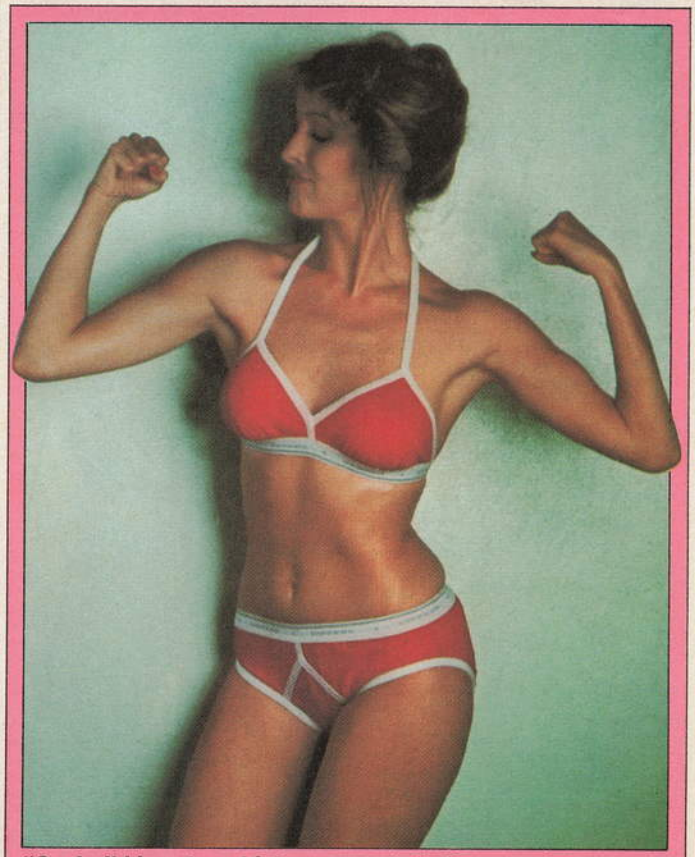
Realizing that they were up against a true heel, Atlanta police began a search for a man they knew only for his habit of crashing his heavy platform shoes squarely on the petite arches of what the local papers called "attractive young women in their mid-20s." Luckily the police nabbed their man seconds after he had put his foot down on yet another helpless victim. He was identified by more than 20 foot-weary women in a police line-up. Mitchell, 28, had a long record of such things back in his native Tennessee, where he had been known as the Nashville Stomper. The Stomper pleaded guilty to 20 counts of simple battery, and the judge, noting that Mitchell's stomping seemed to occur only when he was unemployed, ordered that he be taught a trade while in prison, presumably making footrests.

"I think he got a sexual thrill from the whole thing," says Miss C., looking back on the experience. "His turning and watching me writhe in pain was part of getting off for him. I know he made a real impression on me. In fact, I think I still have the bruises."

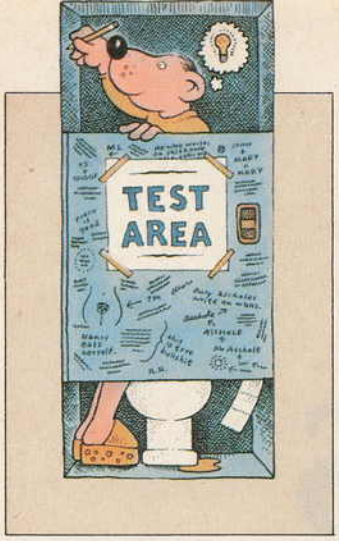
For those of you who have not attended a Berlitz school, the translation of this Dutch signpost is "Why didn't you think of that back at the restaurant?"

American graffiti: 1977

Psychologists have discovered a way to find out what teenagers think: They sneak into high school washrooms when the kids are gone and read the



"Oooh, I'd love to get into your pants," she purred. And that's exactly what she did, thanks to the equal-opportunity-minded folks at Dippers California who make these Jockey-style underwater wear. The crotch vents make for easy access.



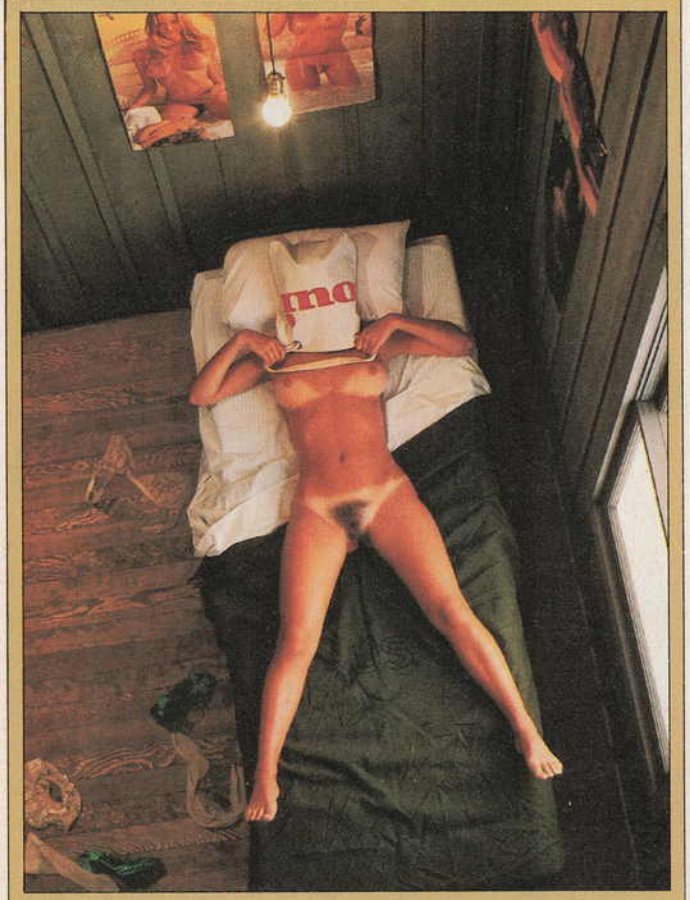
walls. Custodians of four schools refrained from erasing graffiti from walls for a three-week test period, after which University of Cincinnati researchers went in and wrote down everything they saw on three-by-five-inch cards.

The *Journal of Social Psychology* study to determine how sex, race and class influenced graffiti revealed that girls wrote more than boys by a margin of three and a half to one and that "popular preoccupations" fell into four major categories: romantic (John loves Mary); erotic (John eats Mary); political-religious (John votes for Jesus); and miscellaneous (Mary darns boxer shorts). Preoccupations of girls at the lower socioeconomic levels were predominantly romantic, while upper-class girls were more into erotic, political, moral and religious graffiti. The debutantes' crapper, in fact, was the location of the survey's only antiestablishment inscriptions, seditious declarations such as FZHS STANDS FOR FUCK ZEE HIGH SCHOOL.

Boys had been boys with consistently higher percentages of erotic and scatological ("denoting eliminative activity") items, while racial slurs, found almost exclusively in the survey's only integrated school, were distributed equally by gender. Few examples of drug-related or homosexual graffiti were observed anywhere, and the researchers seemed pleased to report that tomorrow's leaders are overwhelmingly preoccupied with love and sex, just like real people.

—THEODORE FISCHER

From bags to bitches



If your lady sports a less-than-perfect puss, rescue her from her predicament with the thoughtful gift of a OUI canvas tote bag (cost: $10). What nature has misbegotten cover with cotton.

Marquee madams

Let us now praise famous movie-marquee makers. As you may know, porn palaces in Frankfurt, West Germany, display the most amazing visual come-ons in Europe. Horst Frischkorn and Horst Ottenstein, the artists who design them, are largely responsible for this.

For more than a decade, the Frischkorn/Ottenstein duo has been dazzling locals with renderings of huge, big-busted honeys atop Frankfurt's movie marquees. Although both men scoff at artistic pretensions, they are painters of the photo-realist school, enlarging life in minute, Kodachromic detail.

Working out of a drafty loft on Leibnitzstrasse 6, the sign painters follow a set procedure for creating their huge moviehouse paintings. After they decide on an especially erotic photo from a magazine, they put it into the overhead projector. The image is then projected onto a fresh 10-by-30-foot canvas. They then trace the rough outlines from the projected image.

Next, they use airbrushes to rough out the general features of the figure. Last, with the artistry of a Zen motorcycle mechanic, they paint in eyelashes, highlights, eye sparkle, lip gloss and pubic hair.

"I'm always amazed when an art collector comes in and wants to buy one of our marquee paintings," says Frischkorn. "We're just sign painters; neither of us studied art. It's just something we do. Of course, it is nice to see a hayseed gawking up at one of our paintings advertising a porno flick."

Frischkorn says that he and his partner are among the last billboard companies in Germany to continue hand-painting. Most companies use expensive photographic processes.

"But we get requests for all kinds of specialized work," says Frischkorn. "For example, a wealthy businessman near here asked us to do a South Sea Island fresco, complete with naked natives, to surround his swimming pool. That was a great job."

One of their regular clients, owner of one of Frankfurt's bigger porno moviehouses, swears that Ottenstein and Frischkorn have much to do

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Tales of the UNRECORDED

"There," says a major-record-company executive, pointing to a filing cabinet filled with reels of tape, "rest the dreams of millions." He shrugs and closes the cabinet door. "We get about one hundred unsolicited tapes a week from people who want to be stars—*disco* groups, folk singers, schoolteachers who tape their classes singing *God Bless America*, comedians, rock bands. Hell, one week I got a tape from a guy who just whistled for thirty-five minutes. Amazing. Things start cooling out for a while and then some new band starts to make it big. Bang! The tapes start coming in by the truckload again."

The "new band" in question is Boston, which sent in a demo tape to Epic Records. Their first album went platinum.

Literally thousands of audition tapes are sent each week to record companies by would-be sensations. The crush is so great that many labels simply do not listen to the tapes anymore. "It gets to be a grind," another A&R staffer moans.

Mulling through one week's stack of tapes turns up a number of rather unusual artists:

A country-and-western singer from Düsseldorf, West Germany, phonetically sings the praises of a down-home *Fräulein*, *Eleezabeet*.

A Polish singer who dresses in a Cossack outfit and has already recorded a few local albums (most notably *My Home Waits for You*) sends in his newest piece of music accompanied by reams of rave quotes from industry heavies. The best of the lot reads: "We are indeed impressed with the recording and will give it as much airplay as possible on Radio Trinidad."

A free-form jazz pianist sends in a cassette accompanied by a three-page penciled note that ends with a somber "Help me, please. May God bless you."

A lawyer from the Bible Belt begins his note with the attention-getter "As you are no doubt aware, religious-oriented records are always commercial best sellers." The accompanying spoken-word cassette suggests that earth is, in reality, the hell concocted by God for evil man. The writer believes that Charlton Heston would be the best choice for the finished-album version, using "an echo chamber, etc."

A Spanish love poet, who has no music to match his lyrics, wants a contract anyway, because he possesses "animal magnetism that females can smell." Passed over a number of times by the record company of his choice, he now resorts to sending mash notes to "all the girls" in the company.

A gentleman with a rather bizarre accent warbles (sans musical accompaniment) two "powerful and tragic" songs about Claudine Longet ("Oh, what a sad misfortune/I am still in convulsion") and Cher ("Why do you left . . ."), specifically designed for "Andy Williams and Sonny Bono." The singer/poet ends his explanatory note with the cryptic "I believe that never will I be able to write something like this."

"I mean, what can you say to these people?" the executive says sadly. "It's their life!" His thoughts are interrupted by the mailboy, who brings in an armload of new tapes, one of three deliveries a day. The exec signs for the tapes and the courier leaves, smiling. "Don't you just love it?" says the exec.—Ed Naha

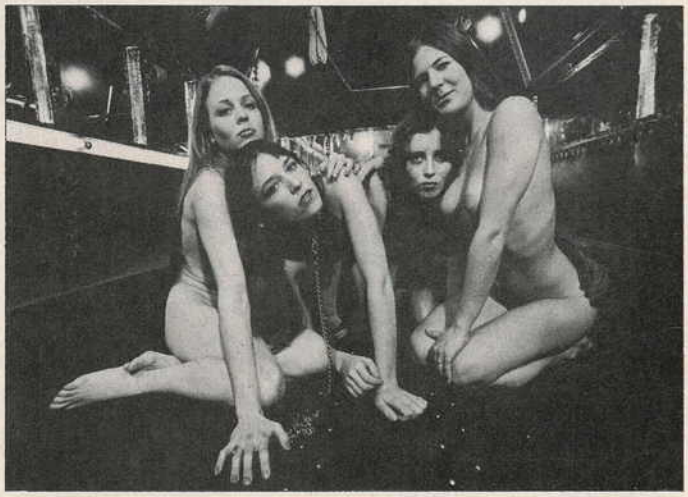
with his theater's success.

"But I always ask them to do one thing," he told OUI. "I ask them to blow up the breasts. It just seems right that a 20-foot broad on a movie marquee should have big tits. Don't you agree?"

We'll take two in a size 186-D. —Gale Wiley

Room with a view

The fabulous Mitchell brothers have always had their noses to the winds of change in contemporary porn. Between trendsetting epics such as *Behind the Green Door*, *Sodom and Gomorrah* and hundreds of ten-minute "loops," they have probably filmed enough orgasms to overflow Grand Canyon and quake the streets of San Francisco into the bowels of the Pacific. Jim and Art Mitchell have now given San Francisco the Ultra Room, an adult playpen of lustrous black vinyl and mirrors and furnished with stainless-steel trapezes, chrome chains, velveteen whips, ropes, handcuffs—the perfect place to exercise and get the kinks out. For ten dollars a half hour, customers sneak into discreet viewing booths encircling the Ultra Room and watch four indiscreet, totally depraved females do—well—whatever



totally depraved females do. The ladies can't see the customers, who are behind one-way mirrors. The Ultra Room provides a good show in comfort, privacy and total safety—ideal conditions for discriminating voyeurs. And soon, the Mitchell brothers promise, male stars will join the ladies for hot hetero carryings-on. You may never watch a movie again.

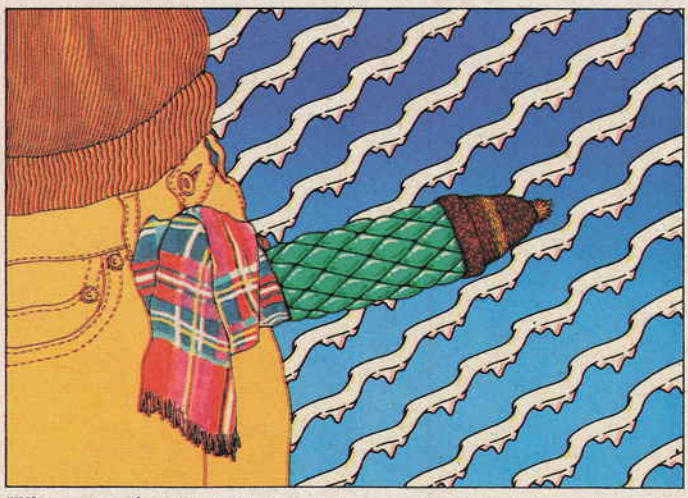
The sign of the paw

"I make no bones about it. Nobody on the face of the earth knows more about dog detection than I do," declares Sherlock Bones with all the modesty befitting his mentor. Bones, formerly John Keane, took up hounding six months ago after an apocryphal vision in a local steam room. He picked up a soggy Classified section someone had left on the bench and his eyes immediately fastened on "LOST CHIHUAHUA; $300 REWARD." Through the swirling steam, Keane envisioned himself in his new persona—Sherlock Bones, tracer of missing pets. With the help of his trusty sheep dog, Paco, and a comely, part-time Dr. Watson, Keane embarked on his new career.

Although he never found the $300 Chihuahua, Bones boasts of a 70 percent success rate when he gets on the scent of a particular pooch. Naturally he claims it's all very elementary. Besides his keen powers of deduction, Bones regularly enlists neighborhood kids, whom he refers to as Sherlock's Pet Posse. [A $50 subcontract buys a lot of assistance wherever he goes.] Besides sleuthing for individual pets, Bones is available for consultation world-wide and he is planning to franchise his operation nationally. Write to him at P.O. Box 11035, Oakland, California; or call (415) 655-9666.

Bones is not without his nemesis, the notorious Moriarty, who is alive and prospering, kidnaping pooches in Northern California and selling them in the southern half of the state. The problem with tracking him down, Bones confides, is that his victims never talk.

For every season, turn, turn, turn, there is a lesson, learn, learn, learn



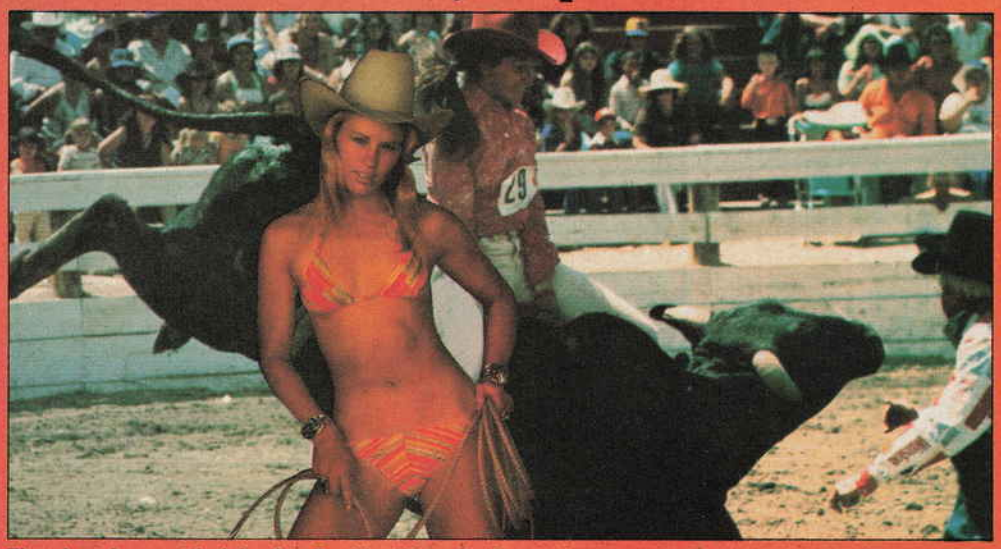
Who can forget last year's winter, when home heat loss replaced white-collar crime on TV? For those of you who can and have, here's a chilling tale that should make you think twice about running around the block when the mercury level gets indecent.

The New England Journal of Medicine reported that a 53-year-old circumcised physician went for his customary early-morning jog one frosty morning last December. His attire included boxer shorts, double-knit trousers, T-shirt, light sweater, gloves and nylon-shell jacket that "extended slightly below the belt." The temperature that morning was listed as –8°C.

Toward the end of his half-hour routine, the physician noticed an unpleasant burning sensation at the end of his penis.

Turns out that the doctor's

Ride 'em, cowpersons!



The dust has settled in the Pueblo West National Horseman's Arena. The contestants have retired to nurse their bruises, their drinks, their egos and their cash awards until the Girls' Rodeo Association circuit begins again this summer. Last year, the G.R.A.'s major event at Pueblo West, Colorado, drew more than 10,000 fans. The 113 contestants competed for over $24,000 in prize money in such traditional rodeo events as barrel racing; tie-down calf roping; bronc and bull riding; and, yes, steer undecorating.

They have gone home now, those who lost and those who won; home to bull and bronc, perhaps to husband, lover, job and children, hobby, rope and spur. Once again this summer they will resume the sagebrush trail, through Texas, California, Nevada and Wyoming, to celebrate—with bucking, hooting, chaps and pants—their independence. —DAVID MAMET

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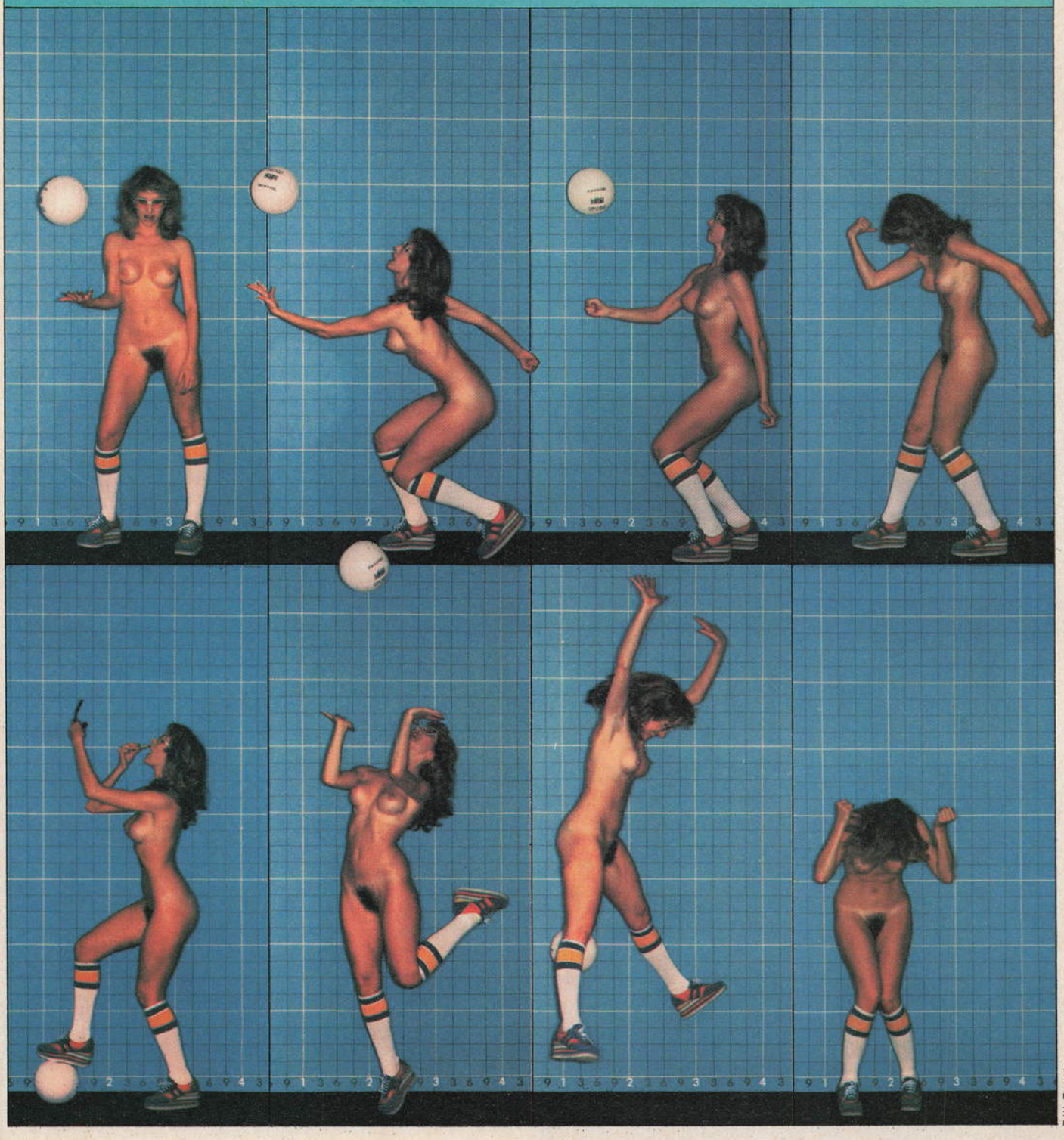
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VOLLEY OF THE BALLS

Well, sports fans, once again OUI shows you how to keep fit and have fun. In case our volleydoll gives you any ideas, you'll be happy to know that volleyball was developed as a less-strenuous alternative to basketball; so, after a match you'll still have the energy to get to first base in a different type of ball game. Now, the serve: Keep your eye on the ball and hit it with your hand, fist or arm. The ball must fly over the net to the opposing team. The receivers must return the ball without catching or holding or touching it more than three times—or touching the net. You'll be pleased to note that contact with fellow teammates is not against the rules, but players must not touch the *ball* with any part of the body below the hips. In spite of shots with ferocious names such as spike, block, smash and kill, volleyball doesn't have to be a violent game and you don't need a lot of expensive equipment to play. Note the player below: gentle as a whisper and she can't even afford her own uniform. But observe her graceful net work and consider whether it might not be worth spending a couple of days in court for a chance to win her service.



Bill Frantz

dick was a victim of early frostbite. What is less certain in this minor saga, however, is what did our hero in: (a) allowing himself to be circumcised? (b) selecting a jacket that extended only just below the belt? (c) failing to have his head examined?

OK, here's how to tell if you've been bitten and what to do about it. First of all, it's important to remember that frostbite can strike within one minute. Let's say you are on your way to the corner drugstore to pick up a copy of OUI magazine and suddenly you suspect that all is not well in the state of your privates. What do you do? Go inside, preferably someplace where you can be alone. Remove all clothing in the penile vicinity. Examine the glans: Is it frigid? Red in color? Tender upon manipulation? Anesthetic to the lightest touch? Sorry, but this is not your day. Form a cup with your palm. Cradle the tip of your penis for rapid rewarming for approximately 15 minutes. Then go on your merry way and pick up that copy of OUI—that is, unless they are all sold out. We suggest you cut this item out and carry it in your wallet at all times.

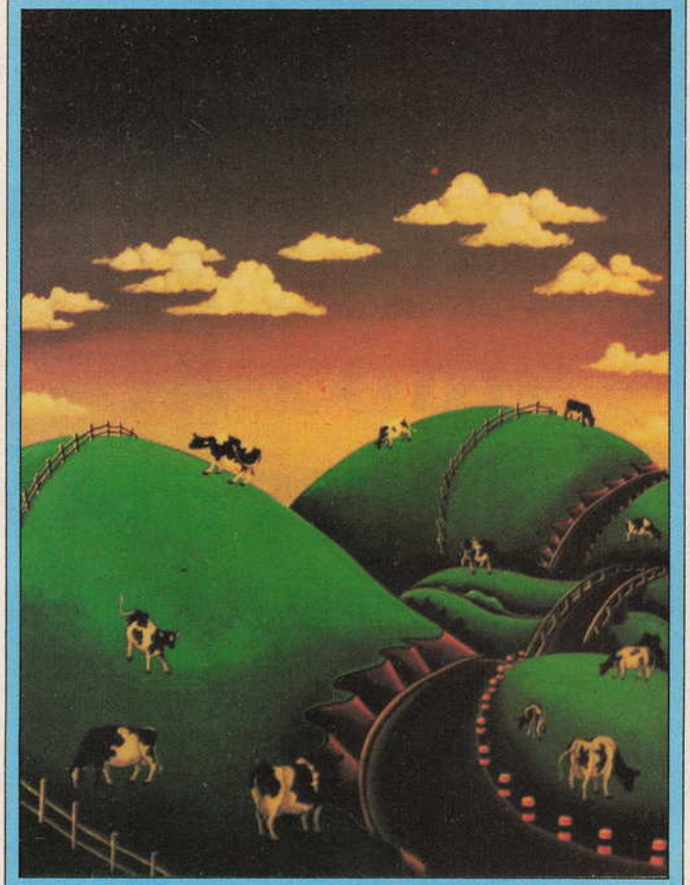
Vegegram

For those of you who are tired of trying to think up new ways to make points while wishing your lover or boss or teacher happy birthday, Don Currie and Jeffrey Andrews have come up with an almost perfect solution. For a few shekels, Western Onion will send a bright, snappy bellboy (or bellgirl, for that matter) anyplace you want, singing joyous praises to life, love and good fortune. The effect is like Thirties theater, with the recipient of your good wishes the star at center stage! Tunes from *Can Can* and *The Barber of Seville* fill the air.

Western Onion, based in California, likes people from less-hip states, too, and has provided America with a toll-free number from which to order singing telegrams 24 hours a day. The number—are you ready?—is (800) 648-LOVE. Cute, no? And to sample some of the more than 40 different songs and messages available, simply dial (415) 647-3838.

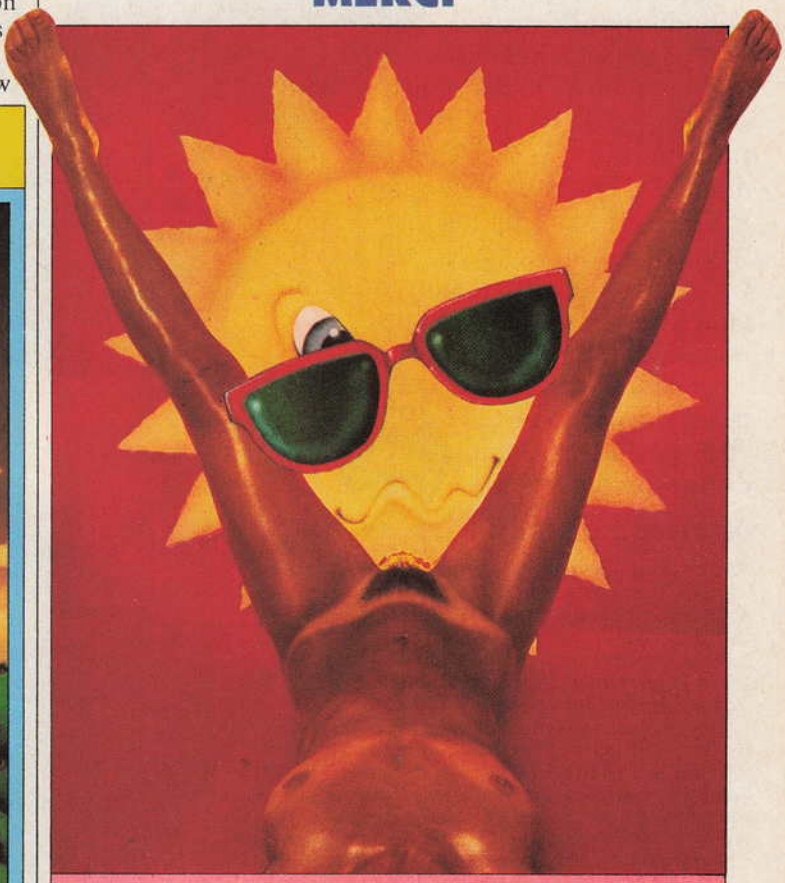
We know there are probably still a few skeptics among you who probably think that OUI made all this stuff up, right? Well, pardon our name-dropping, but Grace Slick, Barbra Streisand and even President Carter have all been Onion-gramed. So, c'mon gang, button up that ole overcoat, put on that top hat and join the boys of Western Onion on the sunny side of the street!

How green was my valley



This is what happens when erotic-painter Raul del Rio acts out his hidden desire to be a landscape architect. He paints the bucolic countryside as a pleasingly plump, but anatomically reversed, maiden bending down. Our Lady of the Pastures has a fence as the hem of her panties and a road running through garter-belt territory; the small cow pond is really the little man in the boat. For Del Rio, mother earth is all milk and honey and her pastures of plenty are just the thing to drive through on an otherwise uneventful Sunday afternoon.

MERCI



The sun rises, the sun sets. The sun comes up and, bless its little heart, the sun goes down. But before we say bye-bye and put our summer clothes in storage, let's give thoughtful thanks and big bucks to the following editorial contributors: Billy ("Wanna career in sports?") Clark, Gay Haubner, John Levin, David ("So talented and so well-groomed!") Mamet, Ed Naha, Tom ("Come back, Miss L. I miss your rounded heels.") Passavant, Arthur Signorella, Gar Smith, Richard Smith, Susan ("Boxer shorts have nothing to do with the drought.") Subtle, Nancy Sundquist, Nancy Waller and Gale Wiley. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, OUI bag and Dippers, Bill Frantz; signpost, Texe W. Marrs; marquee madams, Gale Wiley; Ultra Room, Dave Patrick; Sherlock Bones, John Levin; cowperson, Nick DeSciose. Art credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Fred Nelson; Atlanta stomper, George Kenton; tales of the unrecorded, Jim Lange; for every season, Dick Daniel; how green was my valley, Raul del Rio. Please pass the rum and limes.

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SEX TAPES

HAIRY SEX

For something made of dead cells, hair certainly has a lot of life. The way it grows on our heads and bodies has much to do with making us attractive—or not attractive—to the opposite sex. So does the way we wear it: The young ladies aping Farrah Fawcett-Majors' coiffure today aren't doing it for strictly aesthetic reasons any more than the punks who affected the Presley-style sideburns in 1959 did. It was no coincidence that the most successful stage show of the revolutionary Sixties, when long locks—on men, anyway—were more significant politically than otherwise, was a sexy romp called "Hair." Hair also grows in our genital areas, and the sight of pubic hair is so strong a sexual stimulus that many of our courts are tied up answering questions about when and how it may be shown. The erotic significance of hair is perhaps best appreciated by considering that it's been a means to sex ever since Rapunzel let her tresses down. Our interviews this month turned up nothing quite so bizarre as that, but they do indicate the great variety of ways in which our follicles affect our sex lives.

Annette C., 26, art buyer: I don't like men with blond hair. Just the idea of ringlets of blond chest hair has always turned me off. I'm not sure why; maybe it represents something too soft, too feminine, for me. However, my girlfriend set me up with a blond guy and I was attracted to him, in spite of myself. We went out to dinner and he wore a low-cut shirt that revealed curly blond hair rising all the way to his throat. I was turned off at first, but the way the light hit his hair made it glossy and inviting. I started getting wet. My legs were melting. I felt flushed and I tried to tell myself, "Look, you know you don't like blond guys." To no avail, of course. When we left the restaurant, we went, with hardly any conversation, to his apartment. As I waited for him to turn on the lights, he slipped an arm around me and began taking off my blouse. Soon we were both naked to the waist, right there in the hallway. He was wearing a gold medallion on his chest that picked up the slivers of light coming through the blinds and scattered them among his blond chest hairs. As he started moving his body against mine, each one of those hairs rubbed against my chest, tickling in a sweeter way than I could have ever thought of or imagined.

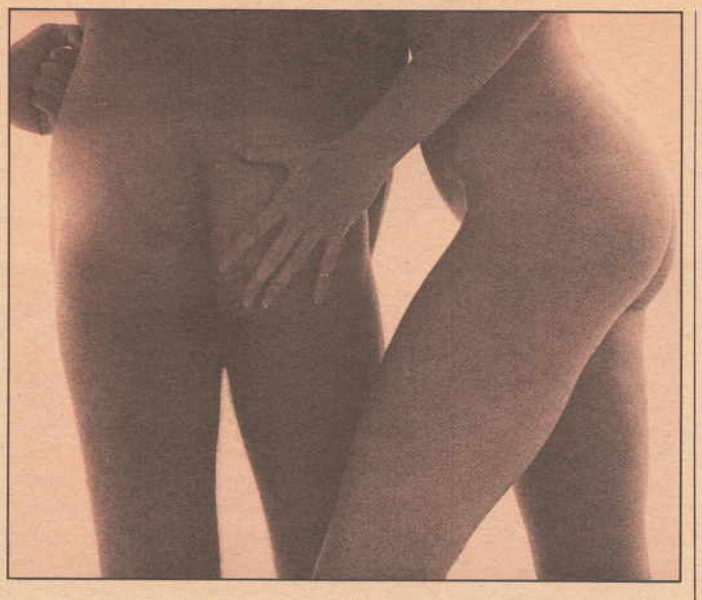
"Soon we were both naked to the waist, right in the hallway."

Now I was really hot for him; I wanted to rub my body all over his, all over his hair. He removed my pants, then his, and moved me gently to the floor. We were naked; he was rubbing against me and at the same time lightly dabbing his finger in my mouth. He was very hairy, but his hair felt like a kitten's fur against my body, and the way each strand picked up the shimmering light from the window made me feel golden all over. If he were a buttercup, I'd never be able to get enough butter. I wanted him to get inside me quickly but he was holding back, rotating his pelvis against mine and running his finger quickly in and out of my mouth. Finally he took that finger, wet with my saliva, and thrust it inside me. In and out, in and out. He rolled me onto my back and ate me for a while. The light from the window continued to play on his full head of thick blond hair as he gently fucked me, still running his finger in and out of me along with his thick cock. I was coming as though there was no tomorrow. I couldn't stop. Later, he burrowed up next to me. The fading light still played on his chest and, as I lay there, twisting ringlets of that fine golden fleece around my fingers, I felt absolutely satisfied for the first time in my life.

Harry B., 27, hair stylist: I've always been interested in hair, especially young pubic hair that curls up between finely contoured legs. I cut hair daily, but I never realized how much I enjoyed my work until I discovered Barbantia's secret. An innocent young illustrator who specialized in pictures of animals, she had big, jade-green cat's eyes and thick brown hair with a fiery-red aura. It was the kind of hair I'd like to be wrapped in, rubbed with, beaten with—*anything*—and her voice had a perpetual quaver that created in me a fervor to rival that of a religious zealot. Unfortunately she was a close friend of my wife's—and a woman's

woman. The first time I saw her, I talked to her awhile. I told her I was a barber. Then she told my wife that she had a most disturbing crush on me and didn't know what to do about it. One day, for reasons that are beside the point, I happened to be in her apartment and saw her self-portrait. Beautiful. It would be only human for an artist doing a self-portrait to improve on his looks; but I could suddenly divine the presence, under her blouse, of the same full, naked breasts I could see in the painting. Looking at them, and then at her standing there, I wanted her. But, while it may have been her innocence that told my wife how she felt about me, it was also a smart way to keep me out of the picture. She was loyal to her friends and to her sex. After I had seen Barbantia's vision of herself naked to the waist, though, I wanted to get into her more than anything I could think of. But she might have resisted me. She might have told my wife. I almost came whenever I thought of her, but I didn't want to make an advance until I was sure I could get in.

My desire was driving me crazy; she was all I could think about. Sometimes, when she came to visit my wife, I'd get to talk to her, alone, for a few minutes. Then she stopped by on a day my wife wasn't home. I suggested that perhaps, on some level, she had planned to catch me alone. I told her that everyone has a secret sexual desire—something they want more than anything else in the world. I told Barbantia that she had to have a secret wish, perhaps something she once dreamed. And then she said it: "I want to be shaved." Well! She wanted to be shaved by a man. I wondered if she was putting me on. I walked toward the bathroom and her eyes grew large and animal-like. It was a strange face: She looked as if she were seeing a naked man for the first time. I heard her breathing. Just to tease her, and to make it better, I waited a long time, then made as much noise as possible running the water and looking through the items in the medicine chest. When I came out, she was waiting expectantly, sitting up straight on the couch in a way that brought her breasts into bold relief. I'd left my best razor at the barbershop, but there was plenty of shaving cream, the sight of which visibly excited her. I said, "If I'm going to give you a shave, you'll have to undress first." She was in such a hurry that she seemed to tear her clothes off. All of them. And when they were off, I could appreciate the voracity of her self-portrait. I could also feel my dick rising in my pants.



"Her eyes gleamed at the razor as I lowered it and started shaving slowly."

I asked Barbantia to lie down. As I placed a towel under her, I got two wonderful handfuls of her rounded ass, each cheek full and curved like a gigantic letter C. The hair between her legs was brown, with sparkles of red, and I was glad I didn't have my best razor. It would be slower this way. She spread her legs wide apart and her cunt seemed to be smiling at me. She was breathing hard, her flat stomach rising and falling quickly. As I began dampening the special beard between her legs, something wild appeared in her eyes; when I pushed the button and the soft, comelike lather of the shaving cream shot all over her, she could no longer hold still, but twisted frantically, almost biting her tongue with excitement. I told her to hold still, to hold her cunt still, just as I would tell someone in the barbershop to hold his head still. Her eyes gleamed at the razor as I lowered it and started shaving slowly, steadily. She became progressively more agitated as I worked downward, pushing a finger into the soft flesh to spread it slightly as I shaved a patch of hair at a time. Then I reached a place I didn't have to wet; she was lubricated with a wetness of her own that flooded my fingers. She moaned. Then I was done.

She was as bald as a baby. And my white-hot rod was more than ready; it had to be in that hole. Now. Her buttocks were two balls of flesh moving against the towel. My cock slipped right inside her. Nerve ends exploded throughout my body. She screamed hysterically, bucking in violent ecstasy as I shot off what seemed like a milk bottle's worth. A hundred guys could have fucked her without giving her the kind of excitement she got from the fulfillment of her fantasy.

Ellen E., 32, account executive: I don't like guys with hairy bodies. There is nothing more beautiful than an absolutely hairless physique. Stroking one is like running your fingers over smooth, cool ivory; fucking one is like fucking a long, cool, marble table, absolutely endless and tight, nothing wasted. My boyfriend, Jon, has an absolutely hairless body. The first time we ever made it, he took off his clothes and stood in front of me, as perfect as a statue and tempting enough to be taboo. He lay down next to me and I ran my fingers along the perfectly sculptured lines of his torso. His prick, arching out of his body, was long, lean and smooth. I was so aroused that my nipples were hard and full, and the feeling of them rubbing against this ivory marvel was too much for me. I was whimpering with delight even before I took his prick—which seemed to be growing taller and taller, like a monolith—in my hands and gently got on top of him. I moved in circles around that rod, ran my hands up and down his otherworldly body, rolled my head in rhythm to our pelvic gyrations. I felt privileged, as if I'd gotten the opportunity to fuck a Greek god. He raised and lowered his long legs against my back, which intensified the whole wonderful rhythm of what we were doing. When I came, it was like a gush of cool water coursing up between my thighs.

Valerie D., 30, waitress: My attraction to hairy men dates from my earliest sexual experience. I never knew my father; my mother would say only that he was no good and go into a rage if I asked about him. We moved around a lot; Mother was a waitress who drank a lot and had her share of boyfriends—one-night stands and otherwise. Jack was her favorite. He was a merchant marine who visited once or twice a year, bringing gifts from all over the world—perfume, real pearls and silk—and staying with us for a few days at a time. He was a big, well-built man, not handsome but good-looking in a rough way, and I had heard my mother, in her drunken moments, bragging to her girlfriends about what a great lay

he was and how he was hung like a horse. On several occasions, as I lay awake at night, I listened to my mother's deep moans as they screwed.

Once, I was embarrassed to find him standing at my bedroom door, watching me apply make-up. He smiled and didn't say anything to Mother. Later, he managed not to close the door between my bedroom and the bathroom, just so I could get a good look at his long penis while he urinated; he even skinned it back to reveal the huge, bright-pink head. As he shook it, he looked up at me, grinned and winked. I'd never seen a man's penis and I found all of this very exciting. The next time he came to town, my mother was away visiting Grandma and I was alone. He gave me some presents for Mother and, with that same grin and wink, some genuine silk stockings for me. He told me he'd been noticing what a pretty girl I was, and he was sure ready to turn me into a woman, if that's what I wanted. I was so excited that I started to blush and he took me in his hard, hairy arms and gave me my first openmouthed kiss. I was all of 13; he must have been 55. I felt his hand under my skirt and then he was driving me wild with his fingers, touching things I didn't know my body had. His two-day growth of wiry beard scratched my cheeks as he gently bit me on the ears. He put my hand on his fly and I unzipped his pants. I trembled as I put my hand around his huge thing and took it out.

He pushed me to my knees and gave me a detailed course in the techniques of fellatio. He had a pungent, virile odor and a thick jungle of curly pubic hair. When he came, I started to choke, but he told me to swallow it and I did. Next, he stripped naked in front of me. He had a hairy chest and legs, and graying hairs over the tattoos of eagles, flags, hearts and anchors covering his arms. He carried me to the bed where he screwed my mother and I started to protest, but he slapped me in the face and told me to shut up. His strong, rough, hairy hands removed my blouse and tore off my training bra. He covered my budding breasts with kisses and sucked the nipples. He dropped my skirt and panties to the floor. When he delved into my secret places with his rough, stubbly chin and expert tongue, I could hardly contain myself. But he stopped and told me I was about to become a woman. I was frightened as he lowered his weight onto his elbows above me. His chest hairs tickled. He told me to breathe slowly, and I felt the first sharp burst of pain in my loins. I reached orgasm that first night. The next day we screwed again and I learned to take it in the ass, as well.

When my mother called to ask how I was, Jack was lying beside me rubbing his spongy penis. We shared a cigarette and a beer as I assured her I was fine. I saw Jack only once more after my mother returned. I wanted him desperately but he ignored me. Nonetheless, that first great weekend left its mark; I still am—and, I suppose, always will be—excited by a big, hairy male.

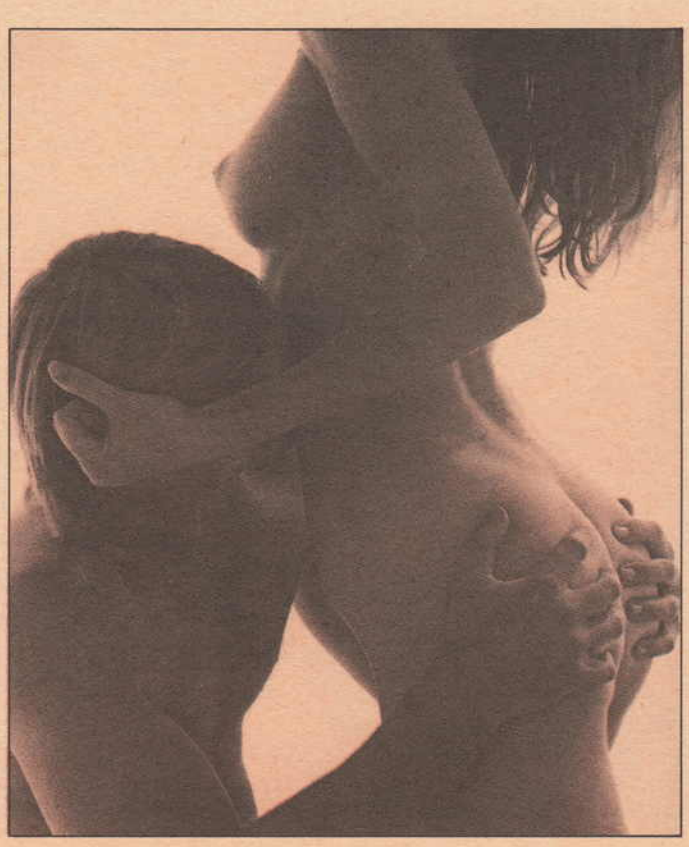
Harvey M., 34, buyer: I used to buy hair from women for an expensive wig manufacturer. People can't be choosy about the hair they're born with, but when it's bought, they're extremely particular. They want it to match their coloring and they want 100 percent natural young fiber. Otherwise, the color doesn't last. A few months ago I was interviewing new hair donors when a strong, slender, golden-skinned girl came in.

"Between the lean muscles of her thighs, she had the perfect design for a best seller."

Her hair was beautiful—black, curly and soft, so dark that a bluish hue surrounded it. It was hair that almost anyone would have coveted. "Hello," she said, her voice bubbling with overtones of laughter. She was an unemployed graphic designer, she said, and wanted to sell her hair. By the time she got to my desk, my mouth was dry and my cock felt like a time bomb. I reached out and touched the damp curls of hair around her ears. "Do we have a contract?" she asked. My lips trembled as I answered, "The contract is fine, but I'll have to give you the acid test first." "What's that?" she asked. "Well," I said, since she seemed flirtatious and gullible, "I know that in your case it probably doesn't apply, but, according to company policy, I have to examine the hair someplace else on your body to make sure it's legit. It's rather delicate, but just think of me as your doctor." Her pupils glinted dangerously. "Well," she said, "if it's just a look—a purely professional glance—I guess it's OK." She quickly slipped off her panties, threw them into a silk ball on the floor and lifted her canary-yellow dress. What a sight! The thin strip of hair was blue-black, silky and ringed with soft wisps of curls that languished around her womanhood as if penciled in by an Oriental artist. By now, I was following my dick around the room and I pulled it out before it ripped a hole in my pants.

I pressed against her; she opened up like quicksand and sucked me in. I was about to come, but I had to tell her that she had the most beautiful box in the world. I'd seen soft red ones, black-on-black ones, thick maple-colored ones and shiny gold ones, but nothing like hers. Between the lean muscles of her thighs, she had the perfect design for a best seller.

When I came, it felt as if a dam had burst. I throbbed to softness; she moved away and sat in a chair. She reached into her purse, took out a small pocket mirror and lowered it so she could see her cunt in the glass. "Does this give you any ideas?" she asked. "I want to start my own business and I need an expert to handle it." I knew what she was thinking: The head is not the only part of the body that needs a wig. If you want to stay with it, you should have one designed for your particular kind of crotch. In any case, I now own half of my own business, and you can imagine the wigs we make. ▣



SEX TAPE LETTERS

"Sex Tape Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Scary sex

I know this sounds silly, but the most frightening sexual experience I ever had happened in a bathtub. And in London, yet. I was living in a bed-sitting-room just off the cheap part of Portobello Road where it turns into a West Indian slum. There were a couple of rooms on each floor of the building and every two floors shared a toilet and a separate bathtub with a water heater that cost a shilling every time you wanted to take a bath.

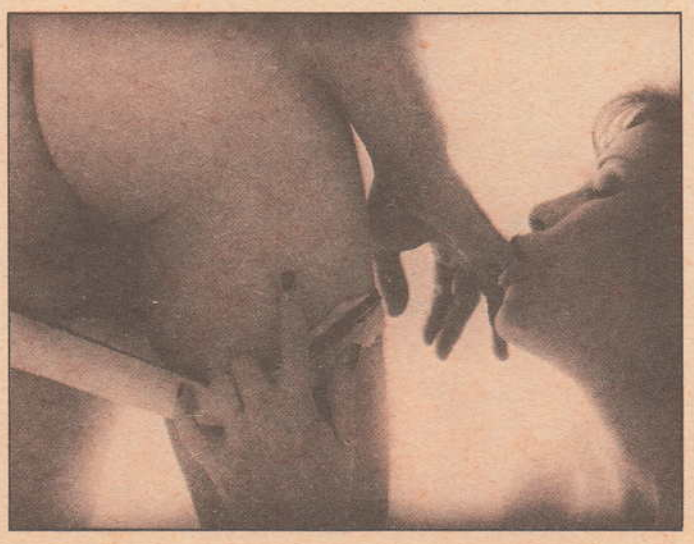
I fell madly in love with just about every English girl I saw. This was in the Beatles' heyday when miniskirts were still in style and every other girl reminded me of Julie Christie. In true British fashion, the girls were rather cool toward Americans, and when they found out that this American didn't have any money, their cool turned to frost.

I met Amanda at a party the night she broke up with her rock-star boyfriend. I'd been looking at her four-foot-long legs and six inches of miniskirt from across the room when suddenly she came over and smiled. I was stunned. She told me that she was tired of her materialistic life and that she picked me out because I looked like I didn't have a dime. I don't get a gift like that very often, so I simply asked her if she'd like to go home with me. She got her coat and we went to my room.

I was sure that she'd revert to the restrained English stereotype once we were alone, but Amanda was out to prove something and she quickly took matters into her very capable hands. She was halfway out of her clothes by the time I finished locking the door and was pulling me over to the bed before I even had a chance to unbutton my shirt. I like my sex slow and easy, but Amanda evidently never heard of the word relax. She practically tore my clothes off and then she swooped down on my cock with her sandpapery tongue as if she'd been starving for a week. As soon as I got hard, she slid up on top of me and began to bounce around, pulling at my chest hairs and talking dirty. I directed all my energies into making her come, and after she did she calmed down a little. But only a little. Next, she took out a bottle of baby oil from her purse and began to give me a massage. She let me rub some on her, too, and about the time I was starting to get really hot again she twisted my arm behind my back and said, "Let's wrestle."

It took me a good ten minutes to pin that greasy, skinny little girl, and by that time we were both swimming in sweat and oil and sexual juices. I went down on her and worked my slick finger into her anus, and this time something snapped way down deep, because when she came she immediately jerked her knees into a fetal position and then lay there very still. I felt extremely happy.

Then came the scary part. I suggested we take a bath together, as we obviously both needed one. I went out, checked that the bath was free and put a shilling into the heater. Amanda's mood changed again, and she squealed like a little girl as we slid into the steaming water. I feared that the neighbors would hear and warned her to keep quiet. I had a little bar of fancy soap I'd bought at Harrods and I made a sudsy bikini for her, first by rubbing her pert little breasts until her nipples stood out and then by diddling around her clit and pubic hair. Amanda moaned and directed my hand down further. I stuck the end of the soap into the opening of her vagina and then she moved forward abruptly and the soap slipped all the way in. I tried to get it out, but I couldn't seem to find it. Then Amanda tried, but she couldn't get it out either. Her eyes opened wide in panic and she began to scream at the top of her lungs. I tried to get her out of the tub and back down to my room, but she wouldn't budge. And she wouldn't stop screaming. There I was, stuck with my hand up the cunt of a girl who'd gone psycho. I immediately imagined the neighbors coming out, the police busting in and the tabloid headlines: "ILLEGAL ALIEN TORTURES ENGLISH GIRL."



We thrashed around for a while and then Amanda jumped up and ran, stark naked, down the hall. It was a moment before I realized that the lost soap was back in my hand. I shouted after her, but she was gone. By the time I got downstairs, she'd grabbed her clothes and left. I never saw her again. There's no moral to this story, but if I ever take a bath with another girl, I'm going to use dishwashing liquid.

HANK L.
Wilmington, Delaware

I'm embarrassed to admit this, but my most erotic fantasies are always about rape: being forced to do unspeakable things by beefy hoods on *(Continued on page 132)*

Photography by Ron Seymour

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

REVUE

Mano gets ripped off

Me, I'm a New York slum kid. I am, like, *streetwise*. So I'm hanging loose outside Whelan's on Eighth Avenue, when this long, swift black daddy mooches up. He is one flush cat: oh, prosper-us. He features a vicuña beret, no less. Also gold cuff links you could put your beer glass down on.

"Ssssss. Wanna buy a ring?"

Snap! open, and I am peepin' a real boss pinkie ring: $250—it say so right there on the cute little tag. One monster diamond; five junior diamonds, ring around its rosy. I am in love. With this ring on, I will be Sam Giancana; I will be Huey Long. But I am streetwise, dig it.

"So how much?"

"Jes' lucky f' you I gotta raise up some capital. Take twenny-fi."

"Unh-unh. I was born here, my good man. In New York. This isn't a gator from Miami Beach you're talking to. How'd I know it's real?"

"Shit real."

Mr. Super Dude, he takes this here ring and—screeeawk!—one mutha of a swipe down Whelan's storefront window. Man, I think that glass is gonna open like somebody's zipper fly. The diamond has *scored* it. I snap off two quick tens and a five.

At night, though, the middle-class Protestant guilt muscles in on me. Hot jewelry; God, I have been a fence. I'm piping sweet black children up the quickway to Attica. My little diamonded finger curls away in rebuke every time I kiss it.

"Beautiful," the wife says next morning.

"And only fifteen bucks." I am proud: the streetwise breadwinner. "Hot goods."

"Can you be sure it's real?"

"Shit real. Watch."

And, for my next trick, I make one mutha of a swipe down our suburban picture window. Grave silence: no goosepimple screeeawk! Nothing—nothing except that two, ha, diamonds fall out and wink away under the liquor table.

"Is it supposed to do that?"

"Sure. It's a trick ring. Want I should make the others fall out?"

That s.o.b., that shyster, that—that—*Negro*. He must've palmed a glass cutter on me. But, you know, I feel good. I am not a perverter of black adolescents. I am just a dumb schmuck.

Which true story goes to prove that fun with Keith and Jo is not **Fun with Dick and Jane,** Ted Kotcheff's infantile salute to upper-middle-class banditry. Nor is it **The Wonderful Crook** (fun with Pierce and Nelly), Claude Goretta's less infantile but remarkably similar *salute*. French and American middle classes, dry-buggered by Federal Withholding, by inflation, will do damn-all in defense of their inalienable right to a below-ground pool, to an electronic garage-door picker-upper, to an expensive resculpting of Sis's bite. *Les bourgeois*, ripped off, are ripping mad. Time to rob the rich and give to the middle. Take this conversation overheard on a commuter special.

"I deduct twenty-four hundred dollars. Use of home as an office."

"Twenty-four hundred dollars? How?"

"Well, I pay myself two hundred dollars a month rent for the dining room."

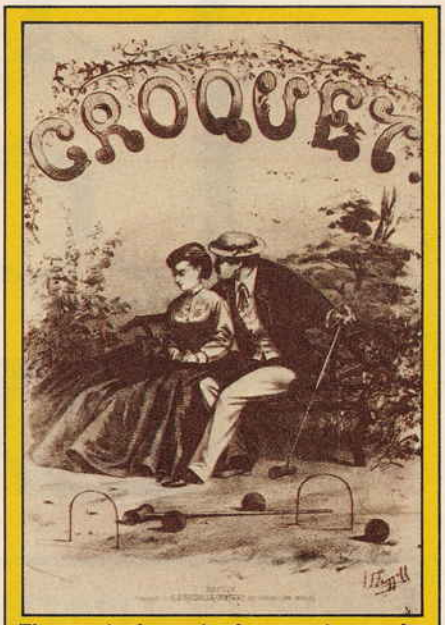
"Wait. Don't you declare the profit you make paying yourself all that rent?"

"Hell, no. I'm a lousy tenant. I require special maintenance and expensive repairs on the dining room I rent to me. Repairs and maintenance run, oh, about twenty-four hundred dollars a year."

Dick, the aerospace exec, is suddenly *nouveau* poor: fired. So, like Doris Day and Rock Hudson having a nervous breakdown, Dick and his wife hold up music stores, motels, public utilities—not to mention the theater audience at $3.50 a head.

Plastic will get Pierce. He has a wooden-furniture factory: To meet his payroll—the high cost of labor—Pierce and Nelly off banks and supermarkets. Forget outer space; crime is our last frontier: the one place left for pioneer spirit, ingenuity and hardihood. I know a guy—your basic Ph.D. candidate at Harvard doesn't expend more imagination, more man-hours than this character will piss away trying to engineer two welfare checks for himself.

It's not, *capisce*, a question of morality; it's a question of style. Artist or athlete or thief: Men are honored for the risk quotient they undertake. *Macho*



The genteel sport of croquet may be about to make a comeback. *Croquet: A Complete Guide to History, Strategy, Rules and Records,* by James Charlton and William Thompson (Turtle Press/Scribners), may send hundreds of lawn-sport lovers out to their back yards to set up pegs and wickets. For croquet is not a game for the sedentary or timid; it is "a grueling game, an uncompromising sport, demanding control, skill, intelligence and stamina." Croquet was the favorite pastime of such notables as Harpo Marx, George S. Kaufman, Alexander Woollcott and Dorothy Parker. Woollcott was a notorious sore loser, refusing to let his guests leave until he had beaten all comers. Averell Harriman, former ambassador to Russia, had a croquet course set up near the embassy. When a snowstorm threatened the cancellation of a Thanksgiving match, Harriman had men shovel the snow off the course so the play could continue. Although it costs Darryl Zanuck $14,000 a year to maintain his croquet court, all the novice player really needs is an inexpensive set and a fairly wide expanse of lawn. The English prefer shirts of white broadcloth Sea Islands Pima cotton with the sleeves rolled to just below the elbow. American croquet has no such dress code. What is nicer than the clicking of croquet balls echoing across the lawn on a warm summer night?

—GAY HAUBNER

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But you won't want to stay in your room for long. Not when you can play in 800 acres of pure country. There's a 27-hole championship golf course, indoor and outdoor tennis, horseback riding, Olympic-size pools (indoors and out), badminton, basketball, miniature golf, a health club, saunas, the world's largest whirlpool and a three-level game room with every electrical wonder you could want. There's even a shopping arcade.

When it comes to eating, we have a variety of restaurants to choose from—not one giant mess hall. So you can eat when you want to and not when you're told to. And how you'll eat! From Tournedos Rossini to hot dogs. From a Continental buffet to bagels and lox. Whatever you have a hunger for, we have a menu for.

For entertainment, see top name performers in our Cabaret. If dancing turns you on, come to the Bunny Hutch Disco. And of course you'll always find plenty going on at the Playmate Bar.

And if you have kids, bring them along, because we also have a complete day-camp program and baby-sitter service.

So come to your place in the country. The Playboy Resort and Country Club. It's your country place.

EAT, DRINK & BE MERRY $88.*

3 days, 2 nights in a deluxe room. (Sorry, no Saturday arrivals.) 2 breakfasts, 1 dinner and 1 show and dinner. 3 rides on Playboy's Red Rumbler. Single occupancy $120. 3rd person $76. 4th person $70.

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You hear the whole sound first.

And when you catch your breath you search for words to describe the depth, the detail, the etched precision of the music.

That stunning pair of three-way speakers is sending clean, undistorted sound to every corner of the room. At every frequency. At every level. Loud or soft. High or low. It doesn't matter. The energy is constant.

You're experiencing three-dimensional imaging: Vocal up front. Lead guitar two steps back and one to the left. Drums further back. The piano closer, almost off the right edge of the sound.

Suddenly you're aware of a fullness in the music that you've heard before but never associated with recorded sound.

The bass! You've been hearing all of the bass, all of the fundamental tones you couldn't bring home from the concert. It's not only everything you've heard before. It's everything you haven't. The music is rich with sound at the lowest limit of your hearing.

Then you see the third speaker. The hero of the piece: The Ultrabass.

The Ultrabass is a system in itself—woofer, amplifier, equalizer and enclosure—designed, mated, blended to do one thing perfectly: reproduce sound at the threshold of sub-sonic frequencies.

It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass pays one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too. They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rug-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off: The price is $1740. (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

In the meantime we have two suggestions:

If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report on the L212. Nothing fancy except the specs.

Or call your JBL dealer and ask him when you can hear the L212. You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone.

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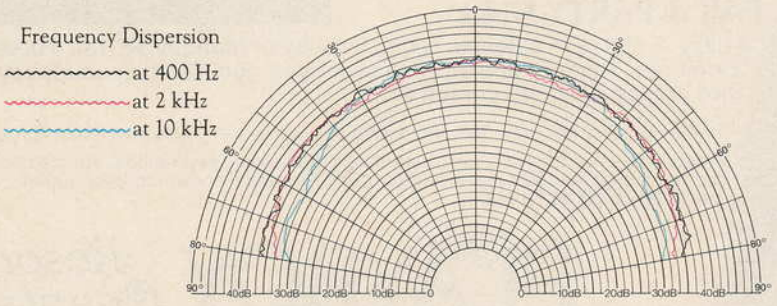
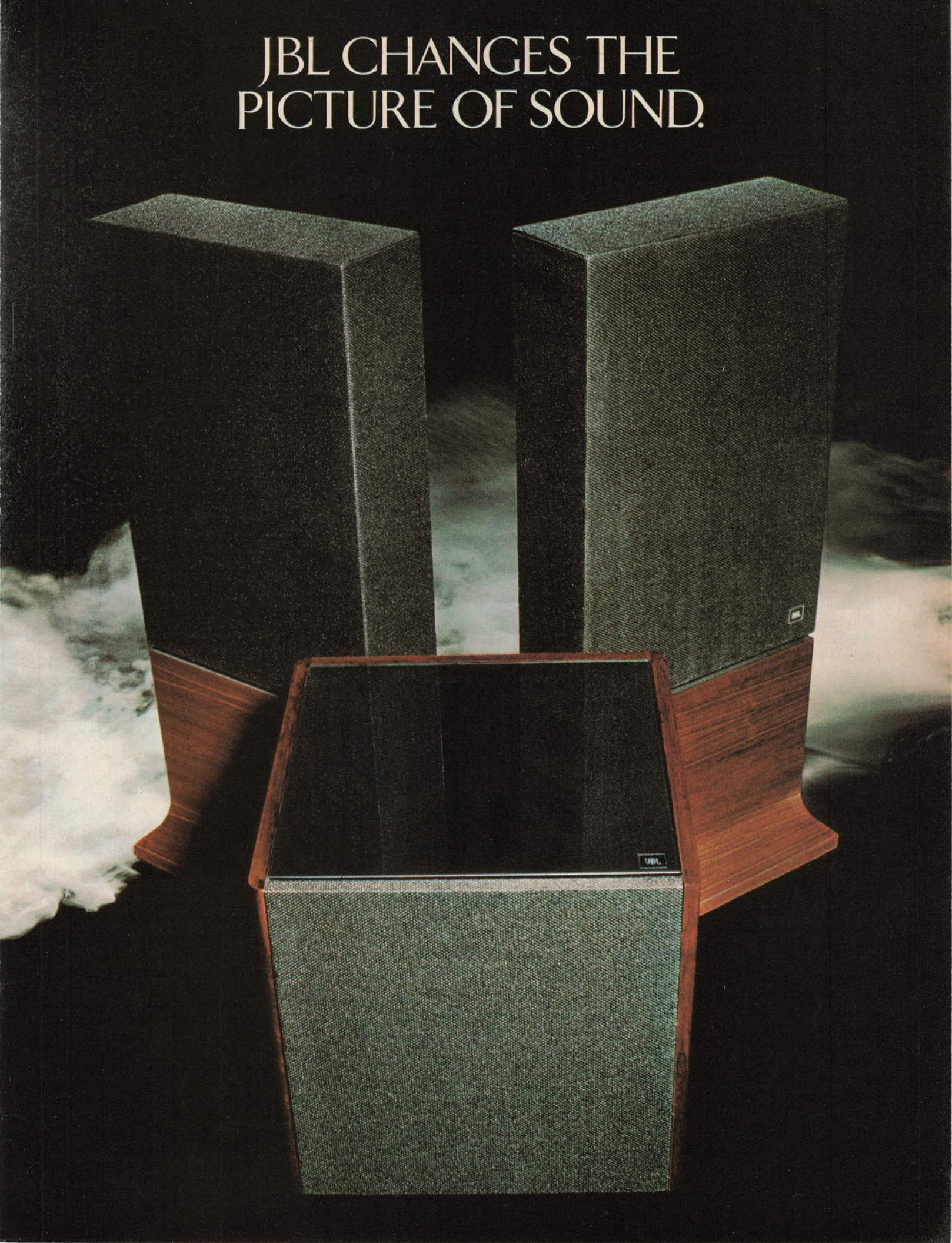


James B. Lansing Sound Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329. High fidelity loudspeakers from $168 to $3510.

JBL CHANGES THE PICTURE OF SOUND.



elitism, I call it: A bank teller has no groupies. In each film, the victim population has been cruelly fleered at: suaveless suckers. Hell, nothing will improve your nonchalance less than a .38 up the left nostril. Thieves, these riskers, have snazzy dialog. And snazzy women. (Don't tell me different: Successful crooks make women wet all over.) I wanted that ring not so much because it gave me a discount pimp look but because it held emblematic worth: I had put one over on nine-to-five days. Well, we first thought about decriminalizing pot when the middle class found it modish. These films are evidence: Give us a while, we'll decriminalize crime.

—D. KEITH MANO

Brian's really back: Follow the bouncing beach ball

In last December's OUI, Brian Wilson predicted that the follow-up album to the Beach Boys' *15 Big Ones* would likely be a return to the combination of lyrical/thematic innocence and musical innovation that made the band's *Pet Sounds* (1966) their most acclaimed and enduring effort.

Unfortunately *15 Big Ones* fell flat on its face with even the most kindhearted of critics, causing many to write off Wilson's forecast as little more than the dying bellows of a mastodon nearing the LaBrea tar pits of rock 'n' roll.

Not so.

Despite an occasional overdose of cuteness, **The Beach Boys Love You** (Warners) is more nutritious than its saccharine title implies. Wilson wrote 11 songs and coauthored the remaining three, with a dazzling display of catchy melodies, unique choral voicings and memorable riffs. Just like old times. Though his lyrics still mirror the middle-American sensibilities of a Hawthorne, California, upbringing, their undemanding nature should not obscure the fact that Wilson no longer seems to fear sharing his thoughts with the public. He's just trying to be himself.

And, as we suspected all along, the real Brian Wilson is one hell of a funny guy. No matter what anyone says, the humor on this album could not be unintentional. Each song has a little surprise. For example: *I Wanna Pick You Up*, with its "Pat, pat, pat, pat, pat her on her butt, butt, she's going to sleep, be quiet" ending, is ostensibly Wilson's contribution to the legion of songs written by admiring rock daddies to their offspring. But Wilson insists it's about picking up, boy-meets-girl style.

Remember when you could find empty beer cans in garbage dumps? Now try an antique shop. Beer-can madness has infected a half million rabid collectors despite barrels of flat indifference among such people as "Europeans (who) have yet to realize that beer cans are worth collecting at all" and the brewers themselves, few of whom "seem to have any sense of history." History began in 1935, when the Gottfried Krueger Brewing Company began using the metal containers as an alternative to glass bottles and wooden kegs. During World War Two, beer cans were camouflaged; in 1959, they went aluminum; and in 1962, the introduction of lift-tabs made the question "Who's got the church key?" as nostalgic and obscure as "Twenty-three skiddoo" or "What, me worry?"

***Collecting Beer Cans*, by Richard R. Dolphin (Bounty/Crown), contains kegs of information on global can consciousness and ten cases worth of cheesecake photos of arcane cans that seldom adorn the average collector's basement shelves. Short-lived brands such as the licensed-to-fail James Bond 007 Special Blend have been offered for sale for $2000 for the seven-can set; Play Mate Malt Liquor lost its foam after being ruled in violation of the Playboy trademark; and, rarest of all, a can of Coronation Brew, commemorating in 1937 the coronation of England's George VI, of which but one exists in captivity. In 1969, Beer Can Collectors of America (motto: "Don't Kick the Can") was founded by people who do strange things such as emptying six-packs on airport lawns, opening cans from the bottom and arranging elaborate trades, since money transactions between members are forbidden. At the annual "Canvention," they select The Can of the Year—it was Hudepohl's Cincinnati Reds commemorative in 1976—and pray to Gottfried that other states don't imitate the Oregon anti-pollution laws that have made "the most wanted collectible of the 1970s" almost extinct there. The B.C.C.A. pretty much agrees with Dolphin that "the beer can is beautiful," which proves once and for all that beauty is indeed in the eye of the beerholder.**

—THEODORE FISCHER

Let's Put Our Hearts Together, a duet by Wilson and wife, Marilyn, is sweetly reminiscent of Sonny and Cher's *I Got You, Babe*.

Johnny Carson's high-level humor is incisive: "Ed McMahon comes on and says 'Here's Johnny.' / Every night at 11:30 he's so funny / 'It's nice to have you on the show tonight. / I've seen your act in Vegas—outasight!' "

In *Solar System*, a waltz, he rhymes moon and June.

Of course, the most interesting thing about the album is really the other Beach Boys' willingness to loosen up and follow Wilson's lead. And why not? Wilson's vocals may be rough, but overall he hasn't lost his touch. The eminently danceable *Mona* and *The Night Was So Young*—easily the record's most beautiful song—are testament to Brian's continued talent.

And besides, he's finally gotten to make that experiment in humor and song that he and lyricist Van Dyke Parks started with the never-released *Smile* album ten years ago. This time there's no Van Dyke, but Wilson seems more than capable on his own.

—DAVID RENSIN

The Fonz goes all the way.

In this month's *Playboy Interview*, television's foremost character child of the Fifties, the Fonz, reveals the real person inside the black leather jacket. Actor Henry Winkler openly discusses what success has, and hasn't, done to him. How does the real Fonz handle life amongst the groupies and overzealous fans, the ever-present offers of sex? Find out in this month's PLAYBOY. Also, be among the first to preview the new John Le Carré novel, *The Honourable Schoolboy*, destined to become a blockbusting best seller and motion picture. The World War Two epic *A Bridge Too Far* didn't start out as a disaster film, but for the cast and crew, it became one. You'll learn why in this month's PLAYBOY. Pro-football fans can't afford to miss Anson Mount's annually quite accurate *Pro Football Preview*. The teams we select for this season's Super Bowl? Pick up the current issue of PLAYBOY and see. It's at your newsstand now.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
A "FONZIE" THE KIDS DON'T KNOW: HENRY WINKLER INTERVIEWED
WET WOMEN! PATTI McGUIRE AND FRIENDS CONQUER THE COLORADO
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST
THE PERILS OF LIVING TOGETHER
DEATH, DRUGS AND THE DOUBLE CROSS JOHN LE CARRE'S NEW SPY THRILLER

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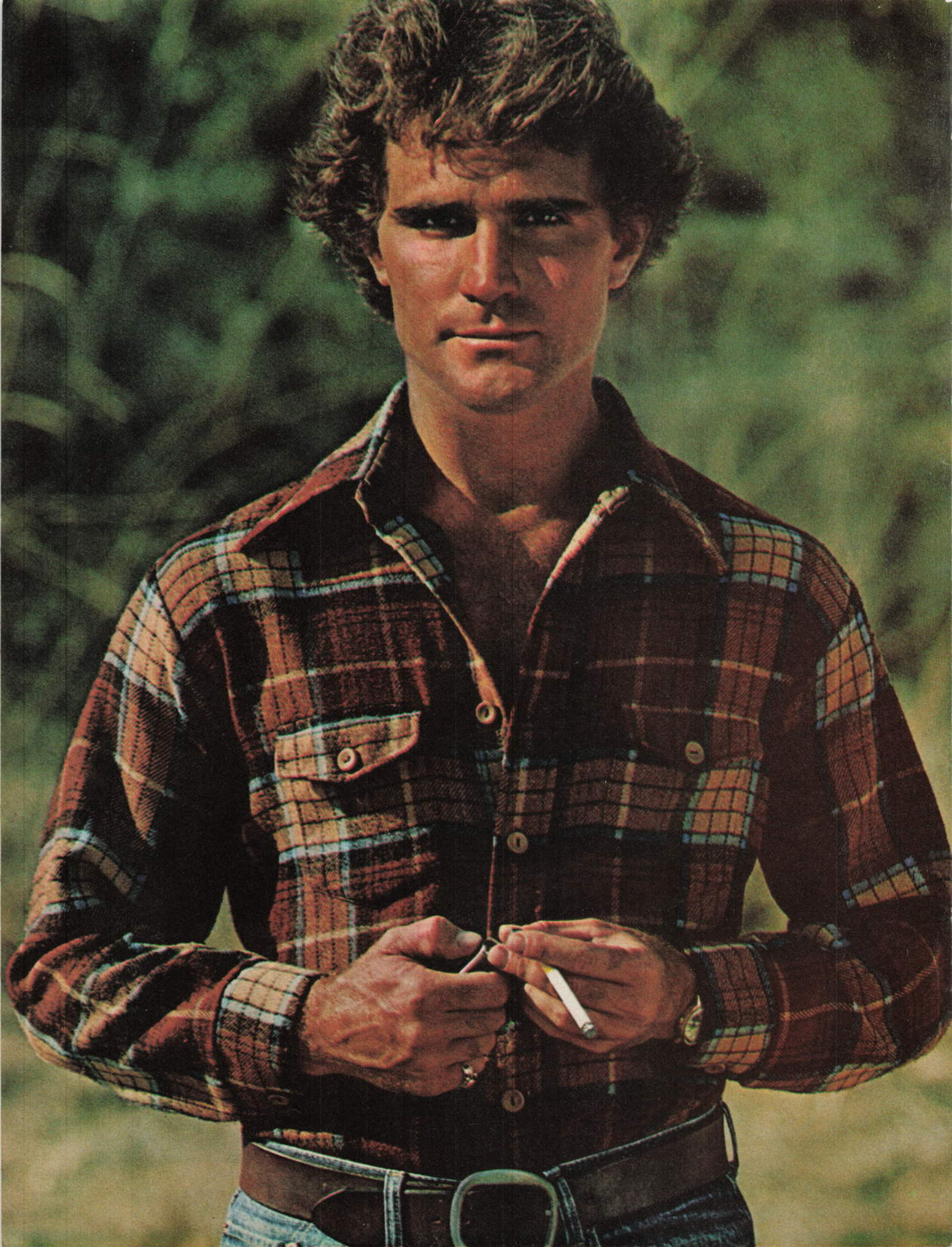

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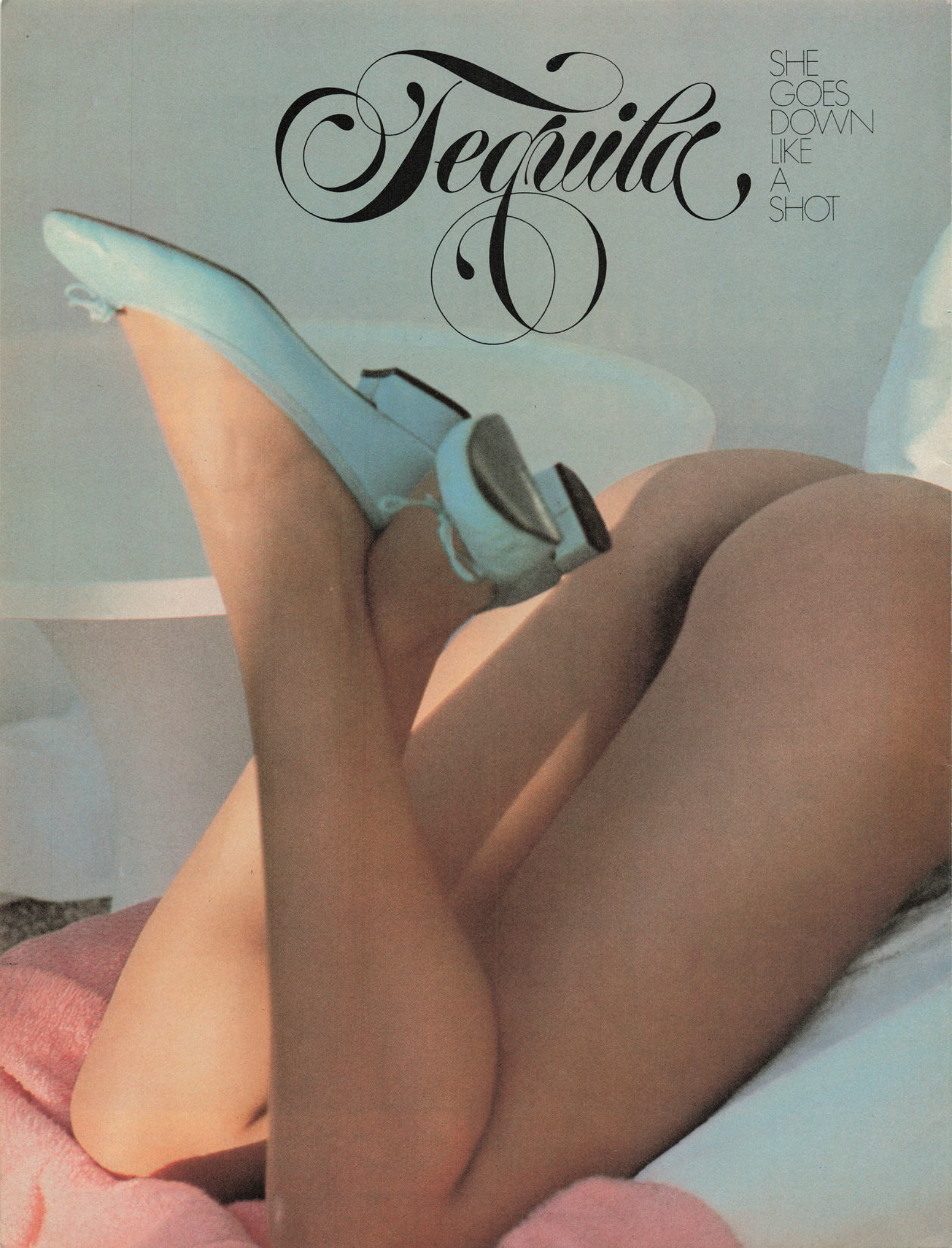
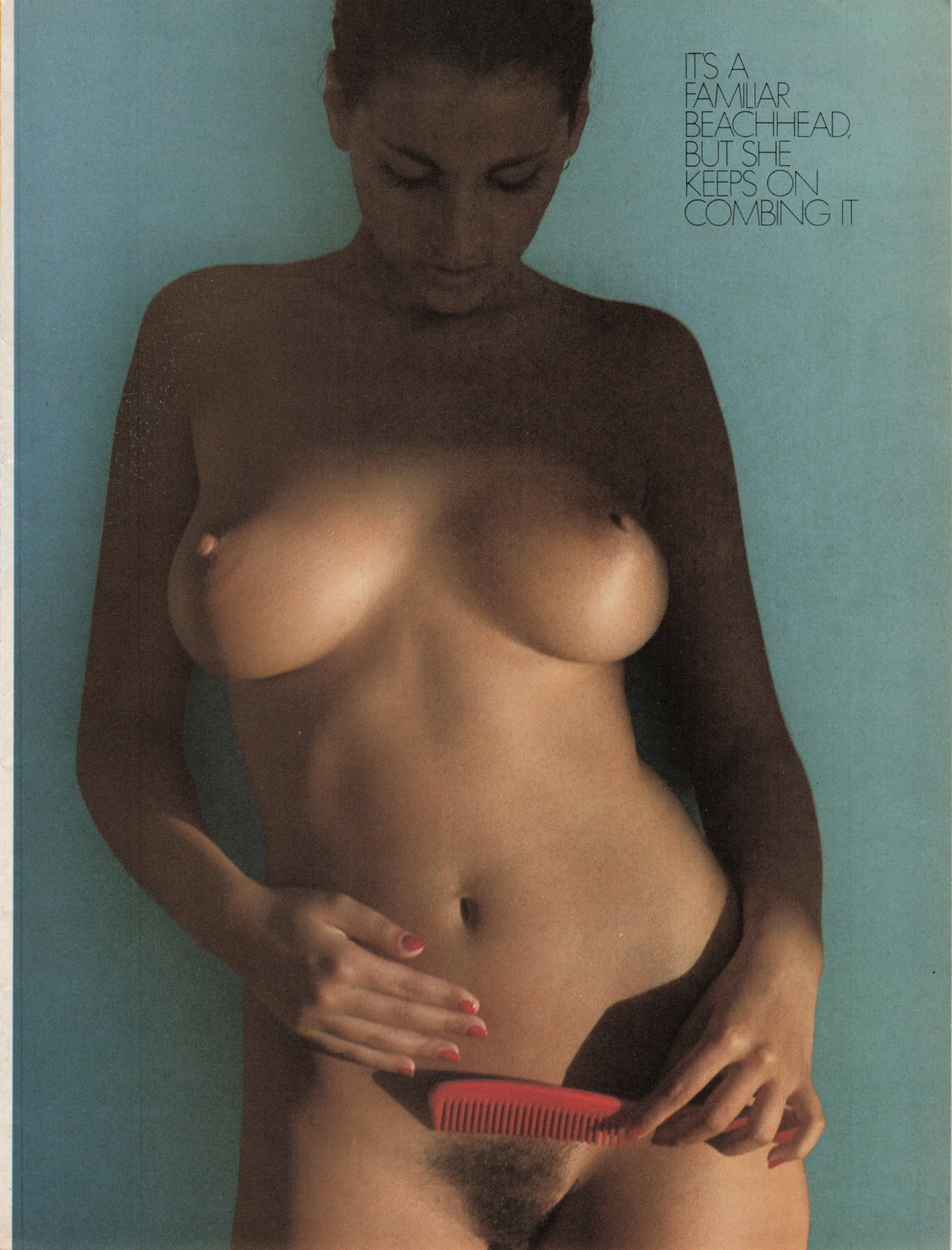

Tequila
SHE
GOES
DOWN
LIKE
A
SHOT

The nickname is a contraction of Agave Tequilana (she might have been called Aggie, but that name didn't fit). She is not Mexican. She is of French-Algerian stock, though she has read neither Fanon nor Camus (she did once kiss a stranger because the sun was hot). As a showgirl, contractions are definitely part of her business. She displays them for the edification of businessmen at conventions and occasionally in musical comedies. She is presently on vacation because her evil genius

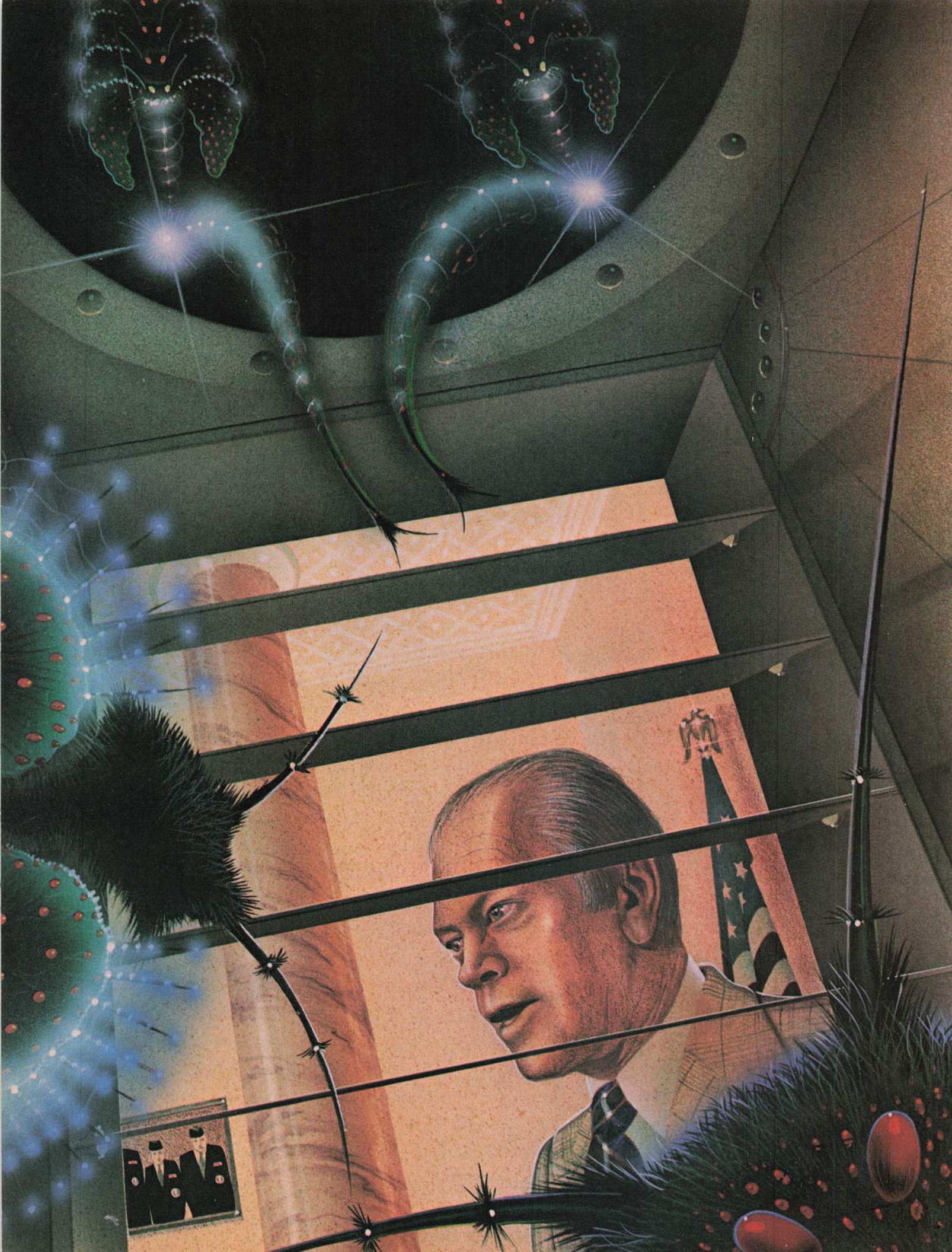
popped from its bottle during a backstage yelling match that prompted her manager, Enrico, to suggest this period of healing in the Caribbean. Here the brightness and lucidity magnify life's pleasanter and more immediate details, such as Tequila's abdominal hairs, which she is presently attempting to count. Tequila's mom, who sells clay pipes and mounted tarantulas in a Marseilles gift shop, doesn't waste much time wondering about her daughter's activities. Neither does her


IT'S A
FAMILIAR
BEACHHEAD,
BUT SHE
KEEPS ON
COMBING IT

brother, who is supposedly studying neurosurgery somewhere in America. But her feathered colleagues in Paris tsk-tsk a lot over Tequila. They find her an odd spirit, too strong to be taken straight. They speculate about her curious friendship with Margarita and her sunrise sorties to the Quai d'Orsay. They shake their Lautrecian tresses over her masochistic infatuation with the leather-jacketed Greek kid who, in his last local appearance, jumped onstage and started yelling musty Socialist maxims. They wonder if she doesn't have a bit of the Devil's blood. All of which makes Enrico shrug. He was planning to escort her to the island but couldn't go. Now he's anxious for her return. Let it be known that, given the right preparations, Tequila can provide one with a most refreshing interlude. What's needed are a taste of fruit and a few grains of salt, which are best applied with the tongue. Tequila has been instructing Enrico in their uses. If only he could teach her to hold her own.

Photography by Frank Gitty

SHE HAS
COME TO
THE ISLAND
TO GET A
NEW GRIP
ON REALITY



LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE MYSTERY SOLVED!

PRESIDENT FORD POSSIBLE GERM-ASSASSIN TARGET?

Author Ed Sanders Explores the New Paranoia over Chemical/Biological Experimentation

The tiny blobs, waving spiral appendages and bearing pulsing blue-and-purple inner sacs, advanced toward me, lips repellently sucking at me with slobber nodules; and then the arms, spiked hate-spears on the tips, stabbed into me, killing me.

Thus died Ed Sanders, murdered by an intelligence agency's secret smear of microbes. He died, that is, in a "mental event" as he opened a package from his mother-in-law that had a strange, odorous stain on the wrapping—possibly, as he later rationalized, from an accidental spill at the Post Office.

As the above incident indicates, like a jealous lover, the chemical/germ paranoiac will seek rational explanations only after he has allowed himself the exquisite initial full phobic flash.

The finest chem/germ-noia is a combination of scholarship, scientific knowledge and speculation that is based on a belief that human units are similar to packs of baboons. Add to these a personal psychohistory studded with guilt, a cynicism about the perfectibility of humanity and a historical sense of the relentlessness of evil, and one is ripe—in this time of trepidation over putative Russian flu-rockets—for the solipsistic heights of Kierkegaardian fear. Right there by the warm fire in one's library.

There's nothing like it—to have your worst fears about the CIA, about the K.G.B., about hemagargling cults, about germ research, about big business and cancer pollutants all confirmed in the ornate fields of your own mind, an area to which only the most top-secret, security-cleared person in the whole universe has access (you hope). Namely, holy you.

There is a great difference, of course, between chem/germ-noia and chem/germ mania. That is, you have to beware of performing a three-and-one-half forward with a half-twist into the pit of total fear. For instance, I once received a letter from a person who complained that the CIA was entering her house by stealth and making dog's-ears of the pages of her books. That is chem/germ mania and is a fear pit to be avoided.

On the other hand, the burden of chem/germ-noia seems destined to grow. Just the other day, as I was researching the article, the news came in that the CIA in the very early 1970s had wiped out much of the Cuban pig population, some 500,000 animals, by deliberate implantation of African swine fever. Since such revelations are bound to increase in number, it's best to remove one's chem/germ-noia to its sublimated upper heights.

In a way, chem/germ-noia has its own id, ego and superego. The id is the sheer sea of shrieks, terror, fear, death, pain and malevolence that underlies the all. The ego is the relating of that sheer sea of shrieks to the individual person. The superego of chem/germ-noia is the moral methods employed to sublimate the messages of the sheer sea of shrieks in order to appear normal and to live productive, gentle lives.

This does not take into account chem/germ paranoia *religioso*, which, in this age of culty-wulties and fragmented faiths, is also bound to rise. This is a branch of the eye-of-God-is-zapping-me problem; it is also possibly connected to current suspicions regarding the imminence of Armageddon, ever a cultic recruiting tool. Such fears can easily be elevated to a cosmic realm wherein, sitting by the crackling fire and sniffing a favorite substance from a raven's-claw spoon, one can contemplate that final copy of the *Diamond Sutra*, *zzzt! zzzt!*, dissolving in the blast of the ultimate laser-beam or solar-system supernova.

One of the oldest incidents of chem/germ paranoia *religioso* occurs in the *Iliad*, when Apollo, the sun god, allegedly sends a disease upon the Greeks because Agamemnon refused to accept ransom and give up the captured daughter of a priest of Apollo; the priest thereupon prayed for Apollo to send down some snuff-beams, and the god complied with a heavy germ spray. A more recent example is the belief that God punished immoral hippies and antiwar protesters and rock musicians by setting loose in the underground a virulent form of clap in 1968. (It is ordinary chem/germ-noia, not chem/germ paranoia *religioso*, to state that it was the intelligence community that set loose the 1968

Illustration by Peter Lloyd

LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE *The poisons developed by the CIA for dart use were meant to confuse the poor county coroners of the world into thinking that a victim had* adiosed *via heart seizure.*

epidemic as a part of its program of anti-antiwar disruption.)

•

ELECTRIC PUNCH

My personal sense of chem/germ-noia was slow to grow. As a youth, I was a hard-bitten beatnik poet, yodeler, peace activist and space cadet, and so I remained as youth waned and biologic phasing began. All germs were then part of the same galactic yoghurt culture. Living as one did in the spittle-spackled slums of New York's Lower East Side, one could not allow germs to lower one's rebel high, you dig.

My first experience with chem-noia began with the African substance yohimbine, a tree-bark extract that is reputedly used as an aphrodisiac for horses at stud farms. It was on a cold night in 1962 at Stanley's Bar at 12th and A in the Lower East Side, when scurrilous zap-Sanders maneuvers were undertaken by certain of my friends who spiked my beer with yohimbine. The taste was bitter, but I swallowed the potion, and my friends rolled on the floor with glee. Apprised of the deed, I decided that the only solution was to retire to my pad, there to accomplish the evening with some wine and my hand. Thus was I introduced to chem-aphro-noia.

It turned out that the Sixties were an era of slip-it-to-ya-slyly chem/germ-zap. When LSD, psilocybin, ibogaine, yage and other substances came on the underground market, one had to be very attentive to the punch bowl at parties. Often one had to be so rude as to inquire if that nice *sangria* or Hawaiian Punch–looking liquid might perchance be an electric punch.

Public officials have been equally susceptible to chem-noia since approximately this period. I've long thought that the acid-in-the-Chicago-water-supply scare during the summer of 1968 was a line of bullshit fed to Mayor Richard Daley either by Nixon's forces or by the intelligence community in order to keep Chicago in a state of war during the Democratic Convention. The ensuing world-wide media event showed soldiers encamped at the water-supply access routes, ready to ward off dope-laden, left-wing tank trucks as they attempted to crash the gates. The image was so rebellious and so poetic that no one on the left bothered to deny it.

•

PSYCHEDELIC GERMS

I experienced my first profound incident of germ-noia in late 1968 while touring with the Fugs, a satirical, anti-war musical group that I had organized. I would call this an episode of psychedelic germ-noia.

It was a typical weeklong rock tour, with heavy emphasis on lying inebriated in Howard Johnson Motor Lodges at dawn, feeding quarters into the Vibrabed machine and watching *Modern Farmer* programs on the brucellosis problem. We played in Cleveland at a club called LaCave, where Phil Ochs had begun his career some years earlier, and it was after one of these shows that I experienced the psychedelic germ-noia.

A certain bike gang showed up at the club and rather belligerently, I thought, ordered those seated at the tables directly in front of the stage to leave or else face a gore scene. Needless to say, the young college and high school couples split, and the One Percenters filled the seats. Everything thereafter progressed fairly smoothly until the intermission, when the bikers came backstage to hang out with the band. During this time, someone spiked my vodka and tonic with a psychedelic—probably STP, judging from the weird intensity of the trip.

After the show, most of the Fugs went to a party with the bike gang. I decided to skip it, however, and went back to my room. If you haven't experienced an unsought STP trip alone in an orange-and-green Ho-Jo motel in Cleveland, don't bother.

On acid or psilocybin, you sometimes seem to float inside your own circulatory system, as if with a videocamera, and you can view the gurglings and workings of your viscera. Well, on this instance, I was just coming down with a heavy cold—perhaps the flu—and the STP, or whatever it was, made me monumentally conscious of the incoming germ/virus horde. It was scary. I could see a vast and distant array of psychedelic germs, moaning and whining in a sort of dissonant harmony that seemed remarkably similar to the sound track for the invasion of the Teutonic knights against Novgorod in Sergei Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*.

My God, I thought, these germs are trying to kill me. The marching germ column seemed suddenly to charge my lungs, and all seemed lost. Then I remembered that my natural defenses were all that I had, so I relaxed and tried to focus on the positive aspects of the trip, piteously few that there were, and banked on my sturdy Scotch-Irish heritage—which had survived ten generations of colds and flus in cabins in Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri—to see me through this shrieking, paisley-decorated battlement of dooky-oozing disease.

As it turned out, my plight was not nearly so dire as that of those who went to the biker party. One member of the Fugs, a fine musician, was fed reds, acid and various additional drugs, with the result that he went out to lunch for quite some time. Throughout the remainder of the tour, he could not play his instrument, so we sort of propped him on the stage with instructions to hold his guitar as if he were performing. Tragically, he began to think he was Paul McCartney—this is true—and was later found at an airport trying to travel to London to rejoin the Beatles. Thus the evil potential of the slip-it-to-ya-slyly scam.

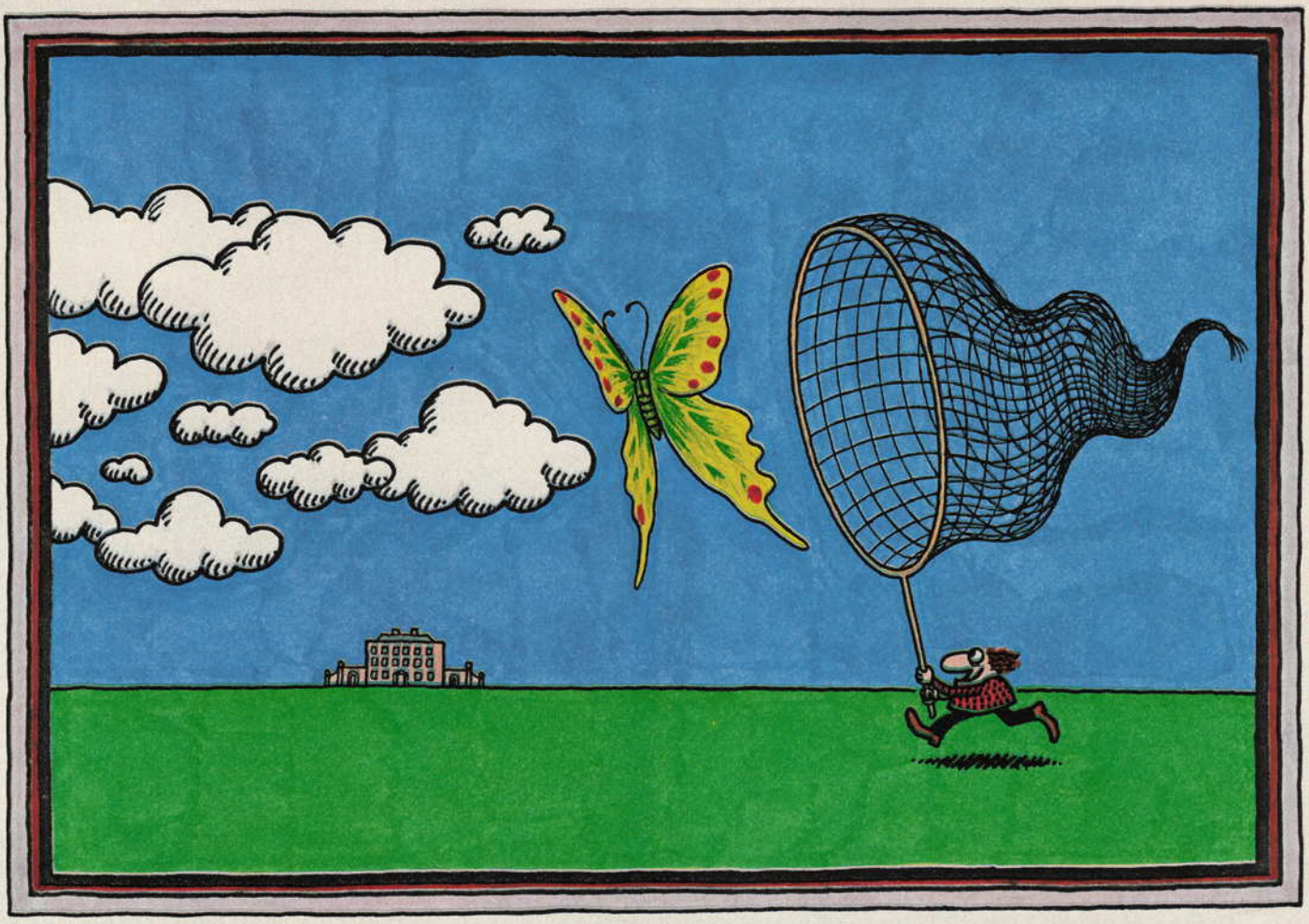
•

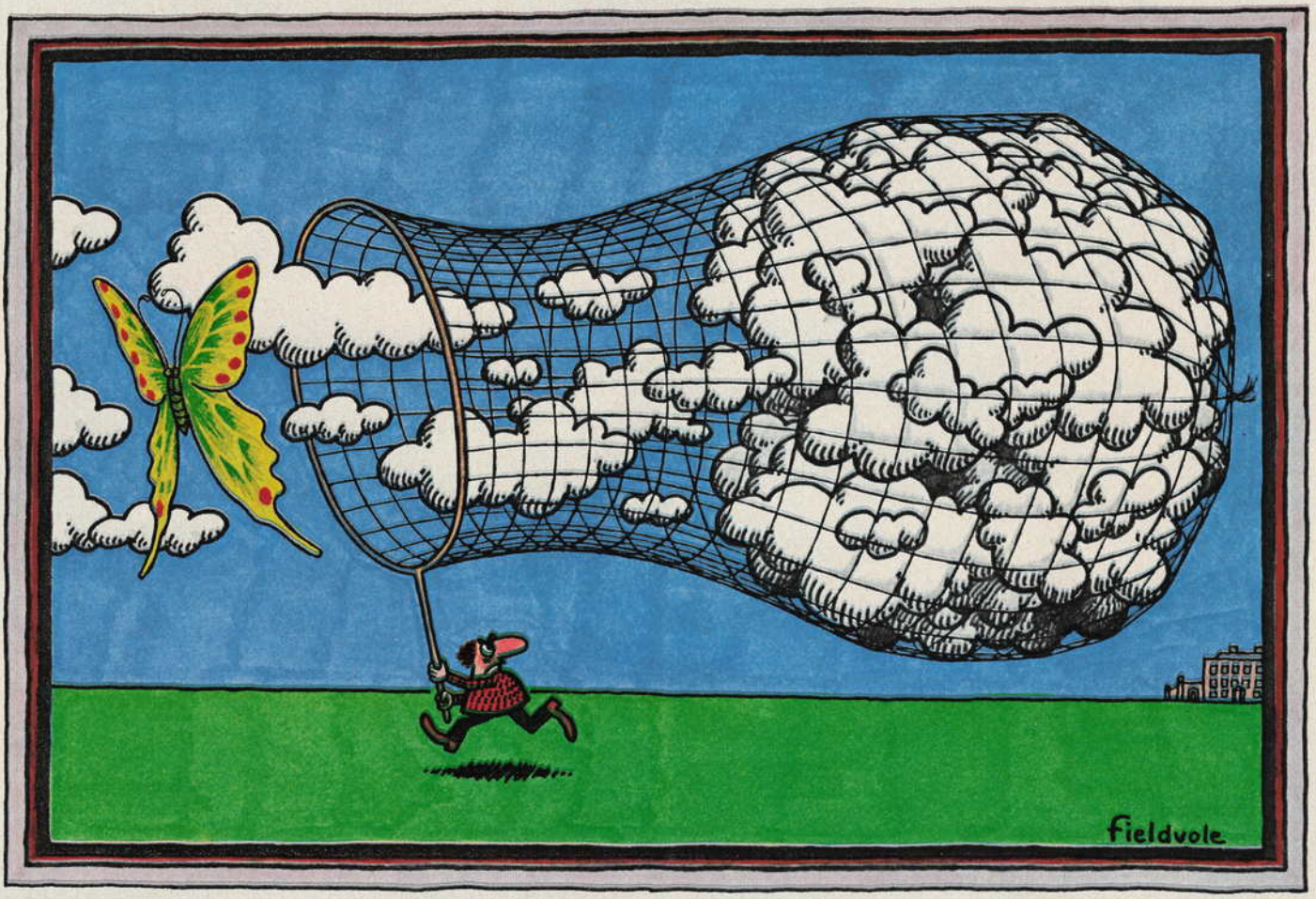
THE FUTURE OF CHEM/GERM-NOIA

Now for a pop quiz: What do the words nondiscernible bioinoculator have to do with chem/germ paranoia? The answer: everything. These two words have signaled the era of the chem/germ heart-attack assassin.

The term nondiscernible bioinoculator is CIAspeak for a tiny poison dart designed for use in a dart pistol able to fell a target a football field away. The poisons developed by the CIA for dart use were meant to confuse the poor county coroners of the world into thinking that a victim had *adiosed* via heart seizure. Forensic science relative to heart attacks is going to have to make great advances if murder through fake heart seizure is to be detected. Meanwhile, you can shiver behind 35 police locks knowing that out on the streets stalk K.G.B./CIA germ/chem snuffers, and obviously it's not going to be long before the United Congeries of Hitler get a couple of dart pistols for their use, along with the far-left splinter group of your noiac choice.

What is to be done? Nothing. Better to refine your chem/germ fears up to the aforementioned plateau of sneer snickers. Arousing the public can ultimately backfire, since the police and intelligence agencies can use their own chem/germ-noia as an excuse for more police, more surveillance, more COINTELPRO, more taps and bugs. There's nothing more filled with chem/germ-noia than a grouchy national-security expert holding a high-level satellite photo of a section of the Soviet Union and trying to convince his superiors that the recent building indicated by the photo depicts evil, treaty-violating, germ-warfare facilities disguised *(Continued on page 125)*




fieldvole

G-2

IN DISTILL OF THE NIGHT

GIN IS SUMMER'S PERFECT TONIC

When the sun and the humidity bear down on you like a two-ton lady who's fallen asleep on your face, you need quick relief. Something cool, something strong and bracing, something to get you and her off. Gin's the ticket. It keeps good company and it mixes well. Add some citrusy tang and you get a bonus blast of vitamin C, thus warding off scurvy. If you add tonic, you can break most fevers.

Gin did not happen by chance. It was originally concocted by a 17th Century physician, Doctor Sylvius, at the University of Leyden, and given the name jenever. Sylvius' intention was to produce an inexpensive medicine that would capitalize on the diuretic properties of the juniper berry. Soon after his discovery, many people all over Holland found themselves with ailments that could be cured only by Sylvius' concoction. English soldiers got a taste for the drink, which they called Dutch Courage, while fighting the interminable Hundred Years' War. On their return, they Anglicized jenever to gin. It didn't take very long for gin to become England's national drink; it was cheap—especially after Queen Anne raised the duties on imported French spirits—easy to produce and easily abused. Lithographs from the period, especially Hogarth's famous *Gin Lane*, often show English citizens, swacked to the eyeballs, engaging in all sorts of slothish and boorish behavior. But America's and England's children of the sun invented the cocktail and upgraded the drink. Gin exited from the gin mill and the bathtub and took its rightful place as the drink of both the moneyed and the perspiring.

There are two kinds of gin: Dutch—which is also called Hollands, Genever or Schiedam—and the dry gins of America and England. In both cases, grains are mashed, cooked and made into a beer. The beer is then run through a pot still. The distillate is redistilled along with or in the presence of juniper berries and other "botanicals," including cocoa, anise, cassia bark, calamus, lemon, licorice, coriander seed, caraway, sweet orange peel and orrisroot. Dutch gin, which comes in stone jars or crocks, is distilled at a low proof, making for a full-bodied, pungent, slightly malty-tasting liquor. It's usually drunk neat, as it will overpower anything with which it's mixed. It's served very cold, and tradition dictates that one should chug it. If you are accustomed to dry gins, proceed to check out Dutch gins carefully. Order one or two at a high-class bar before you invest in your own bottle. It may be a taste you do not feel like cultivating.

Dry gin is a highly rectified, or redistilled, neutral spirit. You may find a London Dry-gin label on bottles whose contents were manufactured in either the United States or England. The term doesn't mean much. All American and English gins are dry, and London is where most of the English gin industry hangs out. Read the labels carefully. There are many shadings to the various gins. Also there are two distinct subgroups of English gin that need to be mentioned. Plymouth gin, made in Plymouth, England, by the Coates firm, is heavier and tastes stronger of herbs than London Dry. Old Tom gin, a dry gin to which sugar is added, has a sweeter taste. While Old Tom's not recommended for a martini, it goes very well with tonic or Tom Collins mix. The popularity it enjoys in England is not duplicated in America, but it is available here, under the Booth's label. There are differences between British and American gins: The British generally are fuller-bodied and come in at higher proofs (traditionally at 90). American gins are lighter, have a cleaner (less pronounced) taste and are better suited to mixing. The juniper is subtler in them and the lemon or orange flavoring is stronger.

Now for a few remarks about the perfect martini. More blood has been shed during arguments over this subject than from shaving. Cultists—whose allegiance to some esoteric ingredient, which, when mixed with the traditional vermouth and gin, makes all the difference—bore unsuspecting listeners into a stupor explaining why their trick is best. Let them. Among the most common additions are a drop or two of Scotch, a squirt of bitters, a swirl of Pernod around the glass (which makes sense) or a swirl of curaçao (which doesn't). Some even recommend substituting sherry for vermouth. But the real trick to the perfect martini is to have everything (gin, vermouth, glass) so cold that your fingers stick to them. Stir with very hard ice, strain and serve straight up with a lemon peel twisted so as to release a hint of lemon oil. After one sip, if your toes curl, ripping out the soles of your shoes, and if your mouth puckers as if you've ruined years of dental work, you've done it right.

—JOHN REZEK

Illustration by Guy Fery

THE ILSA BLITZ

VOLUPTUOUS ACTRESS DYANNE THORNE IS PURSUING A LUCRATIVE CAREER PLAYING A NAZI DOMINATRIX IN A SERIES OF FILMS THAT ARE HIGH PROFIT AND LOW ART

What is *Ilsa*? A successful series of cine-sado spoofs of maxi-gore and mini-wit; a distressing damsel, a "brutalitarian," in the word of Joe McCarthy. She put the miss in misdeed. She put the dame in damnation. She put the cunt in contumely. Her every action is an infraction. Her aim is to shame. But it is the enormity of her affront (37-22-35) that put the *Frau* on the screen and the cinema to rest.

In her first film, they called Ilsa "she-wolf," because heretofore only men had been so ravenous. *Ilsa: She-Wolf of the SS*. Later, she was *Ilsa: Haremkeeper to the Oil Sheiks*. Coming soon: *Ilsa: Tigress of Siberia*.

Her real name is Dyanne Thorne, and in that reality, she is a licensed practitioner of an est-T.M. variant called Religious Science at her Las Vegas home. As Ilsa, however, she is a box-office winner, the sado-sex star of the Seventies.

Ilsa was born a Nazi—not as a matter of fact but as a matter of fiction, because Nazis are natural screen villains. A Nazi renaissance is upon us, due in part to nostalgia, to the exigencies of melodrama and to the always-cautious sensibilities of motion-picture distributors who decline to engage the ghosts of Nixon or L.B.J. and who settle, instead, for the muddled limning of Grand Guignol villains with no redeeming features in features of no redeeming merits.

As Nazis turn from flesh and blood to myth and money, history is shrunk to the size of a single line of dialog and may soon disappear altogether into the most obscure corner of the tiniest frame of the grandest film on the biggest madmen of the deadliest war in our 200-plus years. We thank *The Hindenburg* for this extraordinarily compact digest of the 20th Century: "First the Spanish civil war, then the *Reichstag* fire and now this!"

Twenty-foot-tall, jack-booted Nazis, fastidious, cool and thoroughly deranged. Maximilian Schell had made a career of them (*Judgment at Nuremberg*, *The Pedestrian*, *The Odessa File*, *The Man in the Glass Booth*), and is now perhaps to be joined by Laurence Olivier (*Marathon Man*). There are *Voyage of the Damned*, *Russ Meyer's Up!*, *The Hiding Place*, *The Memory of Justice*, *Madam Kitty*, *Seven Beauties and The Night Porter*.

Into this setting strides Ilsa, "the most dreaded Nazi of them all." The "real" Ilsa was dreadful, indeed. She was Ilse (not Ilsa) Koch, and a U. S. military prosecutor chivalrously dubbed her "one of the most vicious women ever to exist on this earth." (We were sexist them.) She was no less than "the bitch of Buchenwald," the most abominable human in human history.

The movie Ilsa, Dyanne Thorne (right), certainly looks like a Nazi prison commandant, but the real Ilse Koch (left) was a sweet-faced, middle-aged lady who smiled at sexual torture.

Her husband, Karl Koch, was commandant of Buchenwald from 1937 to 1942, years Ilse remembered as "the best of my life." After Buchenwald, Karl ruled the death camp at Lublin until 1945, when the Nazis themselves executed him for grand larceny and "conduct unbecoming an SS officer."

At Buchenwald, Koch's motto had been "*In meinem Lager gibt es keine Kranken; hier gibts nur Gesunde oder Tote.*" ("In my camp there are no sick; there are only the healthy and the dead.") And Ilse did what she could to help out.

No pig—and proud of it—she flaunted her massive bosom and ample rump in provocative attire. One victim recalled "the day when she ordered 3000 men to strip naked and stand still for three hours while she watched us. Those that dared to look back at her were arrested and disposed of." Whom she fancied, she picked for bondsmen, valuing most highly those with tattoos. She was a nymphomaniac and Karl was inattentive. Of 30 codefendants at Dachau in 1947, many were known to

In *Ilsa: She-Wolf of the SS* (left to right, top to bottom), Ilsa sends a girl to a concentration-camp brothel, brags to *Herr* General about how women can withstand pain, watches a little dinner entertainment (a girl with a noose around her neck stands on a block of melting ice) and castrates a prisoner-lover when he fails to satisfy her; later, she lets an Aryan lover tie her up for some S/M sex, after which he leaves her lying helpless, as one of Ilsa's victims crawls in holding a knife—but we wouldn't want to give away the ending. Opposite page, from the top, Ilsa resurfaces in part one of *Ilsa: Tigress of Siberia*; in part two, she turns up sans accent in modern-day Montreal, where, as a sort of female James Bond dedicated to evil, she wipes out the Mafia. As the red-haired Greta in *No Man's Land*, she seduces a double agent (played by her real-life husband). In every film, Ilsa takes a shower. Here she plots the downfall of the West.

have been her lovers and fathers of her children.

In 1948, the U. S. Army commuted her sentence from life to four years (and kept it a secret for many months); most charges against her were based on hearsay, it was argued, and stemmed from crimes allegedly committed before Pearl Harbor. The West Germans seized Ilse when the Americans released her in 1949 and sentenced her to a life term. In 1967, at the age of 60, Ilse Koch hanged herself with a bed sheet in her Bavarian prison cell.

There weren't many like Ilse. Nor are there many like Ilsa, as she is called in the series of semipornographic, semihistorical, semicompetent, exceedingly successful exploitation/adventure pictures in which Dyanne Thorne has been featured since 1974.

Heretofore, in films, there were temptresses, murderesses, traitresses and burglarettes; there were bitches aplenty, platinum trash, psychotic low-lifes and the mythic warrior dyke; there were Lady Scarface Anderson and Spider Woman Sondergaard: so much Capone in drag, masturbatory make-believe and kindred perversions of male screenwriters.

Films have dealt comfortably with feminine peccability only when it was premoral, preprofitable and prepubescent: *The Bad Seed*, *The Children's Hour* and *Lolita*.

For pure, unadulterated, unrepented villainy, Ilsa is an original. She is cinema's one true female villain.

Somewhere deep in the erogenous zone of the Third Reich, we are told in her first incarnation, Ilsa presides over Medical Camp Nine. Icy and insatiable, a parody of the mad scientist, she intends to demonstrate to her superiors that "a carefully trained woman can withstand pain better than a man." High pressure, boiling water, a 220-watt dildo, gangrene, typhoid and syphilis are for *her* testees. She's got special stuff for her men. Sadistic, arrogant, loyal, brave, exquisitely clean, reverent and peculiar, she had some idiosyncratic notions about sex and the power to

carry them out. "Once a prisoner has slept with me, he will never sleep with a woman again."

Technically *Ilsa* I is contemptible: almost no cutting, much too much zoom, no scene-to-scene continuity; sequences are as random as pennies yet not so distinct. Oddly neither the violence nor the sex is particularly explicit. Castrations and amputations of other parts (lots of toes, for some reason) are either remarkably tasteful or patently fake. Make-up is strictly Sherwin-Williams. The straw-colored wig that Ilsa wears looks like a haystack in heat. There is no period music, no period aesthetics, no atmosphere at all.

Who is responsible for the production? Well, it isn't as if they're falling all over themselves to claim it. *Ilsa: She-Wolf of the SS* began as the love child of Herman Traeger (a pseudonym for a former camp inmate), out to imitate the success of his sadomasochistic nudie, *Love Camp Nine*. It was set to roll in Greece. It was set to roll in Yugoslavia. Eventually its Canadian distributor, Cinepix, took over the production, cast an American actress, Dyanne Thorne—veteran of grade-A dinner theater (*Guys and Dolls*, *After the Fall*) and grade-B cinema (*Swing-a-Ling Murders*, *Chesty Anderson, U. S. Navy*)—as Ilsa and shot the picture on the *Hogan's Heroes* set in Hollywood.

There is a certain low-budget, fly-by-night element to the thing that accounts for some of the mess. But the script! Flagging in pace, it also lacks wit. Oh, had she but traded her whips for quips! Ilsa's antagonist, the one guy who gets her off, is an Adonis named Wolf who explains his success to his *Stalag* mates with a rambling disquisition on puberty. "When I reached puberty," he observes, "I discovered something that made me different from the rest of the guys. I can hold back as long as I want." And that dramatic disclosure sets in motion the plot's literal anticlimax.

Witless, witless. Who wrote the script?

Dyanne Thorne does not know. "Nobody has admitted it, but I've been told it's a professor at Toronto University who wants to remain unknown but who has a file full of atrocities. His hobby is collecting them."

Director Don Edmonds shrugs. "I never met him. No one showed up on the set claiming to be the writer."

And John Dunning of Cinepix adds only "An expatriate ghost commissioned by Traeger." (Ah, yes. But who is Traeger?)

Whoever is responsible, he knocked it out with Ilse Koch on his right hand and Wilhelm Reich on his left. Reich, writing *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* in 1933 (and rewriting it in 1942), boils the cause of fascism down to sexual starvation: "Hitler's personal structure and his life history are of no importance whatever for an understanding of national socialism." In page after closely packed page, Reich inscribes a portrait of an "authoritarian machine civilization and its mechanistic-mystical conception of life," of Hansels and Gretels guiltily masturbating themselves and each other. Repressed sexuality seeks substitute gratifications, Reich noted, like compliance with authoritarian interests and near-hysterical leader-worship: "Natural aggression is distorted into brutal sadism." Sexual debility may be compensated for by rigid character traits.

•

"Did you notice that Ilsa never smokes?" says Dyanne Thorne, ticking off the rigid character traits. Ilsa does not drink. Ilsa does not eat in public, even at banquets. When she does drink, she feigns it, to keep others off guard. "The woman is very disciplined," says Thorne. "Her mind is in complete control—up to a point."

But Ilsa does moan and groan a lot in coitus.

"*Ilsa* does not. Ilsa gets dubbed in. We had different ideas on that. When she emits a sound, it should mean something. They felt that commercially it wasn't enough."

Dyanne, the hairdo you're wearing is something like Ilsa's.

"Maybe I'm becoming Ilsa. I've always been covering up strengths. There's something that's been aching to express itself."

Thorne wasn't even what was wanted for the part. Director Edmonds explains: "We wanted someone over six-feet tall, an Ilse Koch, tear-your-throat-out type. We saw lots of tall incompetents. Then in she walked and she was right. She'd come to read for a minor role. She said, 'Let me read for the lead.' She didn't have the size we wanted, but inside she had the heart of a lion."

"Up to that point," Thorne recalls, "I was playing sexy-sweet character roles, dumb blondes and the girlfriends of gangsters. I did a lot of research on Ilse. Twenty to thirty books. Koch was an attractive, big-bosomed woman; gave the impression of being bigger than I am. I like her to be as glamorous as possible, because people pay attention to glamor. It's all the more horrorful to see someone you can initially admire and at the end have a total disgust for. And I think I have achieved that."

For Edmonds, Thorne's achievement is an enigma. "People spit at the screen or jack off. Some stomp out, yelling curses, while others stay twice." But it is exactly as Reich predicted: A film about sadism treated as situation comedy has got to be a bummer. A genius like Dusan Makavejev, who has transformed Reich brilliantly into films such as *WR—The Mysteries of Orgasm* and *Sweet Movie*, can portray taboos and break them at the same time. The people who make *Ilsas* are not geniuses; what brilliance they have is the brilliance of accountants and tax attorneys, peddling the sexual revolution and laughing all the way to the bank.

Ah, the bank. *Ilsa*'s done well for poppa. Though poorly distributed in the U. S., *Ilsa* I still grossed $2,500,000; it also made $1,500,000 in Japan and another $1,000,000

in Europe. In Belgium, *Ilsa* I broke a house record set by *The Exorcist*. Its anticipated total income is between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000; *Ilsa* II will probably gross 80 percent of that. Consequence: The Italians have rushed into production with *The Night of the Gestapo*, *SS Lager* and *Sadist Commander*; the French with *Special Train for Hitler* and *Elsa Fräulein SS*.

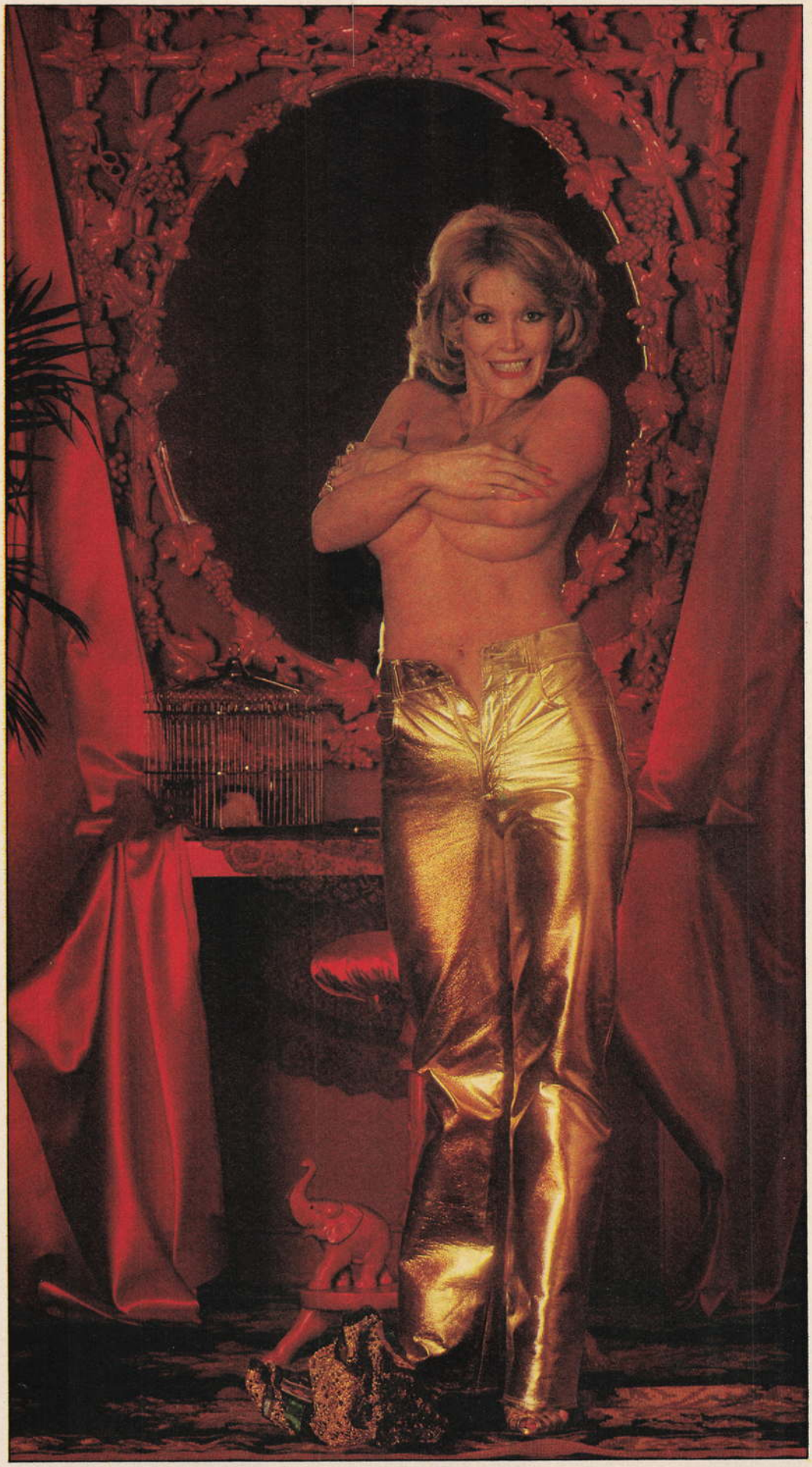
Nor has Dyanne Thorne suffered. She is now to be the star of a new series involving a character named Greta, to be made in Switzerland. In the first, *No Man's Land*, Greta is the matron of a prison in Fascist Spain. Thorne's wig this time is red and curly. In future *Ilsa*s, Thorne will get a percentage of the gross. She has signed a five-year, ten-picture deal with Cinepix.

Thorne also gets letters: "Dear Dyanne. I am a widower and I have several children. They need a mother, and I know that you would give them a strong hand and love." "Dear Dyanne, tell me what you're really like. I don't believe you could be that bad."

Who *could* believe it? When she is Ilsa, she is acting. She really gets into it. *Ilsa* II ends with Thorne in an oil sheik's dungeon. Edmonds had her rehearse around the line "Let me out of here." "Let me *out* of here!" "Let me OUT of here!" When he asked her to add "please," she refused.

When Thorne is not acting, she is a licensed Religious Science practitioner in Las Vegas, espousing a metaphysical philosophy not unlike Jonathan Livingston Seagull's, meting out optimistic, success-oriented treatments in working-class, quasi-psychotherapy sessions—called successful-living workshops—at her apartment at the ninth hole of the Tropicana golf course.

Religious Science is based on a set of transcendental teachings similar to Emerson's, or Thoreau's, and on an idealistic philosophy. In it, the ideal is real and the blueprint is in the mind of God—"So many people have a resistance to the word 'God' that we prefer to use the phrase



'Infinite Intelligence' "—and everything and everyone is imminently perfectable.

"Your goal sheet is your gold sheet," Thorne instructs her clients as they scribble down an aspiration on which to concentrate for the week.

"If I lose my job," she explains, "it's not because that employer fired me or because the show closed or because I quit or because I didn't get along with someone or because someone got along with me too well; it has nothing to do with that. Either I can feel sorry—'poor me'—or I can know that that was just one experience along the path.

"If I work for a hotel, it's not my employer, because somebody's employing that hotel. Where is he getting his money from? The universe. It's all one. So if we go back in science and we try to go back to the original source—that original energy—there's only one power in the universe. Instead of investing an employer with the power to make me miserable, I invest the universe. Then, if my job dissolves, there'll be another job for me, because the universe will find another source for me."

The original Ilse Koch was often described as a woman in whom good and evil coexisted without struggle. Could Dyanne Thorne, this ravishing blonde whose breasts are large and perfectly round and utterly distracting, whose cuddly stuffed animals litter her marriage bed, whose sweetness is infectious, whose optimism is unguarded, whose earnestness is beyond question—could Dyanne Thorne, actress and licensed Religious Science practitioner, be in unwitting league with that polyester succubus she portrays? Must we see *Ilsa* if only to beware Dyanne's goal-oriented, secularized Protestantism, a starry-eyed image of capitalism for nonstars that is akin to fascism in its demands of blind faith?

The function of mysticism, according to Wilhelm Reich, is "to divert attention from daily misery" so as "to prevent a revolt against the real causes of one's misery."

—MITCH TUCHMAN

A SHORT CONVERSATION WITH DYANNE THORNE

OUI: How did a nice girl like you come to take on a role like Ilsa?

THORNE: I'm an actress and Ilsa is a leading role. You don't know what a joy it is to have a part in a movie that doesn't end up on the cutting-room floor. It is true, of course, that when I'm on the set, I often feel those organic rumblings of anger that fuel Ilsa. It's a burning, hurting feeling. I don't like to be called by my own name on the set, because I have a very deep affection for the director and other people I work with and it's difficult to keep a feeling of acidic anger when I'm called Dyanne.

OUI: Although Ilsa is very sexy, she obviously hates men. Does playing Ilsa ever affect your private life?

THORNE: No, that's ridiculous. I'm a happily married lady. Besides, my husband, Howard Maurer, has leading roles in two of the *Ilsa* films and is coproducer of the third *Ilsa* film. As for my attitudes toward men in general, I'd have to say that as a girl I was greatly influenced by my two dynamite older brothers. I grew up thinking that men were God—hardly Ilsa's opinion.

OUI: When preparing for the Ilsa role, were you able to draw on anything that happened to you in your youth?

THORNE: No, my parents didn't beat me, if that's what you mean, although I did not exactly have a normal childhood. My father was in real estate and we traveled a great deal. More unsettling, however, was the dramatic way the family fortunes rose and fell. One year we'd be rolling in riches and the next year we'd be sitting in our 17-room house with the heat turned off and nothing to eat. For years, I felt that God was some sort of master puppeteer who liked to pull strings and make people jump. All that changed about ten years ago when I discovered Religious Science.

OUI: Was the experience anything like being born again?

THORNE: Not really. Very simply, Religious Science involves the belief in a power greater than I, but which I can use to better my existence. It enabled me to take charge of my own life, and I'm very grateful for that.

OUI: To change the subject rather abruptly, have you ever felt embarrassed about having such a spectacular figure?

THORNE: I don't think that my body is so unusual, but as a young adolescent, I got teased a bit. At 15, I was very thin—I had something like a 17-inch waist and 33-inch hips—and then, all of a sudden, I developed 37-inch boobs. At first, I was so embarrassed I tried to figure out a way to make them go away. I found a home remedy for taking down boobs in an old book in my grandma's library. It said to bind your breasts in flannel with hog fat and lye and other things, and I remember going to the butcher store and ordering all this strange stuff. Fortunately the butcher got suspicious—I lived in a small town and he knew me—so he called my mother to ask her why I was buying hog fat, and that was the end of that.

OUI: Did you ever research what kind of people go to see *Ilsa* movies?

THORNE: All kinds. In Canada and Europe, it's mostly couples, because the films aren't restricted to porno houses the way they are here in the U. S.

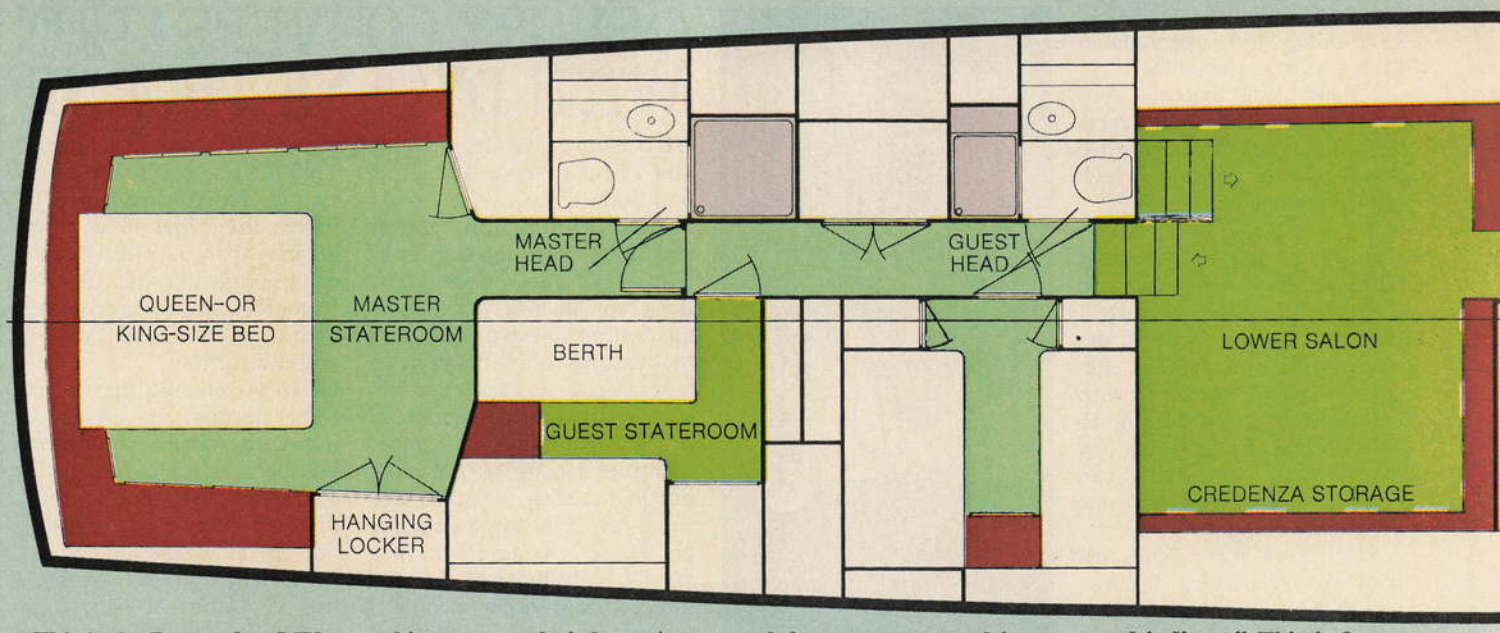
OUI: Do you ever receive any hate mail?

THORNE: Very little, although once, in Boston, a local movie distributor hired two models to dress up in costume to promote the picture and a sniper took several shots at them.

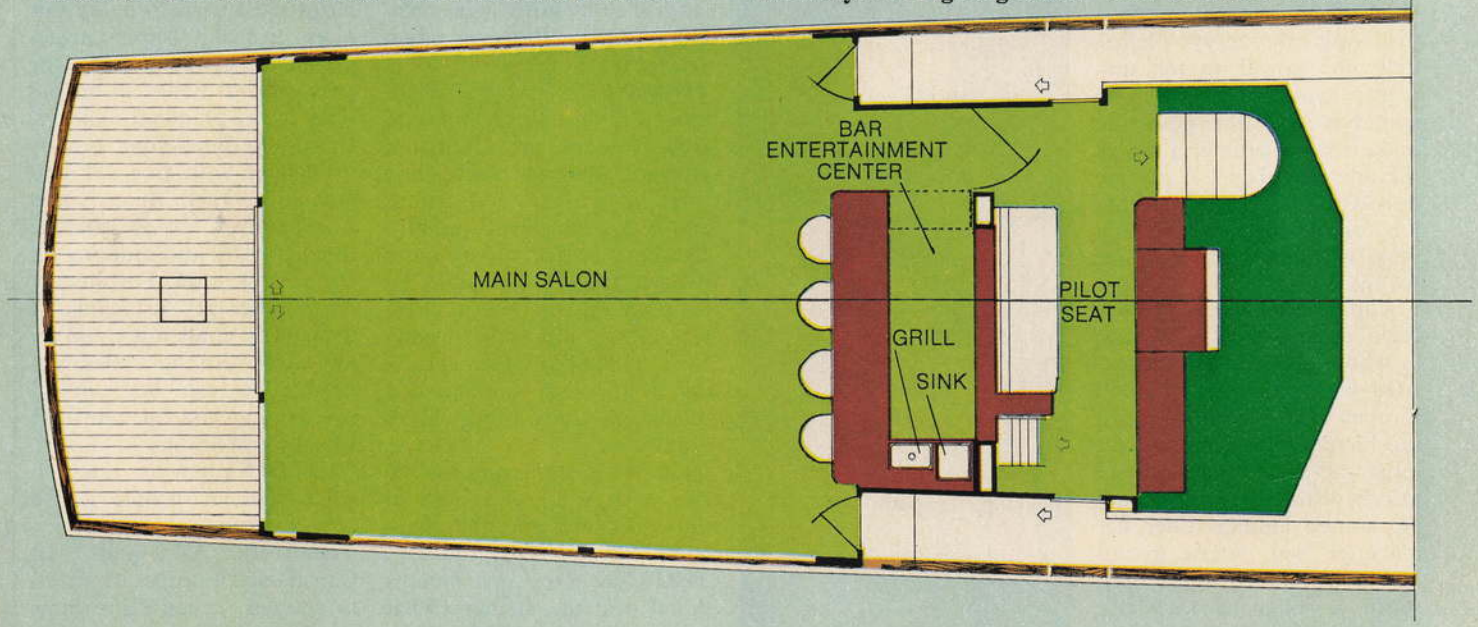
OUI: Doesn't it frighten you that some crazy out there might shoot you next time?

THORNE: No, but I would like your readers to know that I'm really a very nice person who loves life.

—SHARON O'HARA



This is the Pacemaker MY 66—above, below and, in profile, to the right. The 66 means the number of feet that this motor yacht is long. According to the manufacturer, the bed in the master stateroom "includes a six-inch polyfoam mattress and is flanked on both sides by richly finished satin-varnished teak cabinetry. . . . Lighting is soft and indirect." This is for men who've outgrown the van that replaced the back seat of Dad's Oldsmobile.



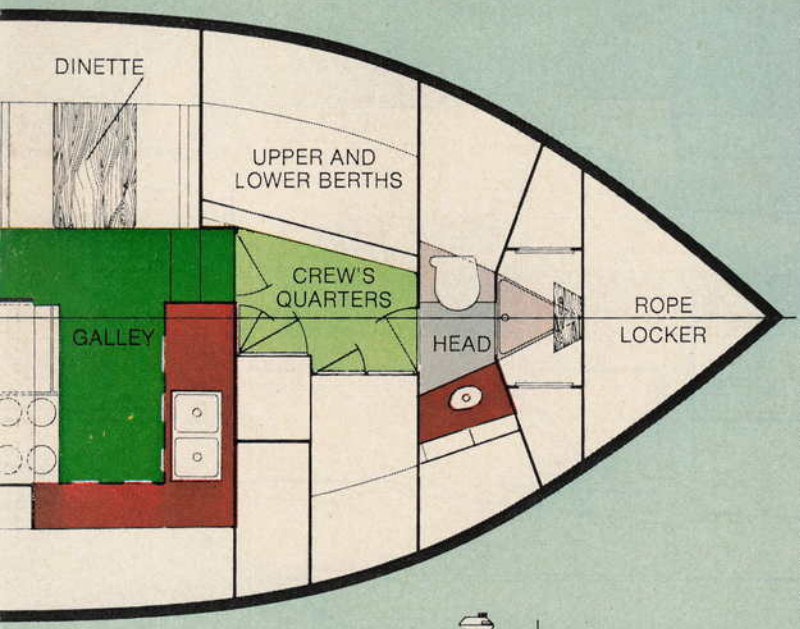
MUSCLE BOATS

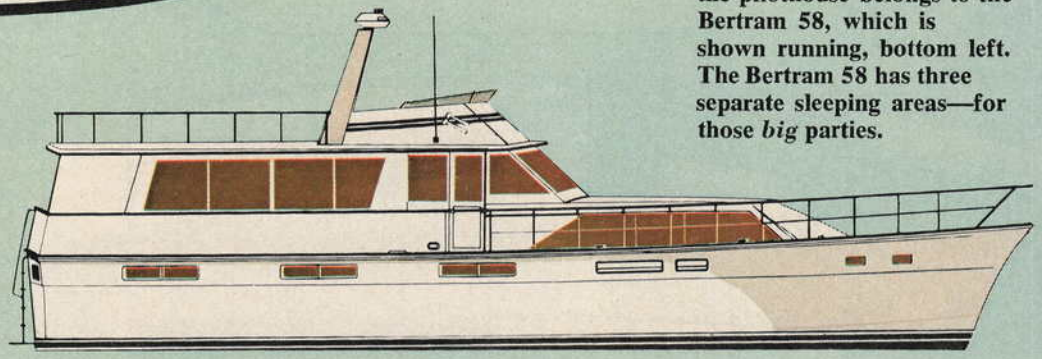
THINK OF THEM AS OUTSIZE WATER BEDS

ARTICLE BY DONALD BOWIE

In 1976, millions of Americans went down to the sea—or at least to a lake—in the 7,671,231 pleasure craft that are now registered in the United States. Some boatowners went fishing and some competed in races. Some used their boats for water-skiing or scuba diving. There was a certain set that tried to prove by buying a big boat the same things people try to prove when they buy a Cadillac. Some went to sea to get away and some went to sea to get laid. There are boats designed for every purpose: tournament-fishing boats that do everything but can the tuna, ski boats, showboats built for status seekers, water-bed boats. There are even—someone play the Navy hymn—floating campers. Every boat says something about its owner: who he is and, since a man's possessions often embody his daydreams, who he imagines himself to be.

Many powerboat manufacturers have followed the example of automobile manufacturers. Men buy speedboats for the same reasons they buy sports cars and customized vans, so boat manufacturers have picked up on the descriptive language, the interiors and the engines that are associated with automobiles built to transport the male ego. Chris-Craft's three high-powered speedboats are referred to as the XK models, a designation obviously borrowed from Jaguar, and the 6.9 Meter XK has a roof reminiscent of the Porsche Targa. There is a line of Thunderbird speedboats. Wellcraft builds a Nova ("Gentlemen, start your engines," says the Wellcraft ad copy, and in one of Wellcraft's ads, Batman is behind the wheel).





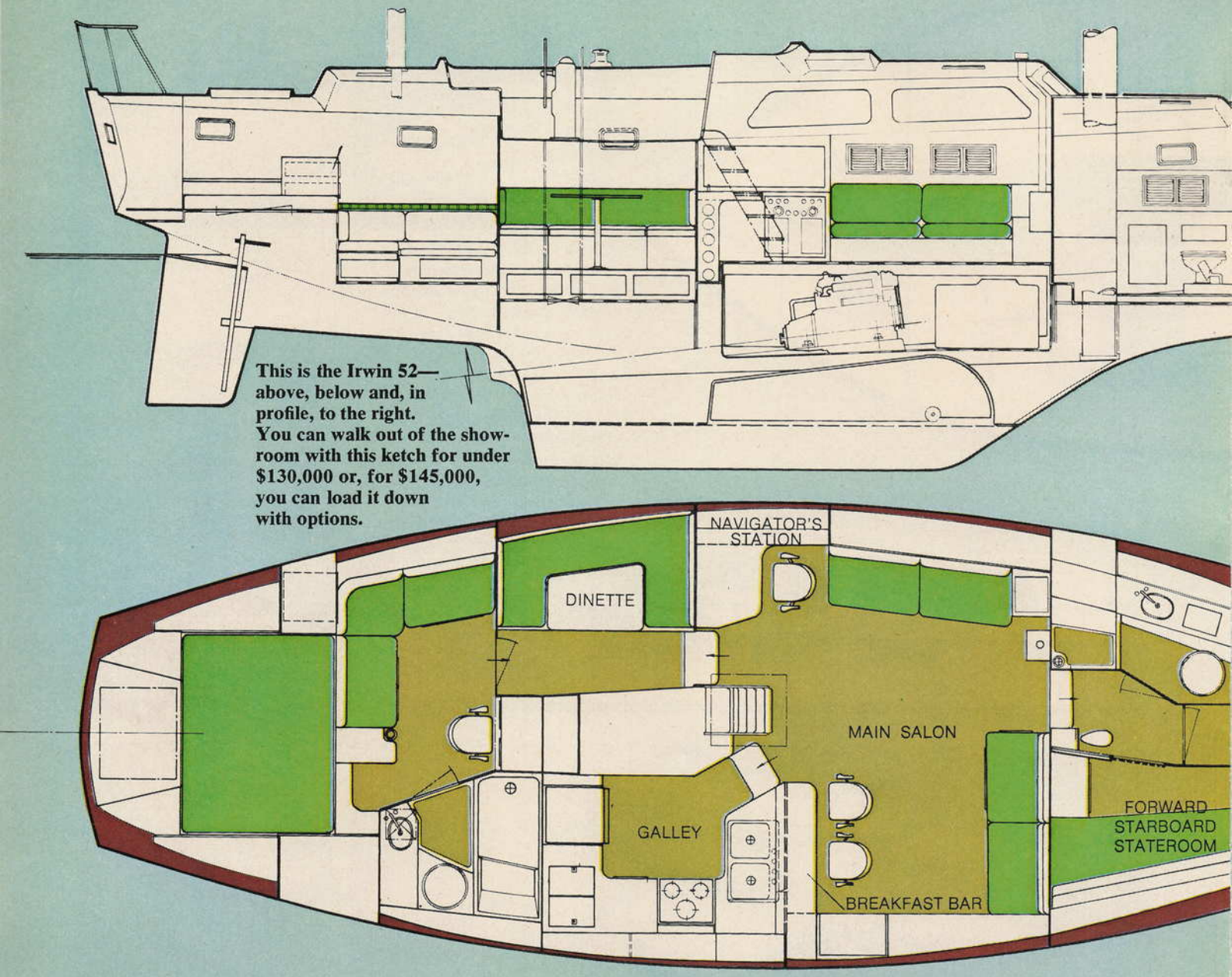
Clockwise from above: The Pacemaker 62—it comes from the same New Jersey firm that makes the MY 66, but this one is four feet shorter. To the right: Luxury interiors (with bedrooms that give new meaning to the term water bed); the pilothouse belongs to the Bertram 58, which is shown running, bottom left. The Bertram 58 has three separate sleeping areas—for those *big* parties.

Sea Ray announces that it is "the Cadillac of fiberglass boats."

Thomas Akoury, who sells high-performance boats at the T. J. Marina in East Norwalk, Connecticut, has in his showroom a hot rod complete with a metal-flake paint job impregnated right in the fiberglass-gel coat and a rolled and pleated vinyl interior. This baby, a Sidewinder, built in Wisconsin, comes with a 460-cubic-inch Lincoln engine that produces 320 horsepower and can move the boat up to 70 miles an hour. You can also order a 455 Olds or a 454 Chevy. What's more, the engine is exposed, so nothing muffles that gorgeous roar. Kids hover around these boats, talking about them the way they talk about cars at the local drive-in. Whereas at McDonald's you hear "I bet that can lay 50 feet of rubber," at the dock you hear "This thing can probably throw up an unbelievable rooster tail" (a rooster tail is the plume of spray that rises behind a fast-moving powerboat). The absence of speed restrictions on the water is probably doubly alluring to kids, in light of the 55-mile-an-hour speed limit that governs the highways. There are no speed traps on the water, and you can pour on the coal without worrying. The Sidewinder comes with an enormous gas pedal—a pedal made for a cement shoe.

On the water, you are not just free to speed, you are free to fuck—with no fear that someone will shine a flashlight through the porthole or burst into the cabin with a camera. The powerboat people have really made hay with this. Most of the larger speedboats (those 20 feet and over) have a cabin in the bow that is basically a double bed. The cabins of most Sea Ray models are lined with plush carpeting that could pass for mouton, and the headboards behind their double bunks are gold-veined mirrors. Thunderbird offers the same plush, allover carpeting. One owner, when asked why the ceiling had to be carpeted, said, "Well, the ceiling in a cabin is sort of low. I think maybe the idea behind the carpeting is to keep the girl from skinning her knees." Very considerate. A married couple said that they often took the boat out at night and opened the Plexiglas hatch to the stars. Lovemaking was better on the water, they thought, with the waves licking the hull and the suggestion of a primeval link with the sea.

Most of the contemporary American rumrunners, the speedboats with open-ocean capabilities and international appeal,

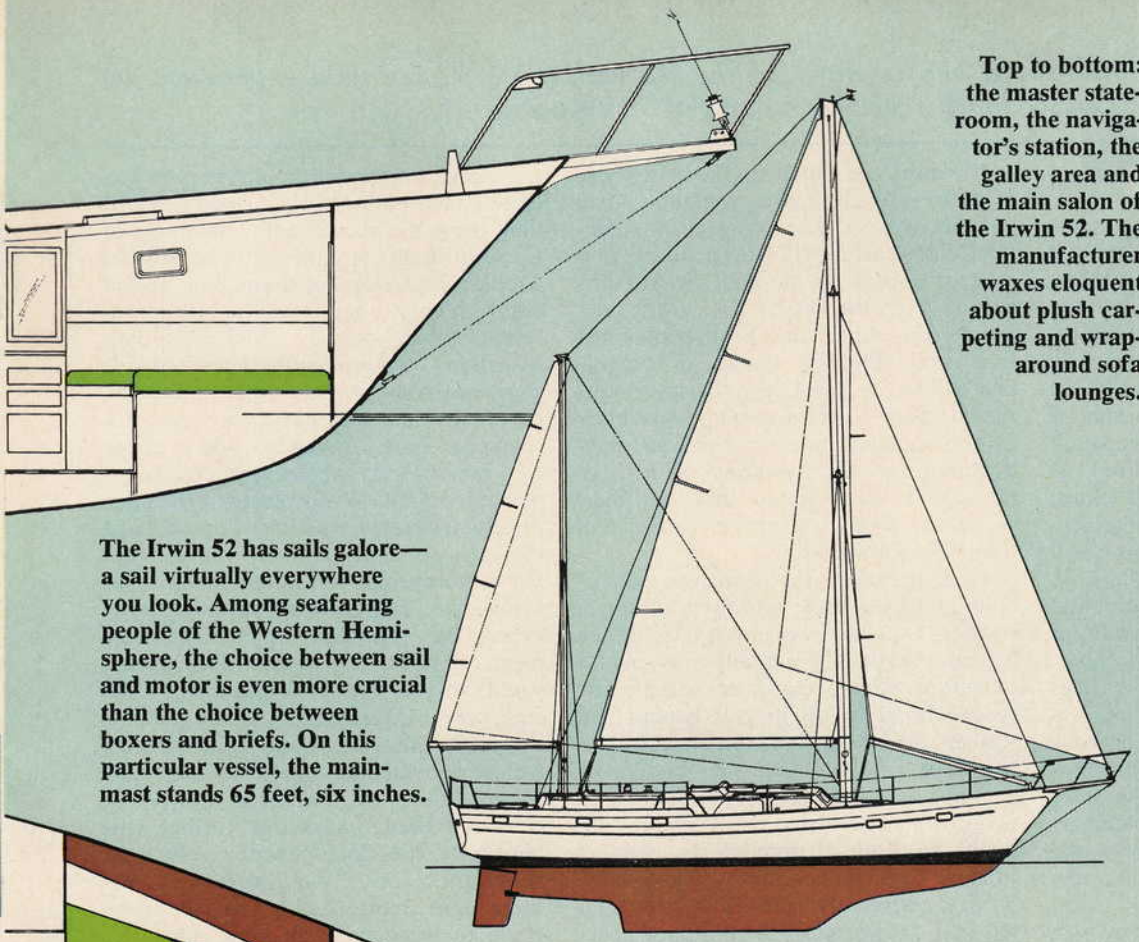


This is the Irwin 52—above, below and, in profile, to the right. You can walk out of the showroom with this ketch for under $130,000 or, for $145,000, you can load it down with options.

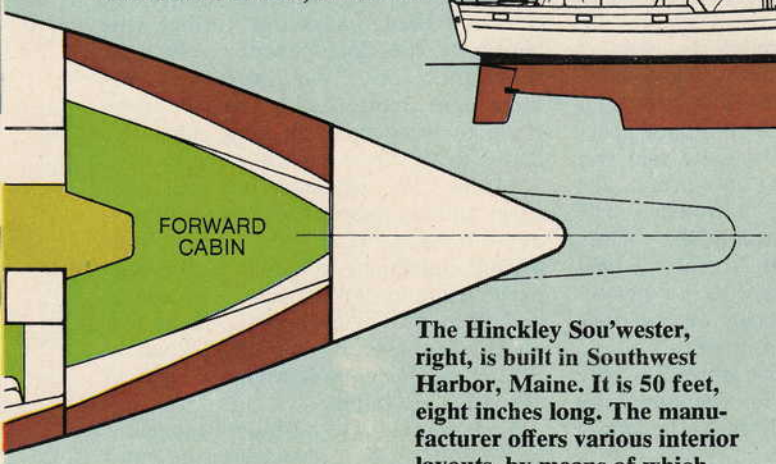
were conceived, designed and built originally by Don Aronow, a Florida-based entrepreneur with the kind of fickle genius that keeps a man on the move. Aronow's boats have the narrow, needle-nosed look of the classic mahogany speedboats of the Thirties—the Gar Woods and the Chris-Crafts—but they are executed in fiberglass and their hulls have the deep-V construction that has characterized fast ocean-going craft since the introduction of the Bertrams. Who owns Aronow's grand-touring boats? Peter Aitken, an affable guy who owns a 35-foot Cigarette Mistress—Mistress is the name the model has been given; the ads say every man should have one—made his money in the commodities market and decided to have some fun with it. Some of the other guys who own 35-foot Cigarettes are Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipowner (his Cigarette is a tender for his yacht); the Shah of Iran (he sent over a military transport to pick up his); and Juan Carlos of Spain. The list of owners sounds like the market for the Bugatti Royale. According to legend, Bugatti intended that car for the crowned heads of Europe and he would sell it only to certain people, whom he screened during a weekend at his château. Aronow is not quite so choosy, but then only certain people are willing to spend $55,000 for 35 feet of speedboat equipped with only the basics: two enormous Mercruiser engines, a stereo, a bar with an ice chest and a wall-to-wall bed with a mirrored headboard.

The center for grand-touring boats in the United States is Miami and the Intercoastal Waterway. According to Aitken, the Donzis and Cigarettes are piloted mostly by young, single guys who cruise along the canals like Porsche owners prowling Sunset Strip. In Europe, the center for these boats is the Riviera. Fortunately for people with more money than they know what to do with, there is no limit to what you can spend on a grand-touring boat. Not long ago *The New York Times Magazine* ran an article on Italian pleasure-boat design. The *Times* featured the 36-foot, 35-knot Tiger, designed by Paolo Caliari and built by the Mangini Shipyards. "The master bedroom is all bed," the *Times* noted matter-of-factly. "It's a frame holding a mattress and night tables, in apricot leather." The Tiger costs about $500,000.

Speaking of the grand-touring boats, a representative of the



The Irwin 52 has sails galore—a sail virtually everywhere you look. Among seafaring people of the Western Hemisphere, the choice between sail and motor is even more crucial than the choice between boxers and briefs. On this particular vessel, the mainmast stands 65 feet, six inches.



The Hinckley Sou'wester, right, is built in Southwest Harbor, Maine. It is 50 feet, eight inches long. The manufacturer offers various interior layouts, by means of which there can be achieved privacy for two couples, privacy for three couples or one big party.

Top to bottom: the master stateroom, the navigator's station, the galley area and the main salon of the Irwin 52. The manufacturer waxes eloquent about plush carpeting and wraparound sofa lounges.

Italian boatbuilding industry said in *Yachting*, "Appearance is very important here; it suits the temperament. The low-superstructure, racy look means speed and speed means affluence; it's a status symbol." In Italy, nobody makes any bones about what's going on: Italcraft calls its 25-footer the Playboy, "so-named for the characteristic wall-to-wall bunk in the forward cabin," staid *Yachting* reports. Only on the water is this kind of self-indulgence possible. Only a boat can combine speed, beauty and utility so perfectly: Ferrari does not build a van. When Riva introduced its triple-engined, 40-foot efficiency apartment in the United States at around $250,000, the distributor offered, along with the boat, for a limited time only, absolutely free, a Porsche. That offer shows the level you're dealing on with these boats. For a Riva owner, a Porsche is just an accessory, like the fog-horns that are powered by compressed air in a can.

Like all things associated with status, pleasure boats have various kinds of snob value, depending on the interests and the level of sophistication of their owners. At the top, for $500,000 and more, a boat ought to be a presence, like a walled estate or a Rolls-Royce. There is no questioning the status of the owner of a really big boat. But people often wonder who he is, where he comes from, what he does. At an August cocktail party on a terrace in Nantucket, the guests were fascinated by the enormous Feadship riding at anchor in the harbor. Feadships, built in Holland and generally running more than 100 feet, belong to heads of corporations, movie stars, heirs. Some of the guests at the Nantucket party said the big boat belonged to Frank Sinatra. Sinatra had remarried recently, and speculation was that he might be on his honeymoon. One guest said it could be Sinatra's yacht but Sinatra might not be on it. Somebody else said it looked like the DuPont yacht that was in earlier in the season, the one the DuPonts had supposedly bought from the Firestones. On and on the discussion went, while the Feadship rested quietly at anchor, aloof and unapproachable. Americans have always admired power and wealth, probably because the rich and famous are our royalty, and we love to look up at the palace windows and try to imagine what's going on inside. Yet about the private lives of the great we never know anything for sure, because we never see them, only the

MUSCLE BOATS *Some of the people who go down to the sea with more money than experience get into trouble. In 1976, the Coast Guard received reports of 7199 accidents.*

things that surround them: their mansions, their limousines, their yachts.

Under 100 feet and $500,000, status is questionable. The sailing fraternity is particularly snobby. According to them, motor yachts are "stink pots;" they leave an oily film in their wake—like fat bathers coated with Coppertone—and they sound like buses. Powerboats are for slobs, sailors believe, though some of their best friends may own a Rybovitch Sportfisherman or a certain kind of motor yacht—a Burger, or a Huckins, or a Trumpy, the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg triumvirate of the waterways. All sailors sail out of Brooks Brothers. A sailor suit consists of a pair of unflared Brooks khaki trousers with cuffs, a Brooks shirt with a buttondown collar, a navy-blue blazer with yachting flags on the breast pocket and a pair of Top Siders. All sailors are WASPs, or have been processed as WASPs by the Ivy League and Wall Street. Sailors have brownish hair that is streaked blond by the sun, crest rings on their pinkies and a way of sniffing that, in light wind, may help to propel their boats.

Every sailor would like to own a Hinckley and sail it in the Bermuda race. Henry R. Hinckley and Company is located in a group of buildings in Southwest Harbor, Maine, that could pass for the warehouses of a moving-and-storage company. But out of these nondescript buildings roll American classics, the best auxiliary sailboats in the 35-to-50-foot range built anywhere in the world. Hinckleys are as polished as diamonds and move with the pace and style of a Wellesley girl walking off of Fifth Avenue into Tiffany's. It's not exactly a coincidence that Hinckleys are built on Mt. Desert island, the peninsula that is dotted with tweedy vest-pocket ports such as Northeast Harbor, Bar Harbor and Seal Harbor, long the summer campgrounds of urban mandarins.

Sailors love to race—horses and boats—and from the sailing fraternity come the crews of the America's Cup defenders, some of whom got their start as kids crewing for their fathers in the Block Island race or sailing dinghies in regattas on Martha's Vineyard. Among sailors, there is not the same tacit association of speed and sex that there is among powerboat owners, although among sailors' kids, there are some suggestions of it. Windsurfing, which is sailing at its most primitive level, is nothing more than maneuvering a surfboard with a mast and sail. The motto of windsurfers, which is found on the bumpers of their vans and VWs, is WINDSURFERS DO IT STANDING UP.

If sailors are not oversexed, they are romantic—much more romantic than powerboat buffs. Jay Langley, of Atlantic Coast Yachts, tells of a client who ordered a boat on the East Coast, then flew in from the West Coast to take delivery and sailed the boat home—the long way. Langley knows of an office building in San Diego that overlooks the harbor. Sailboat-owning executives in the building have a habit of daydreaming at the window. Sometimes they can't stand it, so they tell their secretaries to pack it in for the day and they head for the water.

Nothing takes the romance out of boating faster than writing it off as a business expense—worse yet, a legitimate business expense, actually inviting a bunch of paying customers on board: types who show up in golf clothes and leather-soled shoes and who always manage to plug up the head. Yet, the idea of yachting as a business proposition, as an investment, has floated many people who ought to limit themselves to piloting Lincoln Continentals. Many boats, powerboats especially, are launched with ten-year mortgages—the interest payments can be written off—and sold two years later, maybe even at a profit. The guys who make it big in women's half sizes, the automobile dealers, the doctors who graduated from so-so medical schools and the lawyers who sue them—these guys buy stock boats on the basis of what their wives find "roomy."

The stock boats that appeal to the *nouveau riche* range in size anywhere from ten feet to 60 or 70 feet. The longer the boat is, the more it looks like a suburban house in a flood. Essentially these boats *are* houses. They are decorated with Scotchgarded velvet and used for "weekends," especially weekend cocktail parties. Some stock motor yachts are eminently seaworthy—Bertrams and Hatterases in particular—but they don't have the nautical personalities of the Huckinses and Hinckleys.

Some of the people who go down to the sea with more money than experience get into trouble. In 1976, the Coast Guard received reports of 7199 accidents, of which 1264 involved one or more fatalities. The growing traffic jam on the water and the inevitable capsizings, collisions, falls overboard and sinkings may eventually lead to the kind of Federal regulations that have all but ended the American romance with the automobile. Already boats are being regulated: The Feds have decided that they won't take any more shit from boatowners—literally. Any pleasure boat with a head must now have a holding tank.

A large number of boatowners nevertheless feel that once they step on board they have the power and autonomy of Captain Bligh. An owner of a 36-foot Trojan (yes, Virginia, there is a Trojan *boat*) thought that since his boat was "documented," nobody could come onto it without his permission. That included cops, according to this owner. Actually, documentation does not make a yacht a sovereign state. Anybody with a badge can board you, whether you're documented or not. A documented yacht is merely registered with the Coast Guard under a six-digit number, which stays the same even if the name of the boat is changed. The Government does, however, have reciprocal agreements with many nations that allow documented yachts to pass freely in and out of foreign ports. Usually there is no customs inspection at all. Would it be difficult for a documented yacht to slip into Miami with, say, Jamaican ganja? "It could be done," says one former employee of the documentation office in New York City. "We just have to assume that most yacht owners aren't going to bring back anything naughtier than Chanel No. 5 for the wife."

Maybe the regulatory agencies will never entirely succeed in taking the fun out of boating, the way they've done with driving. Something in human nature does not love limits, and the sea is still unlimited. Men will always want to go as fast as they can, even if it's only 12 knots in a ketch, and men will always delight in expensive playthings.

Last summer, a 62-foot Pacemaker burbled up to McMillan Wharf in Provincetown, the catchall community at the tip of Cape Cod. About 100 tourists were on the wharf, watching the fishermen unload their catch and posing with the hanged tuna in front of the party boats.

"Look at that," one tourist said. "It's as nice inside as a mobile home."

Another tourist yelled to the Pace's uniformed captain, "Hey, buddy, what'd this thing go for, $50,000?"

"More like a quarter of a million," the captain shouted back. The middle-aged woman sitting in the salon, who had a diamond on her finger that you could see from the pier, appeared to smirk at the remarks of the tourists. The big Pace was too much for one of the local Portuguese fishermen. The fisherman chucked his hand at the yacht and sneered.

"I wouldn't want a life like that," the fisherman said. "That kind of life is for lazy people, bums. You wouldn't catch me on a scow like that. No way."

Bullshit. ▣

LOIS

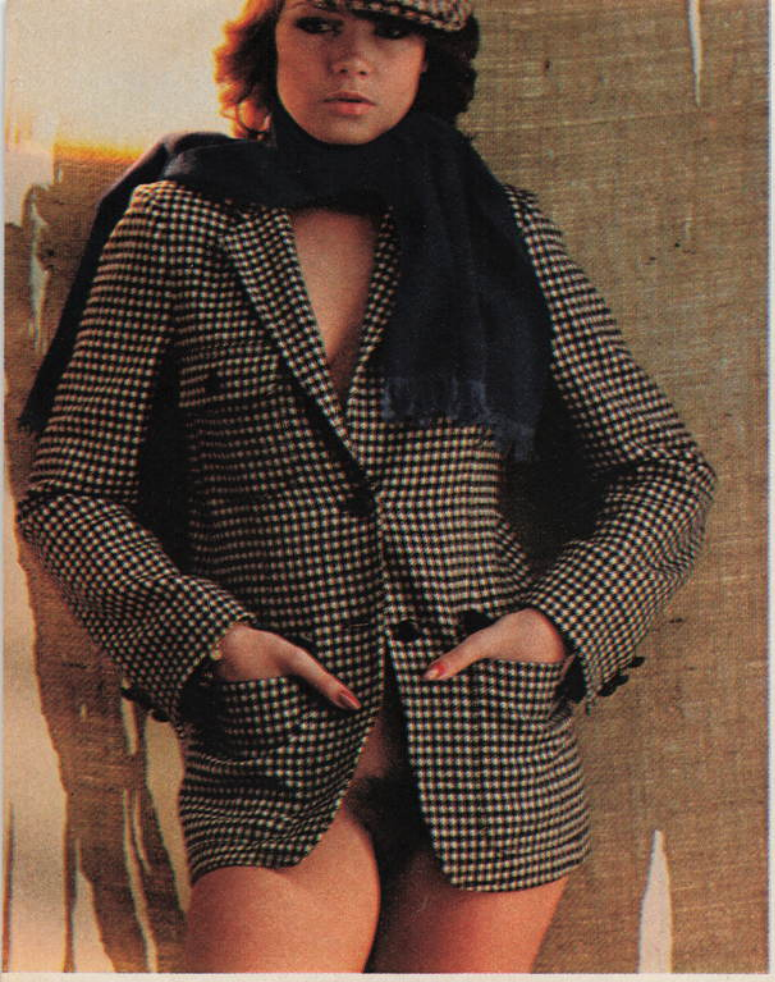
SHE'S OPEN TO SUGGESTION

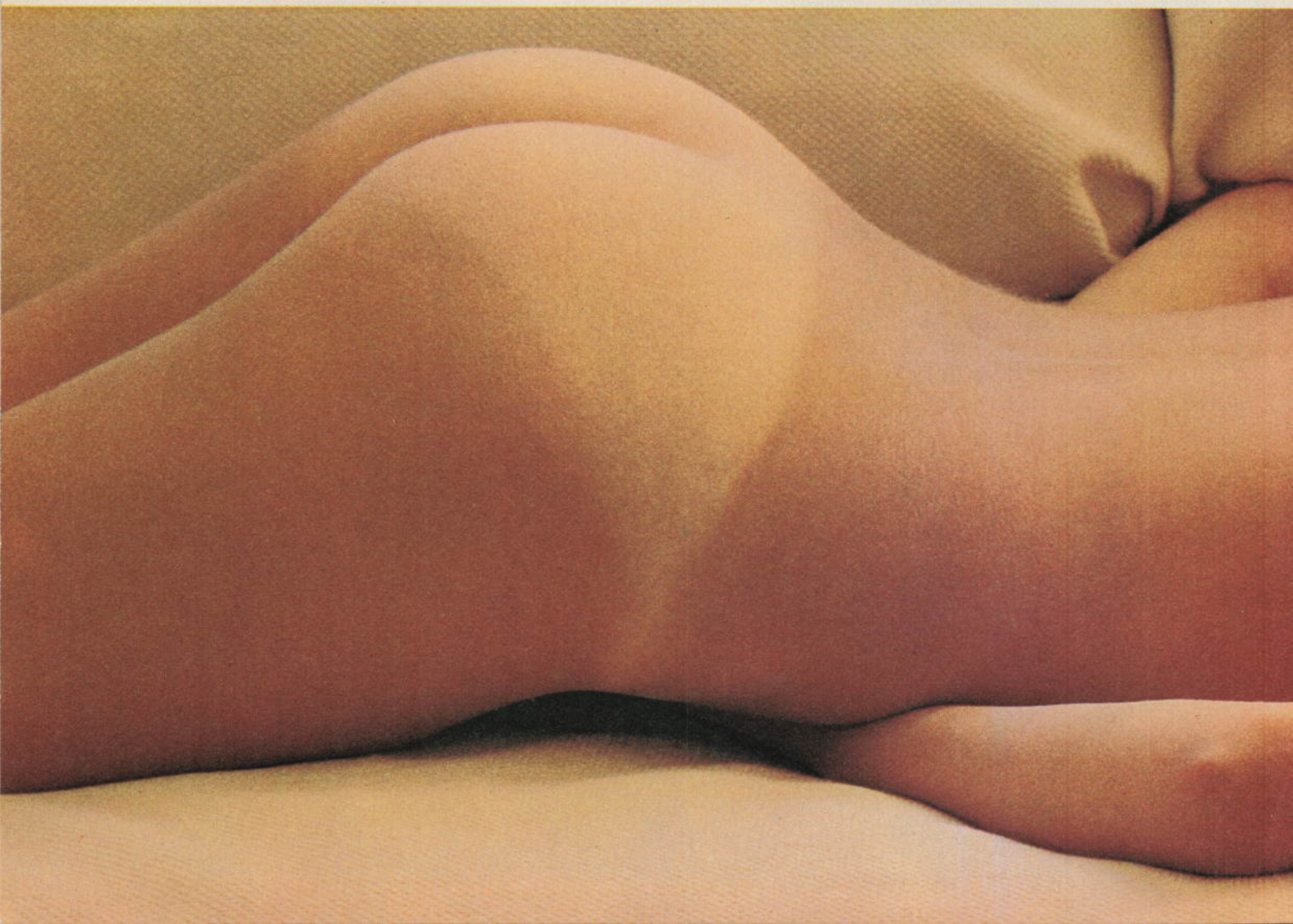
Photography by
Eric Müller

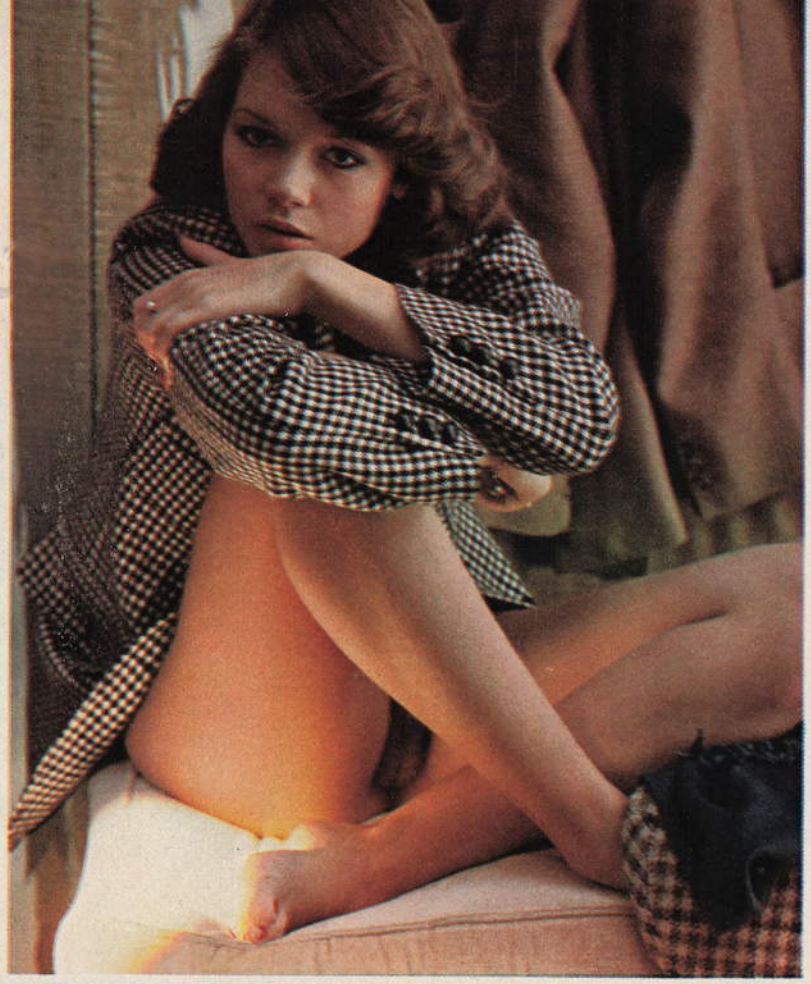
Lois can't help it. She's curious. She's in the top quarter of her class at a Pennsylvania normal college—famous for its Lover's Leap and its somewhat advanced thinking on crop rotation—and she has learned that while the mother of invention is well known, the true father is curiosity. It is curiosity that makes her want to see if she is beautiful all over. She is; the camera doesn't lie. This year Lois is not living at the dorm. She is living in town. "Heck, Mom, I'm a sophomore now," she explained when she broke the news. "I want a taste of the real world." That taste came in the form of Roger, the towny she lived with for a while and still sees. Roger runs the Dairy De-Lux out on

LOIS HAS GIVEN UP ON MIRRORS. SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE IMAGE TO GO AWAY.

LOIS PRETENDS SHE'S A BANANA SPLIT
WITH THE WORKS. WHEN SHE
MOVES, SHE GETS SPRINKLES ON THE BED.



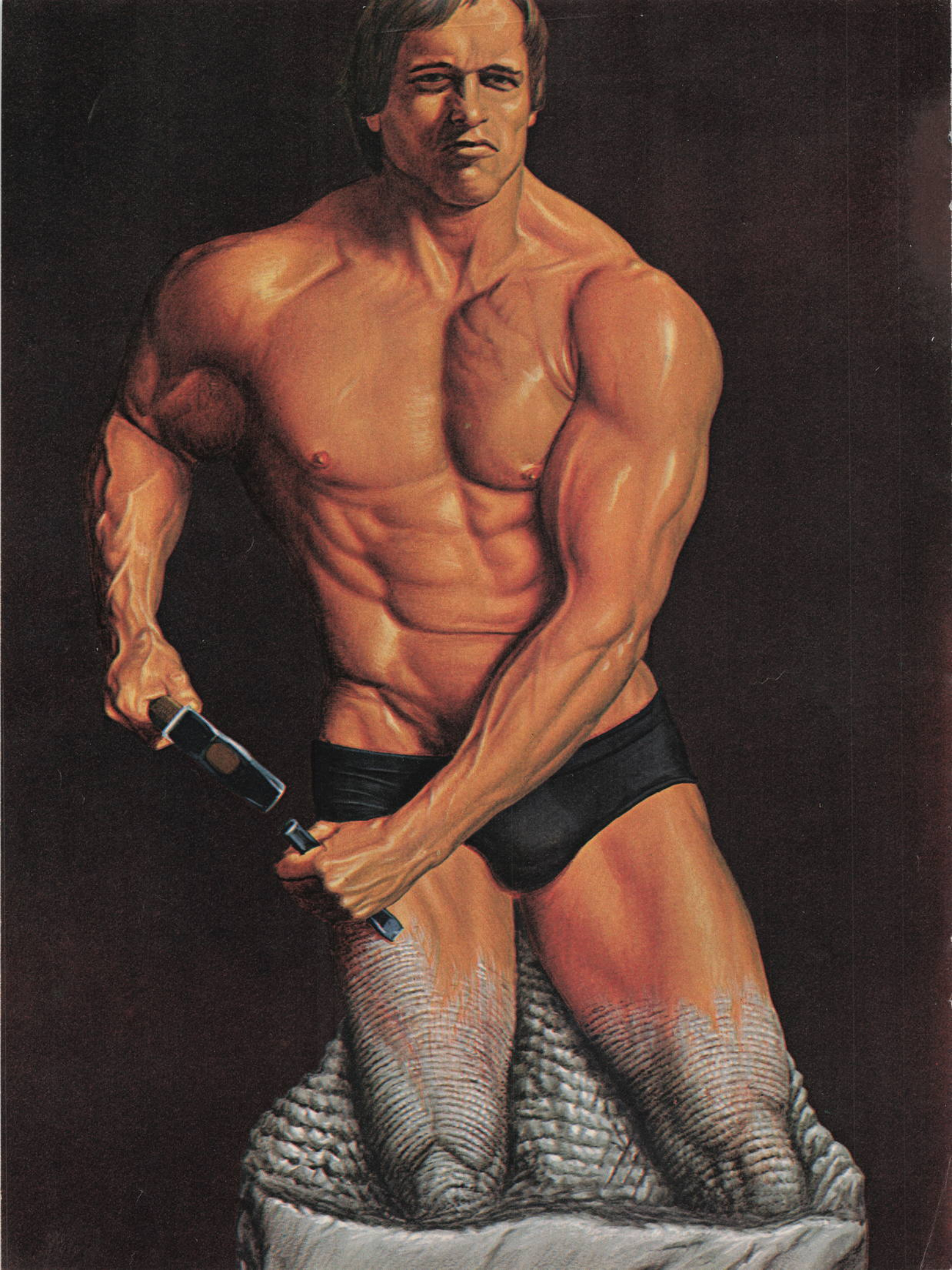




LOIS LIVES IN A SMALL TOWN WHERE SHE KNOWS EVERYBODY—SOMETIMES MORE THAN ONCE

Route 9, and whenever Lois drives up with her sorority sisters, he makes them sky-high banana splits for free. "With nuts and sprinkles and everything," Lois always says, and he blushes, because this is their private joke. He gets so red his eyes turn the color of robin's eggs by contrast. Lois knows how to flush Roger an even more vivid color, but she keeps the hard-won technique to herself. Lois, you see, is a doer. She will not mull over a thing; rather, she finds her way by trial and error, fits and starts. She is not fooled by appearances, because she doesn't stop at them. She always knew, for instance, that Clark Kent was Superman. In fact, she's a bit tiffed that her namesake in the comics is such a dodo on this point. "I mean, just because the guy wears glasses," says Lois. Roger wears glasses, too, but Lois found his superstrengths. She is glad that she had the curiosity to delve to the naked heart of things. She hopes the questioning child in her will never be spoiled, which is why she tells Roger not to spare the rod. Another of their private jokes.

oui



CONVERSATION WITH

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

The man with the world's most perfectly developed physique destroys a few myths about body building: He smokes dope, stays out late and forgets to take his vitamins

Body building has come a long way since the day an immortal bully kicked sand into the face of Charles Atlas. Consider Arnold Schwarzenegger. At 6'2" and 240 pounds, he boasts a 57-inch chest, a 31-inch waist and 22-inch biceps. For six years running, he was voted Mr. Olympia, the supreme title in professional body building. Now, at the age of 29, Schwarzenegger wants to become a movie star—a superstar, to be precise. He has already appeared in two movies: "Stay Hungry," an underrated Bob Rafelson film that starred Sally Field, and "Pumping Iron," a semidocumentary about the 1975 Mr. Olympia contest, which was Schwarzenegger's final championship. He made the film to dispel the talk of homosexuality, steroids and obsessive narcissism that comes up whenever body building is mentioned. Most critics liked the movie, some didn't, but on one point all the critics agree: Bodybuilders may come and go, but there is only one Arnold.

As a kid in Graz, Austria, Schwarzenegger played soccer, ran and wrestled. He always seemed to have more energy than his friends, and at the age of 15 he had a vision—as others might see Christ—of himself standing on a stage, winning the world body-building championship. Against the advice of parents and peers, young Arnold devoted his life to that goal, training an unprecedented six hours a day. At the age of 19, he moved to Munich and won the European bodybuilding championship. He turned pro in 1969 and was runner-up for the title of Mr. Olympia. The next year he won and was never thereafter seriously challenged.

That Schwarzenegger has achieved the most remarkably developed physique anyone can remember is one thing, but even more amazing is the way he has punctured the most enduring myths of body building, while at the same time endearing himself to the arbiters of chic—Jackie O. was among those who helped him celebrate the New York premiere of "Pumping Iron." With sass and wit, Schwarzenegger offers himself as living disproof that strong men must be either dumb or homosexual. He insists that discipline is unnecessary and that booze, drugs and even garbage food are perfectly all right as long as one's head is screwed on straight. Schwarzenegger's secret, he lets everyone know, is as much mental as physical: "The two together—the connection—that's where it's at, whether you're doing a bench press, a business deal or just fucking." The irony here goes way past bar bells. In this era of pop psychology, Werner Erhard, Dr. Wayne "Your Erroneous Zones" Dyer, the Reverend Moon and others have all taken their best shots, but Schwarzenegger has actually done it—brought body and soul together, and, in the process, very nearly redefined what we mean by self.

Appropriately enough, Schwarzenegger is a combination of high energy and a style best described as laconic no-bullshit. After several weeks on the road with him, free-lance writer Peter Manso reports: "Initially I figured it would take a while to adjust to the sheer physical presence of the guy, but that wasn't so. He doesn't appear particularly monstrous, although he's definitely not the kind of fellow I'd like to pick a fight with. First and foremost, Schwarzenegger is a European, with the manners and humor to match, although his willingness to discuss his body may be a result of his past six years of California living. In any case, never before in my life have I had the nerve to ask somebody the size of his cock. That was not, of course, my first question."

OUI: You've spent most of your life turning your body into a model of excellence. Why? What does having the world's greatest body mean to you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It means that I'm somebody special. What drove me to become the world's greatest bodybuilder is no different from what drives other athletes to become great tennis players or boxers or jockeys. I didn't get into body building until I was 15, and, at the time, my parents thought I was crazy to get deeply involved with something for which there was so little precedent in Austria. They even thought of sending me to a psychiatrist. They couldn't see any future in the sport; but there I was, lifting weights two or three hours every day.

OUI: Did you have any idea then that body building would eventually bring you fame and fortune?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, not really. I was just locked into the idea of winning the world championship in body building. As time passed, I began to see it as a way out of Austria, an escape from the everyday life around me. I'd look out my parents' window and see people talking over a cup of coffee for two hours or more, and I knew it wasn't for me. My father was the local police chief and he led a very regular life. I became determined to make it without working from nine to five. Sports, I thought, was the only way to get out.

OUI: But, at the time, were there really any bodybuilders who were making a living from the sport?

SCHWARZENEGGER: There was a guy named Reg Park. He's an Englishman who now lives in Johannesburg, South Africa, and he was my idol. He was publicized in the muscle magazines as a businessman and movie star, and the combination of the two so impressed me that all I could think of was winning the Mr. Universe title the fastest way possible. The basic problem, though, was that the Americans had an enormous advantage. Every Mr. Universe had come from America and, as it later turned out, I was the first one to break that pattern.

OUI: Why were the Americans so successful? Was it a question of having more money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, it was because the Americans had all the confidence. Theirs was a mental superiority, the feeling that they owned the title. But in Austria, the mentality was the reverse; winning against the Americans was unthinkable. By the time I was 15, though, I had a vision of absolutely wiping everybody off the stage. I had no idea,

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER *Do you have to discipline yourself to have breakfast, lunch or dinner? Of course not. I had to discipline myself to learn English, but never to train.*

really, of what a stage even looked like, but I saw myself standing there, posing and winning.

OUI: An epiphany, a dream?

SCHWARZENEGGER: A dream, yes, though not at night. It was just like having a vision—you know, like when you hear a person say, "I saw Jesus and he talked to me, and now I'm so happy with life because I know I'm going to be taken care of," and all of a sudden he's relaxed, he's not haunted anymore—well, it was like that.

OUI: When was this visionary sense of yourself confirmed?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I was 18 and still in the army, I entered the European body-building championship and won. It was my first competition and, even though it was the junior division, I instantly felt like King Kong, as if I'd already won the Mr. Universe title—which, in fact, I did win a year later. The title itself wasn't so important to me as the lifestyle it brought with it. I was living in Munich at the time, hanging out with night people—entertainers, hookers and bar owners—and I had a girlfriend who was a stripper. I was an innocent boy from a farm town, but I grew up fast in Munich. Then an American promoter wired me to come and compete in the States.

OUI: Was your training affected by the drinking and screwing around?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, because having a good time is not nearly so damaging as people think. I'm constantly amazed when people ask me about discipline. Discipline is what you use when you don't want to do something, when you have to force yourself.

OUI: You lift five and six tons daily because you enjoy it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, because I want to. Do you have to discipline yourself to have breakfast, lunch or dinner? Of course not; and so discipline—the usual concept of it—doesn't apply here. I had to discipline myself to learn English, but never to train.

OUI: You never had to push yourself?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Absolutely not; at least, not the way most people think. I love body building. I positively get off on it. When you lift weights, there's a certain point in the repetitions at which it really starts aching—where you can't go on any further, and the body starts shaking, and you know you have to press one more time. That's where the satisfaction is: in going that one step further. That's why it gets painful. It's also what makes a champion. If you can't go through that pain period, that dead point, then competitively you won't make it.

OUI: How do you deal with the pain?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I look forward to it, and when it starts, I tell myself that I have to go through this because damn few people can. It's like any other sport: You have to do what nobody else can do, and the only way is to push yourself past the limit.

OUI: Do you have a training partner?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. He helps push you through the pain periods. The relationship between the two of you is very close—closer than most marriages, in fact—and he has to understand when you're trying to chicken out, as well as when you really have to put the weights down, when you absolutely can't go on. He's looking after your body as if it were his own. Sometimes your body really gets bombed out: You try to go through this pain thing, but your body won't push the weight, and your partner will help you with his fingers just enough so that you can handle it. He'll stand behind you and lift with his fingers and make it possible—but just barely possible—for you to make the lift, and then on the next repetition, maybe he'll help a little bit more.

OUI: With just his fingers on the bar?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Just with the fingers, yes. Maybe he's lifting five pounds, maybe only a single pound, but it can make all the difference. What it means is that somebody is helping, paying attention and really giving you his energy. It's all vibes: The two of you are out to conquer, to win. The two of you become a unit. You're working and nobody can get into your territory—it's that type of thing.

OUI: It sounds as if your relationship with your training partner is so close that you wouldn't have much energy left for other relationships.

SCHWARZENEGGER: No. My training belongs to the gym, period. When I walk out, it's an absolutely different thing. I lived with a woman for five years, a very smart lady who teaches English at a college in California. She finally split when I went into the film business, not because of the training.

OUI: Still, you talk about the workouts as if they were taking place in a temple.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes and no. There's often a point where you say, "It's getting too intense here." Your partner might be a little scared of the next set because you've been pushing him too hard, so you'll crack a joke and go over to somebody else and bullshit a little. Then you talk him into it. The best example I can think of was one day when Franco Columbu walked into the gym, went down into a squat with 500 pounds on his shoulders and couldn't come back up. Someone had to lift the weight off. I reminded Franco that four people from New York were watching the great Franco Columbu, the world's strongest bodybuilder, crashing down under a mere 500 pounds. "Franco," I told him, "this is very embarrassing. There are a lot of people here watching and they think that the muscle magazines are all bullshitting." He looked around and started breathing heavily, so I pushed it further. I bet him $20 in front of everybody that he couldn't do another repetition and then offered an additional $50 if he could go on and do eight reps. "Bullshit!" he screamed. "I did it a few weeks ago and I can do it again." Out of the door he went, took a few deep breaths and came back to do ten repetitions with the same weight—not eight but ten. Do you think his body changed? No; his body was the same, his power was the same, but he was motivated. He ripped the weight out and just started going up and down as if there were no end, as if he were going to do 50 repetitions.

OUI: Can you push yourself too far?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I've torn pectoral muscles, fibers in my knee, in my thighs, and once I had to have an operation to repair torn cartilage. Generally you let muscles heal by themselves or get cortisone shots. Injuries happen when your mind is beyond your body, largely when you think you're King Kong and lift weights heavier than the body can handle. At the same time, though, we generally manage to have a good time. Bodybuilders party a lot, and once, in Gold's—the gym in Venice, California, where all the top guys train—there was a black girl who came out naked. Everybody jumped on her and took her upstairs, where we all got together.

OUI: A gang bang?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, but not everybody, just the guys who can fuck in front of other guys. Not everybody can do that. Some think that they don't have a big-enough cock, so they can't get a hard-on. Having chicks around is the kind of thing that breaks up the intense training. It gives you relief, and then afterward you go back to the serious stuff.

OUI: What do you think about when you look at *(Continued on page 118)*

"All Nature wears one universal grin."
—Henry Fielding

THE ABCs OF ZZZZs

NOT GETTING MUCH LATELY? SCIENCE SAYS IT'S NOT WORTH LOSING SLEEP OVER.

ARTICLE BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

We do it in bed, which automatically makes it interesting. Nearly all of us do it daily, though many of us do it too much or too little, and far more of us worry that we do it too much or too little. We do it less as we age, and we commonly lose control of ourselves while engaging in it—it's greatly filled with mad fantasies and occasionally with screams and thrashing. We spend fortunes for products to help us do it successfully; and as a medical problem, in terms of real or perceived malfunctions, it may rank second only to headache. It's said that, as a nation, we're growing obsessed with sleep.

We spend more than $150,000,000 a year on things to help us achieve it, which is a strong piece of change to pay people to help us do absolutely nothing. Merchants and scientists come at us with water beds, sleep masks, electric blankets, ocean-sounds recordings, diets, regimens, hypnosis, barbiturates, you name it. All to knock us out cold.

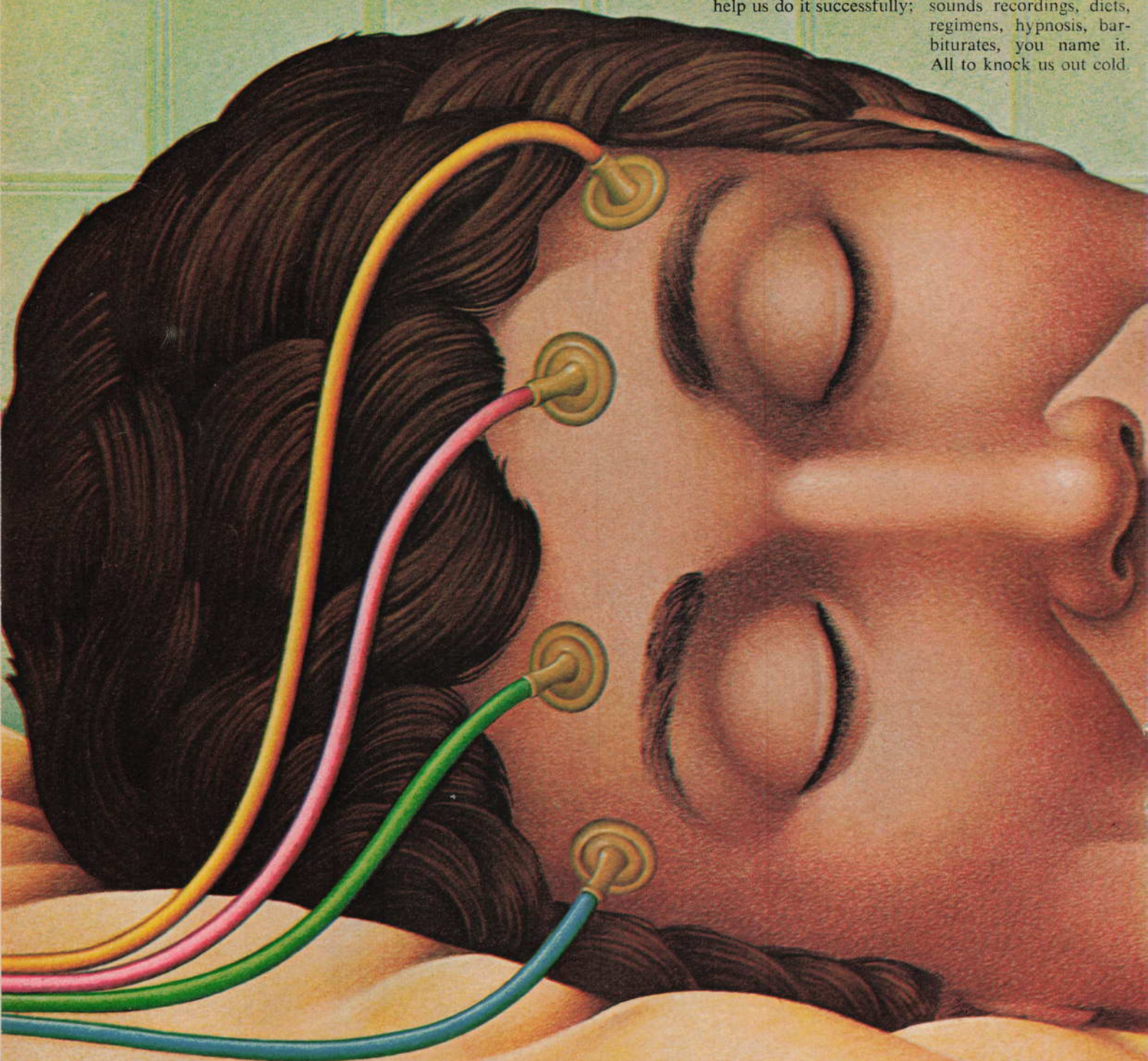


Illustration by Gary Overacre

The two main reasons we now see our family doctor are constipation and sleep disturbance.

A great host of us are so concerned over whether we're getting our "proper sleep" that it keeps us awake nights. We lie rigid with worry over the fact that we're lying rigid with worry.

Why this pursuit of semicoma?

We've suffered a psychological shell shock from the discovery that business and government have been stealing, cheating and hustling us blind on a vast scale. Accordingly we're now paranoid and suspicious across the board. The belief that we're not getting our cut of wealth and power has evolved into a feeling that we're not getting our share of anything, including vitamins, sex, exercise and sleep. Robbed, ripped off and short-changed, our last revenge is survival—at least, being in better condition than the ruling class.

We're Americans, by God! and we're going to get our fair and full share of everything, including nothing. At least eight hours' worth.

Nothing? Look, we're talking here about what you do with one third of your life. This is bigger than coming to grips with adolescence, and we're just starting to realize it. As a result, sleep research is now the hottest thing since self-assertion, with clinics in Boston, Philadelphia, New York and California in a frenzy to find sleep-inducing mechanisms and techniques.

This has given us that marvelous self-contradiction, the sleep lab. The electronic study of sleep —polysomnography—includes testing the sleeper for brain waves, eye movement, muscle-fiber activity, heartbeat, respiration, reflexes, blood gases and blood pressure. At Stanford, they hook you up for intercostal electromyogram, glossalpharyngial EMG, thoracic and abdominal respiration, buccal thermistor, scalp EEG, differential right/left electrooculogram, left quadriceps EMG, left anterior tibial EMG, shin muscles, metabolic rate—Jesus! The IRS isn't this nosy.

And what have we learned from all this? Not very much at all.

There's a certain futility to sleep study. We're always unconscious when doing it ourselves, and we study other sleeping persons by making them hairy with electrode terminals and wiring them down like Gulliver. Anybody who can doze under these conditions is not engaged in normal sleep, and the resulting data are irrelevant to those of us who start drumming our fingers when the last TV station signs off.

•

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care; . . . sore labour's bath; balm of hurt minds; . . . chief nourisher in life's feast."

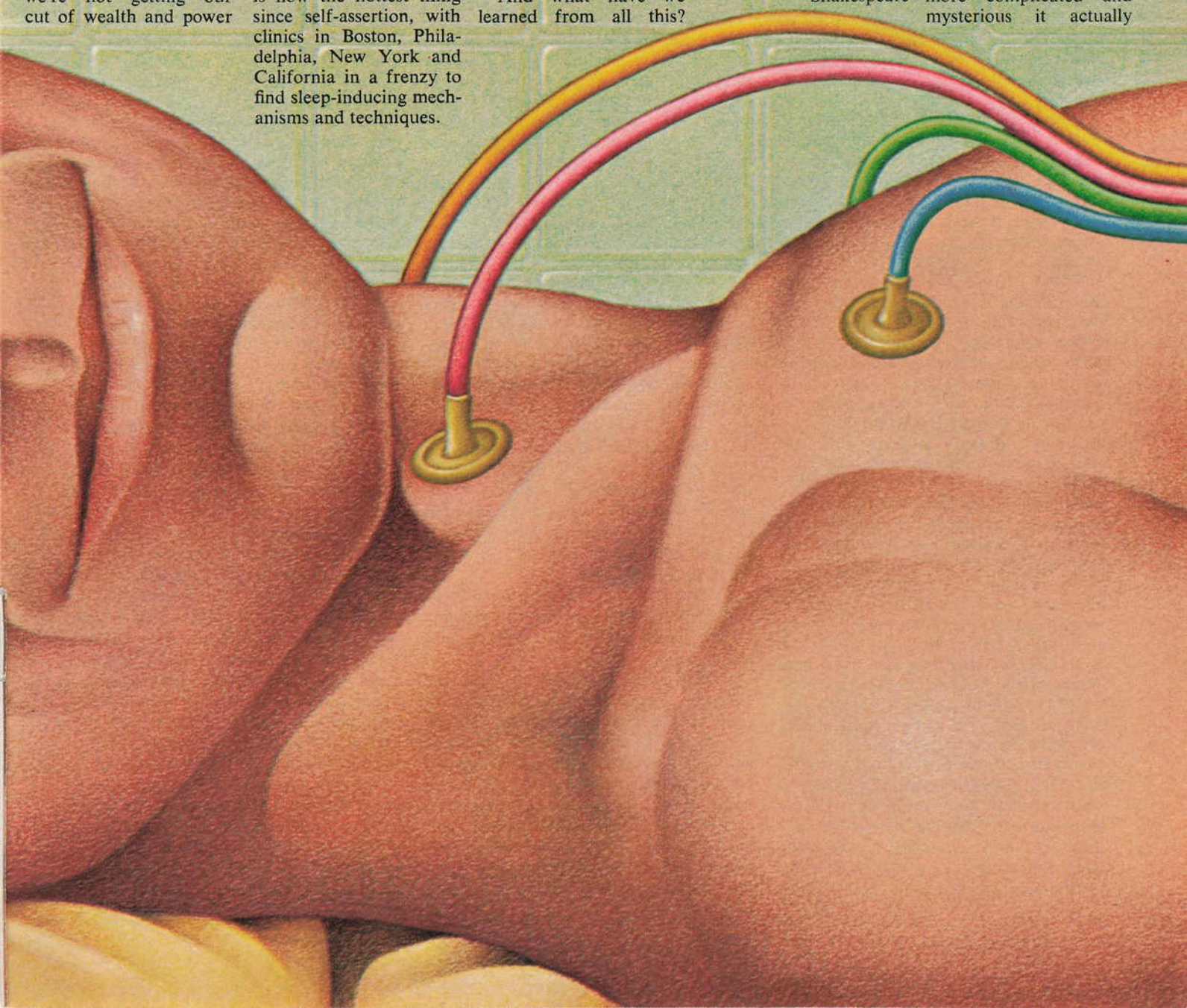
—Shakespeare

"Early to bed and early to rise, make a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

—Ben Franklin

There's a growing school of thought that says Shakespeare and Franklin are full of crap. Science has unearthed scores of persons who get by on a couple of hours' sleep at night or less, and these people are not miserable, tired, boring, hunchbacked or hairy of palm.

As University of Florida sleep researcher Dr. Wilse B. Webb said during a Public Broadcasting System documentary on sleep: "The more intensively we study it . . . the more complicated and mysterious it actually



THE ABCs OF ZZZZZs *I've been constitutionally unable to go to sleep without chemical influence most of my life, while a friend used to fall asleep at Hendrix concerts on mescaline.*

becomes." Indeed, if there's an unwritten motto of sleep research, it's "Who knows?"

When experts are asked about the value of sleep, they say things like "I don't know. I don't know the function of being asleep any more than I know the function of being awake." And Ph.D. psychologist Merrill Mitler, of the Stanford Sleep Disturbance Clinic: "Is sleep important physiologically? If you don't sleep, are you compromised in any way? We don't know." Is sleep important to health? We don't know. Does it do anything for us? We don't know. What is it? Leave us alone.

We do know that we sleep in four-stage cycles of about 90 minutes' duration, and that the fourth stage is R.E.M. sleep, as in Rapid Eye Movement, which corresponds to dream activity and flurries of brain waves. The actual duration and number of cycles per night are individual, but creative types appear to need more sleep than normal people, and our sleeptime declines with age.

Beyond that, about all we've been able to do is debunk a lot of accepted sleeplore.

• Myth: We drift off to sleep. No, says sleep authority W. C. Dement: "The onset of sleep . . . happens in an instant. One second, the organism is awake—the next second, it is not."

• Myth: If we have chronic insomnia, the problem is probably psychological. Not according to the Stanford crew, which, after six years and more than 1500 patients, claims that sleep disorders are often caused and aggravated by neurological disorders such as sleep apnea (breath stoppage), wherein the body's breathing regulator fouls up and cuts your oxygen supply, and nocturnal myoclonus (leg spasms), wherein you twitch. Most M.D.s automatically attribute sleeplessness to anxiety or depression, but in perhaps a majority of the cases, the emotions are innocent bystanders. As Mitler explains it, a physiological problem can produce a sleep problem, which produces a psychological problem, and unless you're in a sleep lab, all you can see are the last two conditions. Few M.D.s who see someone with (1) insomnia and (2) anxiety ever think to look for some common root cause like (3) low brain oxygen.

• Myth: We know how well we sleep. Ha! You're the least expert on how you sleep and what goes on therein. "People are notoriously bad at estimating their sleeptime and tend to overestimate their difficulties," says Mitler. Persons complaining of just four hours' sleep are routinely shown by test data to get around seven. What happens is that, for various reasons, people are less subjectively satisfied with their sleep, which they interpret as not getting enough. A guy crashes full of tension, and when he gets up, the tension isn't gone, so he figures he had a bad night. However:

• Myth: Sleep relieves tension. Maybe. We still don't know what sleep does or should do. We do know that the more anxious you are when you hit the sack, the more anxious you'll be when you wake up, regardless. This is why so many interpersonal problems that begin in bed end up in court.

• Myth: Sleep is restorative. The common assumption, as Dr. Webb told P.B.S., is "that we run around during the day and wear ourselves out and build up all sorts of nasty things, and then we lie down at night and the little housekeepers get busy and refresh everything." But we have yet to come up with any hard evidence that sleep does any more for us than government.

We've done sleep-deprivation studies since 1894, up to ten days and more, and our only concrete finding is that going without sleep makes you sleepy. Traditional wisdom has it that no sleep will kill you faster than no fluids, but in 1968, a 52-year-old Capetown housewife went 283 straight hours without a nod or a croak. In fact, all the evidence indicates that lack of sleep doesn't hurt you much at all, certainly not as much as the pharmacological assaults you can lay on yourself in search of it. Bringing us to:

• Myth: We know the cause of insomnia and can treat it. Are you kidding? We know more about Pluto. Sleeping pills don't treat or cure it. We don't know of any drug to alleviate it, simply because we don't know what insomnia *is*. It's not a single disorder but can leap from a whole thicket of physical and emotional causes; we're not sure which or how many.

• Myth: We can "store up" sleep or make up for lost sacktime by sleeping a few hours extra. It appears not, sad to say.

• Myth: Everybody needs six to nine hours of sleep nightly. As the Stanford team wrote in *Psychology Today*: "Some people live in apparent ease on three hours of sleep while others are exhausted with fewer than ten. Some spend two hours in R.E.M. sleep each night. Others go for years with almost no R.E.M. and no complaints." A boxcar of research grants has produced sheaves of data that enthusiastically exclaim that sleep and our need for it are absolutely individual and defy generalizations.

Big deal. I've been constitutionally unable to go to sleep without chemical influence most of my life, while a friend used to fall asleep at Hendrix concerts on mescaline. The fact that there are enormous markets both for reds *and* crank obliterates all universality.

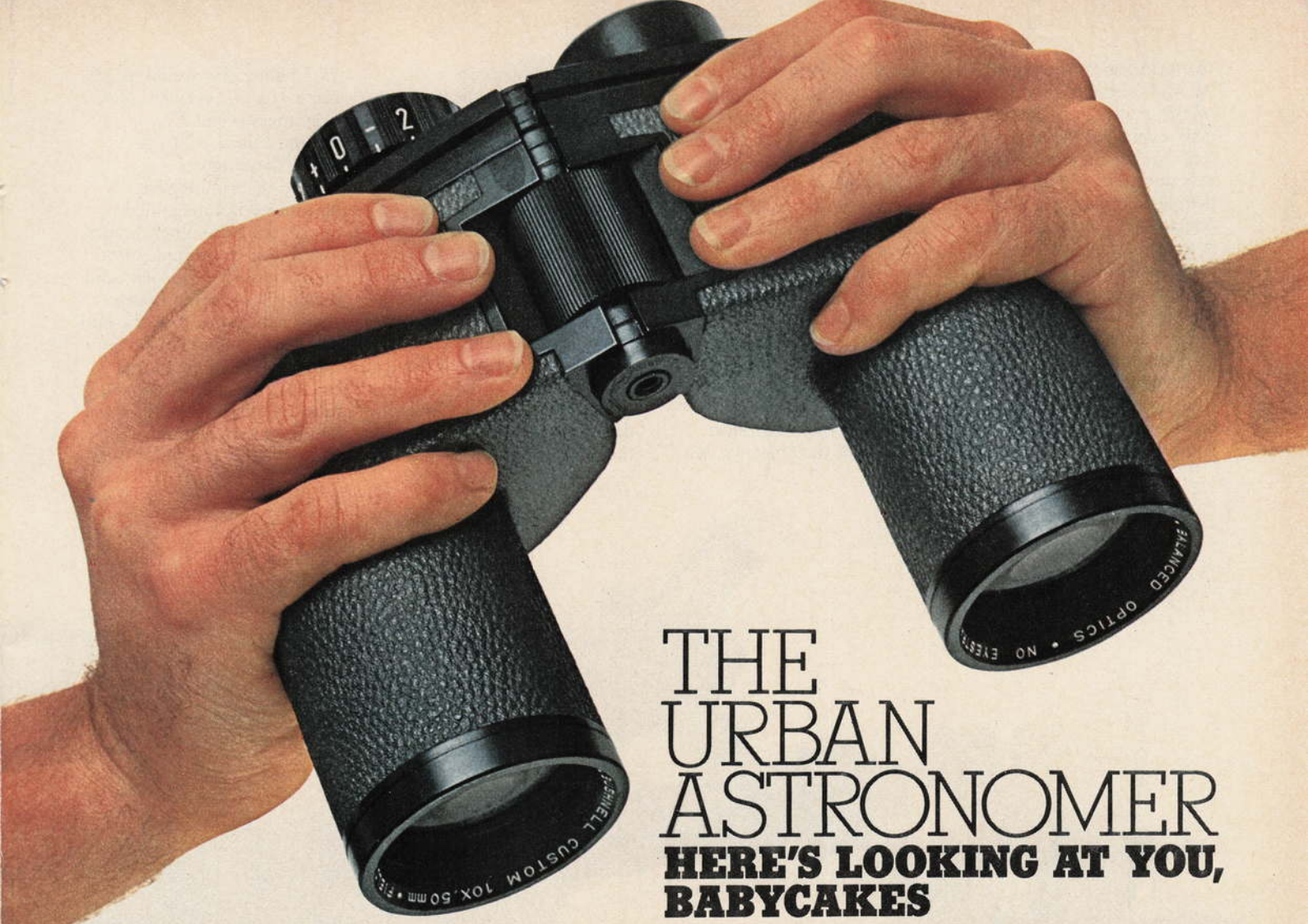
Speaking of individuality, it's not the amount but the quality of sleep that counts: the balance of R.E.M. and non-R.E.M., how you feel when you get up, and so forth. And the quality of your sleep is greatly determined by your attitude toward it. I've always considered sleep a necessary evil and so have never gotten much out of it; but I know some for whom it's like a cross between heroin and screwing, and it does wonders for them. I also know a lady who'd rather be unconscious than immortal, but ten hours' rocklike slumber leaves her looking like Phyllis Diller. Basically the degree to which sleep renovates the flesh and recycles the consciousness depends on how much we think it does. Think carefully.

A common syndrome: You can't sleep at night, you toss and turn, you're tired and miserable all day, no energy, can't concentrate. Is this you? Then you're either a hooker or an insomniac, a label that is outgrowing liberal. Insomnia is the most common adult-sleep disorder, and some estimates put its spread at half the population. One study has it running 30 percent in Los Angeles, but who can fall asleep while driving?

Insomnia has causes like Exxon has wells, but generally you don't sleep for good reason. Some favorites include nerves, anxiety, depression and pressure from the stress and shit we wade through daily. For that matter, if you can sleep easily these days, maybe you should see a doctor.

Some 15 percent of all insomnia is probably physical—sleep apnea being the leader—but psychological problems have traditionally been considered its prime mother, and since insomnia in turn can inflame head hassles, this becomes a real razor banister. Any personal crisis can kick off this self-perpetuating nonsleep cycle. Less-dramatic sleep disrupters include tension, travel and "schedule irregularities," which is a fairly good description of many lifestyles.

But according to Mitler and others, the most common cause of sleeplessness is "by far and away the repeated use of hypnotic medications," which is to say sleeping pills, which leads to tolerance and *(Continued on page 121)*



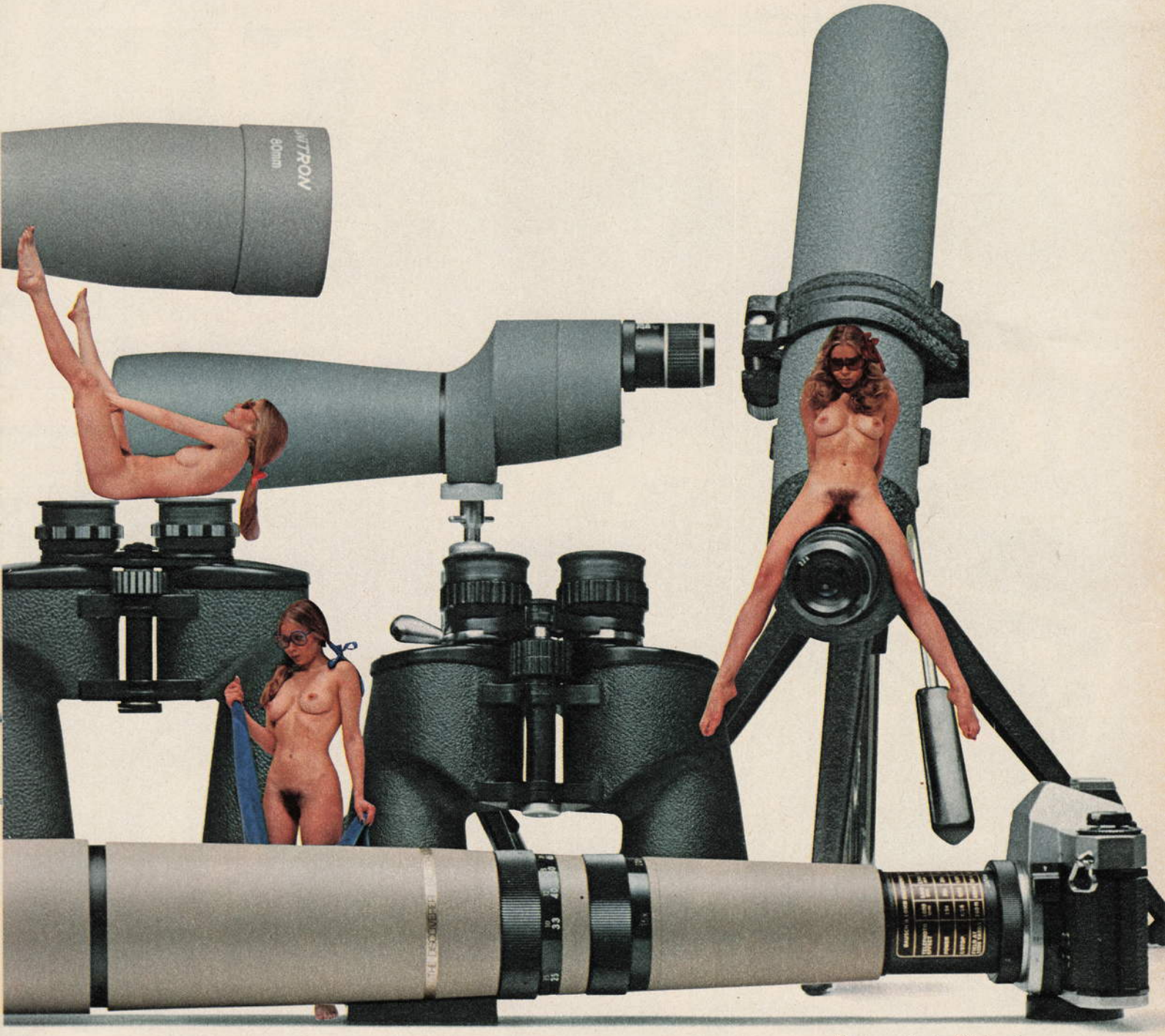
THE URBAN ASTRONOMER

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, BABYCAKES

Everybody does it. Some do it discreetly. Some don't. The smart ones do it with malice toward none. The compulsive ones do it because that's the only thing they *can* do. We will not preach, but teach. We want you to be able to choose your equipment intelligently. But first, a few words about the origin and history of urban astronomy. In the beginning, there was a high-rise. Then there was a second high-rise right next to the first high-rise. At night, someone would forget to pull down the shades while diddling and fiddling with a friend. At the same time, someone across the way was getting a quick course in interpersonal hygiene. Nowadays there are thousands of high-rises. The popularity of interapartmental viewing has not escaped the notice of those in the business community. For example, a New York friend of ours answered an ad for an apartment that boasted a "breath-taking view." Judging from the location, he figured he would be able to gaze out on Central Park. But all the windows in the apartment faced other buildings. Our friend protested the agent's indifference to truth in advertising. The agent shrugged and pointed to an apartment two floors lower in the building across the street. "They should be at it around this time," he speculated, checking his watch. Sure enough. A sweet young thing was showing her considerable affection for an enormously equipped gentleman. Our friend signed a

two-year lease. And when we first started to do research on this feature, we sheepishly explained the notion to a binocular-manufacturing executive. He told us that most people who bought a binocular said they were getting it for sports events. He imagined, however, that the second-biggest reason for the purchase was urban peeping. After months of tireless research, we have come up with a few pointers on what to look for when making an investment in optical equipment. First of all, what do the numbers mean? Binoculars and telescopes are described by two numbers: 7x 35, 10x 50, etc. The first number indicates the binocular's power. If it's seven, that means that an image will appear through the lens seven times larger than what the naked eye can see. The second number is the measurement of the diameter of the objective lens (the lens farther away from you when the binocular is in use) in millimeters. A rule of thumb: The larger the objective lens, the more light it can gather and hence the brighter the image. This is particularly important in low-light situations—at twilight, at night, when looking into a semidark room. However, the higher the power, generally, the lower the relative brightness the binocular can deliver. There is a formula for measuring the relative brightness of a unit: Divide the diameter of the objective lens by the rated power and then square the result. For example, the relative brightness of a 7x 35 binocular would be 25. For a 10x 50 unit, the relative brightness is still 25 but the image is larger. While these figures help in determining the brightness of a magnified image, there are other factors involved. For example, the optical quality of the lens and the prisms is as important. Also, make sure that the optical equipment you buy has fully coated lenses. Partially coated lenses allow too much light to escape from the uncoated surfaces and, consequently, the viewer gets

a weak and poorly defined image. Fully coated lenses, on the other hand, gather and transmit the maximum amount of brilliance, which helps to attain a sharp, clearly defined image. Lenses that are fully coated can increase the relative brightness by 1.5 percent. A few more general observations: Power is not the only key. Resolution of image, brightness of image and the weight of the unit are all important considerations. For urban astronomy (called "surveillance" by the industry), one looks for a high-powered, large-objective-lens binocular. Your hand will not be able to focus higher than a nine- or ten-powered unit without shaking, especially if you're looking at something hot. For anything above that power, use a tripod. You can test the alignment of the two barrels by focusing on an object at various distances; then cover one barrel of the binocular with a piece of cardboard; remove the cardboard and see if you get a double image even momentarily. Your eyes will adjust to it eventually, but it will cause significant eyestrain if you use the unit for a long period of time. Here is some of the equipment that interested us. On the opening page: the extremely accurate and versatile Bushnell 10x 50 Custom ($190). On this spread, from left: Tasco 12x 80 ($360), Jason's inconspicuous 10x 25 roof prism binocular ($100), Jason 7.5x–15x 40 Electric Power Zoom ($210), Tasco 20x 60 binocular ($200) and Tasco's 8x–15x 50 Zoom ($200). The spotting scopes, from left: Jason 15x–45x 50 Zoom sport scope with tripod ($85), the Unitron 80mm spotting scope with tabletop tripod and 20x, 30x, 40x and 60x eyepieces ($215), Bushnell Spacemaster 20x–45x 60 Zoom scope ($200), Jason 22x 60 High Resolution sport scope ($147) and the Bausch & Lomb Discoverer 15x–60x 60 scope ($225; an additional $20 buys adapters to fit your S.L.R.).



Photography by Bill Frantz

THE MAKING OF SOFTBALL 1977

AT LAST, THE PEOPLE'S SPORT REACHES THE BIG LEAGUES

ARTICLE BY CHARLES MONAGAN

From the red-clay infields of Plains to the emerald outfields of Hawaii, from lazy Sunday-morning pick-up games to bitter championships played before thousands of screaming partisans, this is the summer of softball fever. The game that was once seen as the last athletic resort of physical defectives is in the midst of an elegant metamorphosis. Along with an official blessing from the Big Pitcher in the White House, softball now boasts a commissioner, 12 pro franchises, a cutthroat amateur elite and the rabid participation of some 26,000,000 Americans. An aluminum bat is where it's at. The appeal of softball is not hard to

fathom. For the young player, it is often the only organized team sport available after high school or college. For the older player, it is a chance to reclaim some of the old diamond magic. The game requires some exertion but no better shape than, say, Billy Carter's. The fact that the ball is large and easy to hit gives everyone a chance to be a star. Finally, although beer is not mentioned anywhere in the official rules, it is as firmly a part of the game as the fourth outfielder and the long foul ball. In short, softball is hot fun in the summertime. Slow pitch is the brand of softball preferred by purists. It's a sport that virtually anyone can play: The pitcher lobs the ball and runs for cover, the batter swats the hanging grapefruit and the runs pile up like pinball points. Fifteen years ago, any athlete who thought he was worth a damn wouldn't have been caught dead in the middle of one of these slaphappy slugfests. This summer, a full 80 percent of the 862,000 softball teams taking to the fields in the United States will be playing slow pitch, including some very fine athletes. As of this writing, a full-blown professional slow-pitch league is scheduled to open up play over the Memorial Day weekend. Franchise owners in Pittsburgh, Baltimore,

Illustration by Julian Allen

THE MAKING OF SOFTBALL 1977 *As slow pitch has grown into immense popularity, there have appeared 10 to 15 sponsors who simply want to own the best team in the world.*

Trenton, Cleveland, Columbus, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Louisville, Detroit, Cincinnati, New York and Chicago have invested at least $25,000 in the hope that fans will want to pay to see ball after ball sail out of the park.

Of course, there is nothing new about softball. It was invented in 1887 when George Hancock, of Chicago's Farragut Boat Club, proposed that baseball be brought indoors for the winter. He fattened and deadened the ball, shortened the basepaths and moved in the fences. The game was called indoor baseball and its success made Hancock a local hero. A few years later, someone realized that the new game could be played outdoors, as well; that it would, in fact, be perfect for cramped city lots. It drew snickers from baseball purists, but it was immediately seized upon by men who either could not or would not play hardball. It didn't take their wives and girlfriends long to realize that, although less rough than hardball, softball was still a sport to inspire fanatics.

Over the years, softball (the name was officially adopted in 1933) has grown to become the preferred pastime for lazy afternoons or for wiling away hours at the beach. It turns up whenever Americans get together abroad and at sweaty company outings in rundown picnic groves. The Amateur Softball Association of America (A.S.A.) was formed in 1933 to regulate the sport, and its home base, including a lavish Softball Hall of Fame, is in Oklahoma City. The A.S.A. watches over some 77,000 leagues in this country ranging in competence from Junior Girls (13–15) to Men's Major.

This summer, a small percentage of all those leagues are playing fast-pitch softball. Once the prestige form of the game, fast pitch has fallen on hard times in recent years—and for a good reason: Fast pitch allows the pitcher a full windmill windup before the underhand delivery and, because the mound is only 46 feet away from the plate (40 feet away in women's games), the ball comes blazing in at speeds of up to 100 mph and is almost impossible to hit. Virtually every fast-pitch game of any importance becomes a pitchers' duel and, consequently, a boring affair for most fans.

Fast pitch remains *the* form of softball played by men and women on an international level, however. Fifty nations field teams in the global loop, including Belize, the Netherlands Antilles and the always-tough republic of Nauru. Last year's world championship ended in something of an embarrassment. The tourney was played in Lower Hutt, New Zealand, of all places, and the planners were rewarded for their exotic choice with a week of torrential rain, which washed out the final rounds of play. A faint sign of life in fast-pitch ranks in America is a women's pro league, which debuted last year, though to something less than a standing ovation.

A small number of the organized teams in the U. S. will be playing something called modified softball this summer. The modified version allows the pitcher a partial windup, thus producing a pitch somewhere between the fast-pitch devil and the deep-blue sky of the lob. Modified softball is a relatively new twist and it is quickly gaining acceptance, particularly in the Northeast. It may ultimately prove to be the most popular form of the game.

For now, though, that honor goes overwhelmingly to slow pitch. It is a hitter's game, and the fan appeal is the home run. Good teams score 40 and sometimes 50 runs in a seven-inning game. A very good team may hit 15 or more home runs in a game. This sort of slugging punches the spectator's gratification button. It also pleases the sponsor, who has shelled out a certain amount of money so that the players can wear his name on their shirts.

The sponsor is the common denominator of amateur sports in this country. He supplies the money to a team for uniforms, equipment, insurance and travel. In return, his name is given over to the team. No sponsor likes to be associated with a loser. A man who repairs auto brakes does not want his firm's name on the shirts of a bunch of bumbling, inept fools. Such an unhappy juxtaposition could plant in a fan's mind the image of a car sailing off a cliff. Therefore, the sponsor will often try to see to it that his team is at least competitive. Some sponsors go a great deal further, however.

As slow pitch has grown into immense popularity, there have appeared 10 to 15 sponsors who simply want to own the best team in the world. These sponsors are willing to spend anywhere from $30,000 to $200,000 in a single six-month season to accomplish this goal, although there is nothing in it for them except a very odd sort of prestige.

•

> An amateur softball player [is one] who engages in the sport solely for the pleasure and physical, mental or social benefits he or she derives therefrom and to whom softball is nothing more than an avocation.
>
> —Article 1-104
> *Softball Rulebook*

> Anything I mess with, I'm gonna have a winner. Whatever it takes, I'll put up the money.
>
> —HAROLD WARREN

Harold Warren whistles while he works. His whistle is not so much musical as it is conversational. He whistles when he's angry or surprised, when he's evading a question and when he's pleased. Warren is pleased a great deal of the time these days; in fact, he just might be the happiest damn used-car salesman in the land. He happens to be the sponsor of the world's number-one slow-pitch softball team: Warren Motors, out of Jacksonville, Florida. His team blasted through the 1976 season with the improbable record of 94–2, including a winning streak of 78 games. It then swept through the world championships, which were held last Labor Day weekend in Jacksonville. Warren got his championship with a very direct approach. He knew which players he needed and he went out and got them. Just like that.

The offices at Warren's car lot are dominated by softball mementos. There are plaques and certificates on the walls, drawers full of newspaper clippings, rows of trophies in the windows. A trophy stands just inside the front door. It is seven feet tall, five-tiered and bronzed. It looks like an ancient Chinese telephone booth. I am looking for the coin slot when Warren breezes in and introduces himself. He is a slight, sleek man, well tailored, with dark hair swept straight back. A butterscotch drawl accompanies the soft introductory whistle. He is as classic an example of the used-car mystique as are the plastic banners flapping over the lot outside. He admires the trophy for a moment and then steps into his office, where a call from his stockbroker awaits.

"What's Disney doing today?" he asks into the receiver. "And KLM? Uh-*huh*. That's a few points off that critter [whistle]. OK, at least we got two ole stocks on higher ground. Not much we can complain about."

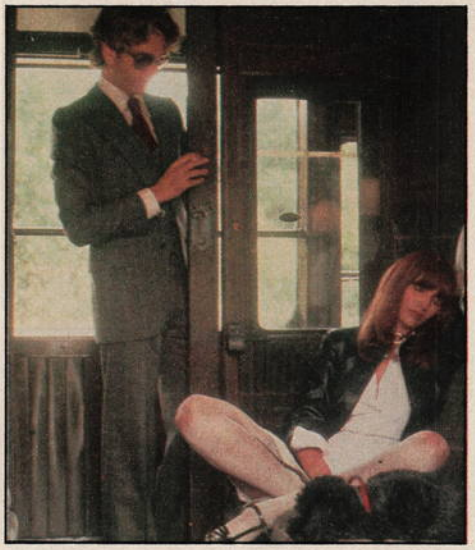
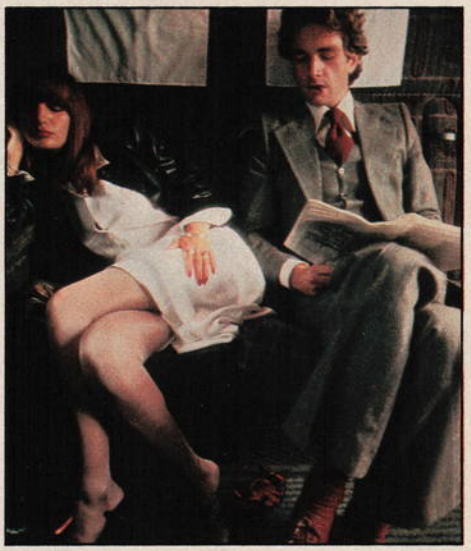
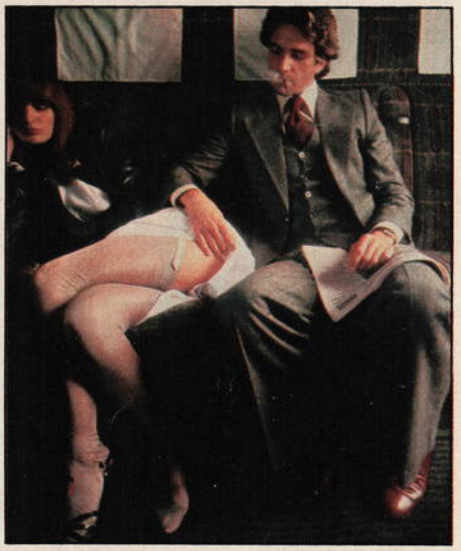
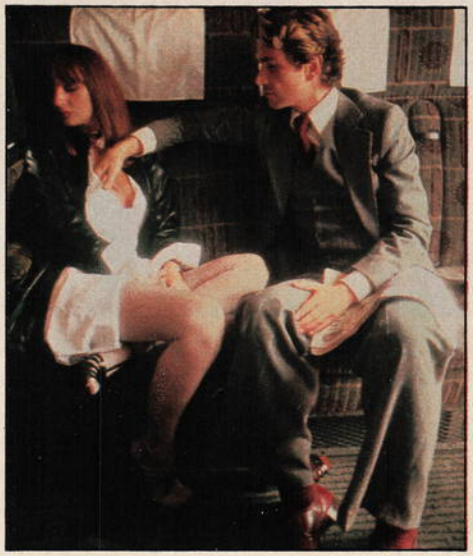
This isn't the type of phone conversation I expect from a man who is lucky if he has 20 cars for sale out on his dusty lot. It is also very hard to believe that a man with this tiny street-corner auto firm could have spared the $200,000 or so he has spent on his team since he first took up the quest eight years ago. I am, however, assured by everyone I meet in Jacksonville that Harold and his brother Ellis, a barely visible partner in the venture, do indeed have *(Continued on page 114)*

"You've got to hand it to Svenson—he's got a way with women!"

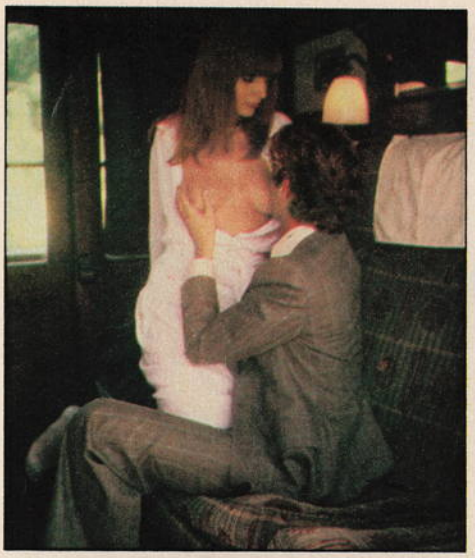
HORSTED KEYNES
NESTLÉ'S
MILK
CHOCOLATE
THE BRITISH AUTOMATIC Co. Ltd.
BOVRIL
"Oh Mamma
don't forget to order Bovril"

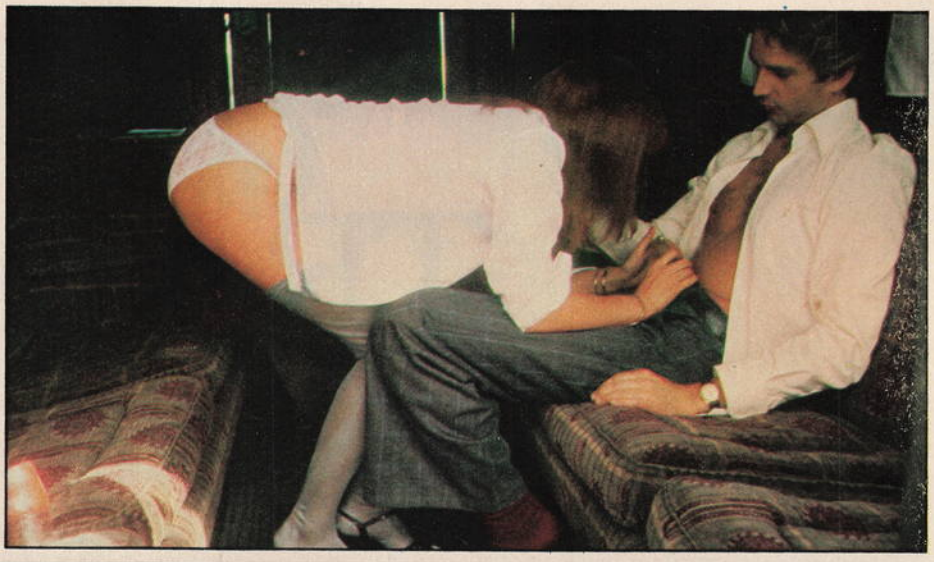
The TRAIN RIDE

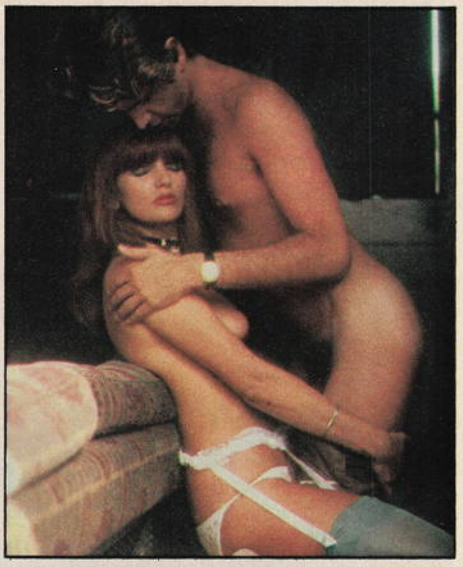
Wilberforce W., 29, broker: Normally I drive to work, but that day, as it was Saturday and so beautiful, I took the train. Imagine my surprise when I found a compartment containing only this ravishing young woman, sleeping in a most inviting posture. As I sat alongside her, she curled up and leaned over. The train started moving. I quickly found myself unable to read, being too strongly affected by the promise of joy beside me. I then noticed the hem of her dress traversing her hip and espied the wonderful rigging underneath it. I wondered if I was a part of her dream. As if mesmerized, I reached over—and, beneath the cool, white fabric of the dress, I encountered nought but warm flesh. She responded as if she'd been expecting me. The script we were following must have been of celestial origin.

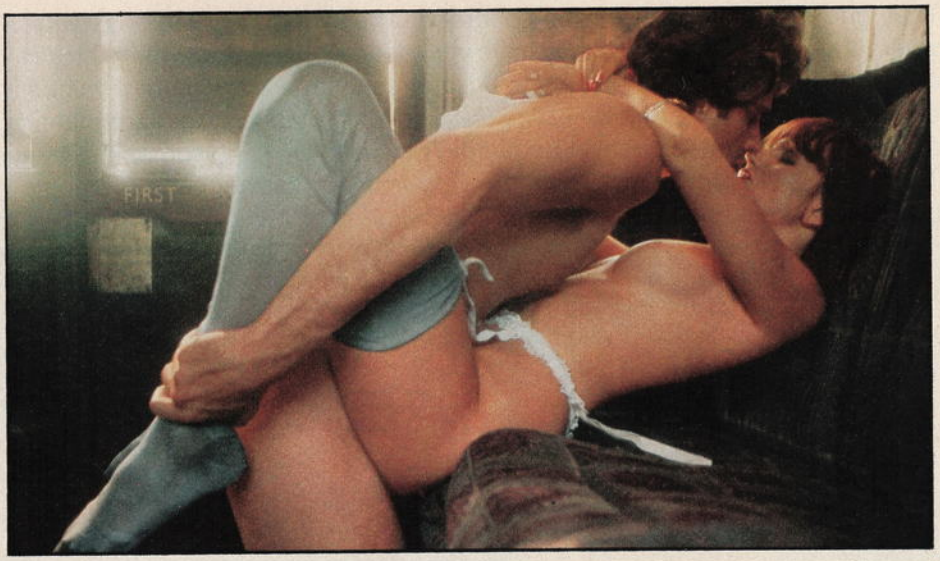
Photography by Jeff Dunas







Amelia R., 22, estates agent: Talk about being in the right place at the right time; he was the original zipless model that the American lady wrote her novel about. He started loving me so surely and so naturally that, from the moment I opened my eyes, I had no doubt about our pressing on to a proper finale. Then his resolve seemed to slacken, even as mine gained momentum. I gave him the best possible encouragement and the spirit of pure love took over. Everything fell into place, and I found that if I just lay still across the cushions with him inside me, the jerks and lurches of the train made me climax. I wondered a little about who my tweedy incubus might be—and I wondered, between spasms of delight, if we shared any hobbies. But a single word would have broken the spell.



AMELIA
WAS WILLING,
AND
W. W. HAD
A LITTLE ENGINE
THAT COULD

They had destinations when they boarded. They will have memories when they leave. They had vague notions of where they were going; now they have very specific notions of where they're coming from. They understand why the railroads have survived into the age of supersonic transport. In fact, this train ride having been such a howling success, Wilberforce and Amelia—they're on speaking terms now—are planning more and longer rides. But there isn't a route long enough for them in England. They will have to go someplace where the trains travel for greater distances. The Trans-Siberian would suffice, but God knows what happens to people who get caught *en flagrante* on Soviet trains. They'll take a couple of weeks' vacation together, they decide, and spend it crossing America in a sleeper.

FIRST

THE SAUCER MEN OF TENNESSEE AND THE UNSPEAKABLE THINGS THEY DID TO STANLEY INGRAM'S DAUGHTER

A teenage girl cries space assault; a farmer is transported through time and space to meet Albert Einstein: So goes the Middle South after dark

ARTICLE BY GLENN O'BRIEN

Driving south down Interstate 65 from Nashville, passing between Jack Daniel's country on the left and Davy Crockett country on the right, a man hears things on the radio that trouble his mind. The number-one song on the Nashville station is *Play That Funky Music*. Change to a Lewisburg station and a psychedelic, sci-fi-synthesizer whine comes pulsing out, followed by a voice with an accent that is half hillbilly, half Martian: "We are here not to cause any trouble but merely to lend our knowledge to earth. Think, people of earth, and do something before it is too late. Stop making machines of war. Instead, make machines of peace. If you heed this warning, the people of the whole solar system will offer their help. For you are not alone in the universe. There will be people of earth and of this immediate area who will speak out on our behalf, until the time is right for us to appear to the world. So, earth people, profit from your mistakes and don't make the biggest one of all by destroying yourselves."

Driving through the beautiful mountains of Southern Tennessee, a man tries not to hurtle off the road and destroy himself. It's not easy.

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The last time Pulaski, Tennessee, was in the news was back in 1865, when a local club called the Ku Klux Klan struck terror into the hearts of both the newly emancipated Afro-Americans of the Tennessee Valley and the carpetbagging outsiders bent on destroying the fabric of the Old South. Seems that this Pulaski club did such a fine job of scaring that it caught on throughout the reconstructing South. The Knights of the White Camellia, the White League, the Invisible Circle, the Pale Faces—the Pulaski K.K.K. was granddaddy of them all.

Today, the building that housed the first Klan headquarters in Pulaski houses a barbershop. Inside, most of the barber chairs are empty. Young men walk around town with hair down their back listening to *Play That Funky Music*—the number-one song on Radio Pulaski. There's a Pizza Hut here—and e-z widers and TV Pong and *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. There are no Beverly Hillbillies. Reconstruction is over. Jimmy Carter is the President of the United States. Every little thing here is calm and copacetic.

Maybe just a little too calm, a little too copacetic, given those unsettling rumors: strange lights in the sky, mutilated cattle, weird cries in the pine thickets. They're talking about those rumors—even on the radio. They're also talking about "Moment of Truth."

"Moment of Truth" is a column in the Pulaski *Citizen*, an award-winning weekly newspaper that serves Giles and its neighboring counties. The column is written by Stanley Ingram and originally consisted of political commentary with a heavy starboard list. The blurb over the by-line reads "The One Thing

Ingram and the two witnesses observed UFOs five times in one evening, following them with a 25-power telescope.

No Conspiracy Can Stand Is the Light of Day on Its Activities," and for several years, Ingram concentrated on exposing such conspiracies as the Council on Foreign Relations, the Bilderbergers and their running dogs, the Republican and Democratic Parties. Ho hum.

But then something happened. Something wonderful and terrible, something immediate and infinite. The saucers came to Pulaski. They also landed in Lewisburg and in Lynchburg, just down the road from the Jack Daniel's distillery (an encouraging sign at last): Big, glowing balls landed in the backwoods, a door opened and out into the Southern mud there fell a size-23 print, and then another. Bigfoot had landed.

Most locals shied away from the saucers, but crusading-columnist Ingram soon learned that the aliens were here on a top-secret mission of crucial importance.

Stanley Ingram still occasionally blasts away at the international Socialist conspiracy, but now he has more important things to write about. After all, if the saucers and Bigfoot are for real, the Red octopus is small potatoes. Ingram says, "There's no way anybody can convince me that this isn't the biggest thing that's ever going to hit this earth. It's a breakthrough into the unknown. It'll change everything. Because *they* know how to do it. And I think that the mess that the earth's getting into is causing them to step up their timetable of contacts."

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Ingram is not just a newspaper columnist; he's also a farmer, an insurance salesman

and a humanoid contactee. He raises cattle, writes policies and, 24 hours a day, is in contact with some extraterrestrials who say they come from a planet called Planto.

And so here I am, non-Planto, hurtling down the Interstate into the unknown, going to meet this extraordinary man. OUI's Occult Bureau is fast into action when the rumors are flying fast and furious. As a reporter of the third kind (sent to interview extraterrestrials), it was my job to get there, get the facts and get out. It could be just another hoax, a case of Jungian media-warp/thought-form projection, resulting from large doses of moonshine, *Star Trek* and bionic TV. Or it could be the real thing: *deus ex machina* apocalypse; the war of the worlds. My assignment: Find out what was shaking.

Lawrence and Giles counties, the area where Bigfoot roams and where the saucers call, are located about 50 miles south of Nashville and 50 miles northwest of Huntsville, Alabama—a temperate heaven of Tennessee walking horses and golden hills of timber and tobacco. Ingram lives in the town of Lewisburg, in Marshall County; he also owns a farm in Pulaski, about 20 miles west.

The Ingram home is a modest middle-class, middle-aged dwelling. Stanley, 59 years old, lives there with his wife, his teenaged daughter, Becky, and his son, Larry, an unemployed electrician. The Ingrams are hospitable folk, and although Mrs. Ingram doesn't like her husband messing around with this extraterrestrial foolishness, she remains supportive and graciously receives such weirdness buffs as your reporter who are constantly dropping by.

Ingram had already agreed to guide me through Bigfoot country, but soon after I arrived and we were sitting over Nescafé in the dining room, which serves as the local UFO/Bigfoot archive, he explained that we would not be alone. Accompanying us would be Dzezd, a presumed ethereal female presumed humanoid who was presumably from the planet Planto. Ingram's not sure about her status; he just knows that she's in constant psychic contact with him.

Ingram doesn't hear Dzezd's thoughts—he hasn't reached *that* level yet—but he has worked out a system of coded hand signals, a sort of automatic writing for the deaf. When Ingram, who looks as plain and as normal as Grant Wood's *American Gothic* farmer, converses with his invisible monitor, his hand starts flashing out weird catcher signals on the table while he watches Dzezd's digital display and translates for "her." That's at home. In public, he relies on "impulses." One impulse is no and two are yes. The impulse takes the form of your common nervous tic. Ingram will be conversing normally and his arm will twitch. "Dzezd says no," he'll whisper confidentially. Even with this subtle signal system, an enthusiastic yes can be a bit alarming to anyone standing too close to him.

Ingram feels that what Dzezd tells him is informative and useful but also highly unreliable. Dzezd lies to him all the time, and when he catches her at it, she tells him it was orders. Presumably these Plantosian visitors are operating under a rule not unlike *Star Trek*'s "prime directive"—noninterference. Ingram is not allowed to know too much.

At other times, Dzezd seems to be merely playing jokes or throwing Ingram off the track. Like the time she told him to write a column predicting a major earthquake; he did and it didn't happen. Or the time she told him to contact Paramount Pictures and tell them he had an exclusive contract with the Plantos to film a Bigfoot, one of the giant extraterrestrial yetis that they have put on earth. Paramount didn't even open the envelope. Or the time she told him to convert his speedboat into a flying saucer, using her instructions.

Promises, promises. And what does Ingram have to show for it? Nothing. He's semiretired from the insurance business. Both he and his wife have suffered major heart attacks. She has a pacemaker, $16,000 worth of medical bills and is unable to work or collect compensation. Their son Larry has been laid off. Ingram is in big financial trouble and rues the day that he'll have to sell any of the choice bottom land that he inherited from his grandfather. Finally not a few of the townspeople now consider Ingram, their former city judge and city manager, to be something of a village idiot.

Were it not for his Tennessee fighting spirit and the firm belief that he is onto the biggest thing to come down the interstellar pike in eons, Ingram would, no doubt, be a broken man. But Dzezd is there, assuring him that the Plantos will take care of their friends.

"I really believe I would begin to doubt, if it weren't for Dzezd," says Ingram. His arm twitches twice. Dzezd says yes. "If she were to quit monitoring me and I didn't get any answers, I believe it'd be the last straw. I'd despair and give it up. I think they know that. But *why*? Why do they keep fooling with me?"

Ingram has a theory about that. "If they threw it all at me at once, I just couldn't take it. It might give a man a nervous breakdown. But they give it to me in broken doses, so I can slowly accept it." He knows he is being tested, but he finds the test exasperating. All around him are people who have actually met with the Plantos, flown in their saucers and even copulated with them, while Ingram, their most obedient and devoted servant, has yet to even come face to face with one.

"What's wrong with me that I can't meet them?" Ingram asks. "I've done everything! I've done ridiculous things. But I've made up my mind that I'm going to pass every test they put me to, no matter how stupid or ridiculous it appears. And I have. But still I don't get to the promised land."

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Ingram's story starts spacey, then gets hairy. It begins on February 28, 1973, with his first UFO column in the Pulaski *Citizen*, a column relating the story of his UFO sighting of February 21st. Ingram and two witnesses observed UFOs five times in one evening and were able to follow them with a 25-power telescope. But these sightings were nothing new, Ingram wrote. His very first UFO sighting had occurred in 1949. Since then, UFOs had been observed in the area with great frequency, culminating in a rash of sightings in 1972.

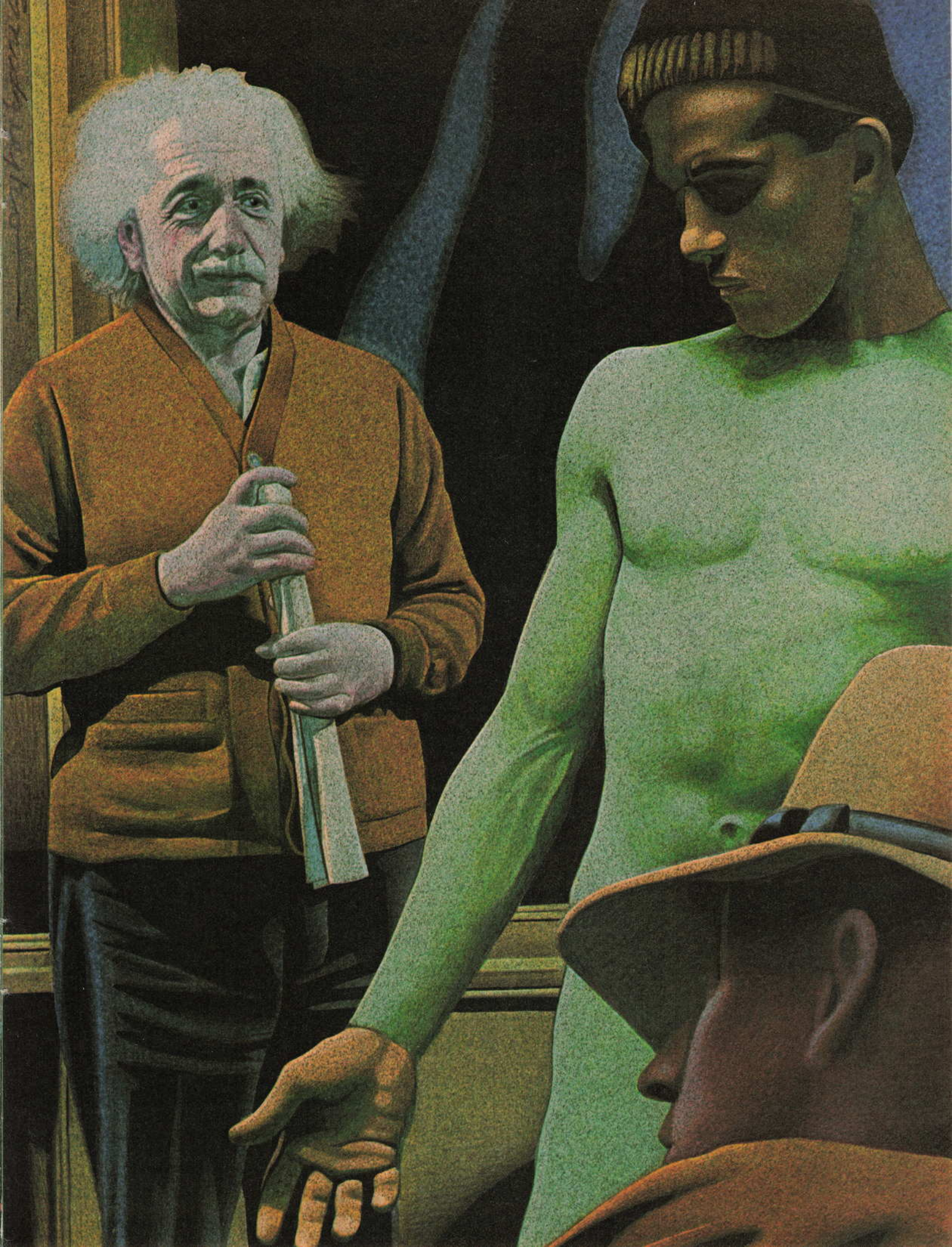
Things were just heating up. Ingram threw himself into UFO investigation full time, reporting in his column on dozens of local sightings and co-authoring a book, *Unidentified Flying Objects over the Tennessee Valley*, with W. A. Darbro, a space scientist at the NASA Space Flight Center in nearby Huntsville.

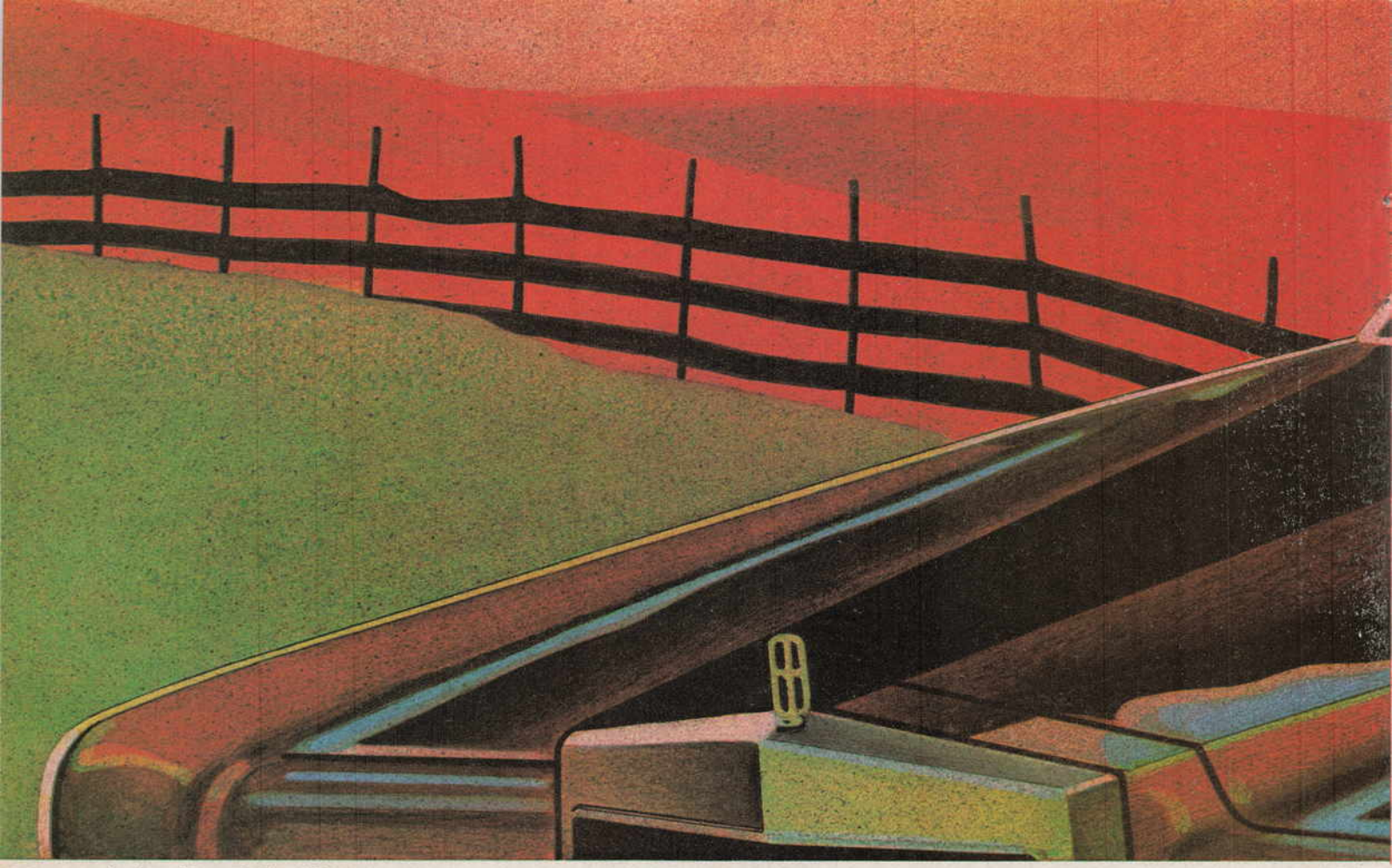
It was shortly after publication of Ingram's book that people of Giles County were first contacted by the invading Plantos. First, they contacted David Swanner, a burly, uneducated farmer who moonlights as an exterminator. On Sunday, September 30, 1973, Swanner was spending an afternoon in his deer blind, camouflaged up a tree, armed to the teeth and on the lookout for luckless venison. After about 15 minutes of watching, Swanner suddenly noticed "a bright, whitish, glowing ball" glide across a nearby field and hover four feet off the ground about 50 feet from the deer blind. Tripod legs emerged and the craft landed. "It just about scared the pants off me at first," Swanner told Ingram, "but as it sat there, my curiosity got the best of me. . . . I forgot that I was scared and tried to see all I could."

By Swanner's estimate, the object was a perfect sphere at least seven feet in diameter. An invisible door suddenly slid open—"reminded me of the tail gate of a truck to load hogs"—but nothing emerged. Swanner continued: "I had a

Swanner's most incredible trip back in time was a visit with the space men to Albert Einstein in his Zurich office.

Illustrations by Alex Gnidziejko





bad cold and I sniffed my nose and, buddy, that door just snapped closed and legs snapped up and it was gone, just like that. It left so fast I couldn't see it after it got to 100 feet in the air. . . . I don't know what it was but, buddy, it's got the speed. Son, it's got the speed!"

Nothing more happened for several months (except for the night that Swanner and his wife, who live in a remote area with no neighbors, heard the eerie sound of Jerry Lee Lewis' *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On* coming from the woods). Then, on January 17, 1974, Swanner was contacted by the Plantos. First it was a mental contact, what Ingram calls "the voice in the head." Not only did Swanner experience the voice in the head but he was also miraculously empowered to see through the tin roof of his house while lying in his bed.

At first, he thought he was merely crazy. Then, on January 24th, he took his first saucer ride. Mentally blanked out, Swanner remembers nothing of the ride and merely experienced "lost time." Three weeks later, on February 16th, Swanner was again abducted by the spacepersons and taken, conscious and kicking, on a flight to Hawaii and back. Subsequently Swanner was treated to many rides and was given much information and many instructions by these aliens.

Swanner was told that he had been selected because he had special psychic qualities; that, as he had suffered no education beyond third grade, it would be easier for him to accept the strange new dicta. He was also told that he should pass all of the information given to him on to Stanley Ingram. The spacepersons, a short, white-skinned, jump-suited, stocking-capped bunch, informed Swanner that they were from a planet called Planto, which was identical to the earth and located on the opposite side of the sun; identical, that is, except for the fact that Planto was 1500 years more advanced than earth. The Plantos told Swanner that their mission was to protect earthmen from themselves by warning of the dangers of nuclear power. They themselves had fallen victim to this deadly peril and, although they had survived their Armageddon, they had suffered much. Swanner and others were soon to learn just how much the Plantos had suffered.

During the summer of 1974, Swanner was shown many wonders by his alien monitors, who called themselves Starday and Quamquat. Perhaps the most wondrous of all was the "extra dimension of time" that the pair showed Swanner on a special television in their saucer. First, the PAST button was pushed and the part-time exterminator was shown a history of war in what the Plantos called "the rear years"—Pearl Harbor, the Civil War and on back to Indians attacking a log cabin, knights with lances, savages with clubs and earlier forms of Stone Age hostility.

Then the interstellar Shermans set the way-back machine to FUTURE and Swanner beheld things to come. The first scene was a massive housing project where thousands of men, women and children lived naked as jay birds. Swanner asked what year this was and the aliens replied: 1984. Next, Swanner saw a huge, venerable edifice that Ingram later identified as the New York Public Library. It was vine-covered and deserted. Finally Swanner saw "wholesale destruction," houses blowing away like straw, as if in a nuclear holocaust.

But perhaps Swanner's most incredible trip was his visit to Albert Einstein in his offices in Switzerland. When Swanner first related this incident to Ingram, he opened with the line "I wonder what happened to Einstein's furniture?" It seems that Starday and Quamquat had picked Swanner up one day and zipped him back to gay Zurich. Once there, Einstein asked Swanner which of the sciences he was interested in and Swanner was embarrassed to say nothing, so he said he was "a lawn-mower mason." This interested Einstein, who had never heard of a lawn mower, and Swanner explained how it worked. Einstein then showed

Swanner some of his work, including a drawing of what Swanner thinks was a torpedo-shaped UFO. Einstein also told Swanner that his teachers thought that his theories were crazy, so he often rolled up his notes and drawings and hid them away in holes bored in his heavy oak drawing table; he sealed the holes with sawdust and glue and refinished the surface. Swanner and Ingram are convinced that if this table could be located, it would be proof of the Plantos' power.

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On March 9, 1974, Plantosian contact number two was made. The contactee was none other than Becky Ingram, Stanley's then-14-year-old daughter. Like Swanner's, her first contact was mental, although in a matter of days she was consciously riding with the aliens; in fact, she claims to have been ferried to Engelbert Humperdinck concerts in Japan, Australia and the Virgin Islands by them. Later, the compact humanoids are said to have helped her on tests in school and—strange as it seems, earth people—to have "known her," in the Biblical sense. As Becky was but a mere teen at first contact, it was perhaps an extraterrestrial priapus that popped her Tennessee cherry.

One of the unfortunate results of the Plantos' nuclear *faux pas* that was described to Swanner, it seems, was the partial genetic and reproductive crippling of the Plantosian race. Consequently new, healthy DNA is apparently needed on Planto, and this is one of the reasons for the aliens' nocturnal missions. Swanner, Becky and now, Ingram suspects, his son, Larry, have all had extraterrestrial sexual experiences, knowingly and/or unknowingly.

Becky, like Swanner, heard the voice in the head. Sometimes the voice instructed her to get up from her desk and leave school. She would do this, and her father had a hard time explaining the voice in the head to the assistant principal. But at other times, the voice in the head was able to help this admittedly average student achieve high marks on tests.

Becky, like Swanner, has two monitors. Their names are Alton and Tombo and they call her Tomboy. She claims to have met them first on July 4, 1974, when she spotted their large, pink saucer resting on the ground. "I was starting to back up and they told me not to leave," she related. "They said to come over there and they weren't going to hurt me. I shook hands with them. They asked me how I was doing and what I'd been up to. I told them I'd been around." After turning down their offer of lunch, Becky toured the engine room, had a physical exam and was told to watch out for Red Chinese agents looking for information on UFO propulsion systems. Oddly enough, a few days later, Becky was interrogated and then beaten by a group of mysterious men in a black Lincoln Continental, whom Ingram has identified as being of that archnemesis of UFOlogists, the men in black.

Men in black are so much a part of the UFO world these days that buffs call them M.I.B. for short and spend hours arguing whether these thugs are Federal agents, spies, extraterrestrials or Tibetan thought forms. Always seen driving black Cadillacs or Lincolns, always attired in black suits, sometimes described as Oriental-looking, the M.I.B. terrorize UFO contactees by demanding their information and by threatening punishment if they don't remain silent.

The mysterious men in black who assaulted Becky drove a Lincoln Continental and appeared to be Orientals.

Interestingly it was not until Becky came home black and blue very late one night that she decided to tell her dad about her UFO travels and her horrible experiences with the men in black.

Ingram already knew about the men in black. They had recently threatened Swanner with violence and then offered him $500,000 in cash for what he knew about the UFO propulsion system. Run off a backwoods road by a black Cadillac limousine with California plates, Swanner had been seized by black-suited

thugs and interrogated by a thickset man wearing heavy-lensed glasses. Swanner sensed that if he took the money he was a dead man, and he warned the men in black, "The next time I see you I'm going to start shooting."

Later, Swanner's monitors Starday and Quamquat identified the interrogator as Harloo Long Chow, a Red Chinese agent. Ingram put two and two together and wrote in the *Citizen* that the men in black were a cabal of Maoist agents attempting to learn the secret of UFO propulsion. The last local contact with the men in black was in February 1976, when Becky again came home late, beaten up. The following is her account, as related in a subsequent Ingram column.

"I knew who it was the minute I saw this car—it was these same men as before. I started to back up, but all four men had jumped out and I saw they had revolvers in their hands. They had me. The big one jerked me out of the car and slammed me up against it and demanded, 'Where is your father?' I told him I didn't know. He then said, 'Where is the information?' When I told him I didn't know where it was, another one said, 'Just go on and kill her now.' The big man jabbed me in the stomach with this big pistol and said, 'No, we'll just teach her a lesson.' With that, he started hitting me with his fists. . . . He hit me in the stomach, and when I doubled over, he hit me with an uppercut on the right cheek and eye. This was so hard, it threw me onto my back across the hood, where I lay gasping and coughing, trying to get my breath. Then they said, 'We'll get you in 1977.' "

Today, Ingram doesn't believe that the men in black are Chicom agents. He believes they are "part of the flying-saucer people," either a test put to contactees by the Plantos themselves or a rival group of evil extraterrestrials. He is also unsure of the Plantos' intentions. Embittered by broken promises, confused and sometimes shocked by their conduct, Ingram still entertains the notion that the Plantos could be evil themselves; because of their superior powers, however, he plays along, trying to solve the puzzle.

Swanner, contactee number one, has since given up this guessing game and has taken to going to church. He is now inclined to agree with his wife that contact with the Plantos was the Devil's work. Since he began attending church, he has, for moral reasons, had no further contact with the aliens. Having prized Swanner as a masculine specimen, the Plantos had asked him to mate with kin—kin under the age of consent, at that. (Ingram suspects that it was Becky whom the aliens ordered the deerslayer to ball—but no matter.) He could not do what they asked. They insisted, until Swanner told them to "take a sweet step to hell." And that was the last he saw of them.

Becky has also found contact an exhausting, bruising experience and she, too, has broken off with the aliens. Before doing so, Becky—as had Swanner—had been given some metallic pellets by the Plantos, who explained that the pellets were composed of an alloy used in their antigravitation system. Ingram sent samples to four laboratories; three reported the metal as pure zinc, the other as a magnesium-aluminum alloy.

It was after both Swanner and Becky had broken off relations with the Plantos that Ingram finally developed his own mental contact. "I had found out from Becky, working the Ouija board, that I was being monitored and that the name of the monitor was Dzezd. She spelled it Dzezd, but it's pronounced Dezezda. So I would ask questions. I'd say, 'You work the Ouija boards?' 'Yes.' 'You work it through the mind?' 'Yes.' " So Ingram and Dzezd worked up their communications system through the Ouija board and Ingram was at last able to learn firsthand about the Plantos and their progress.

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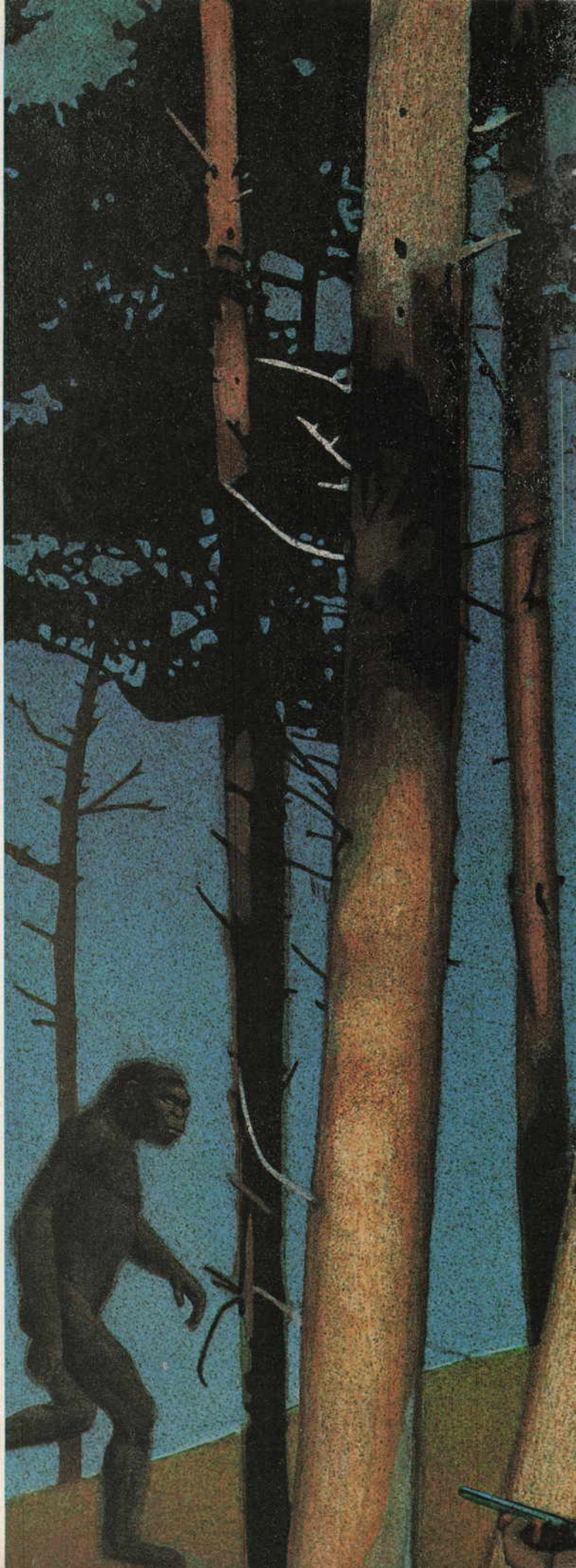
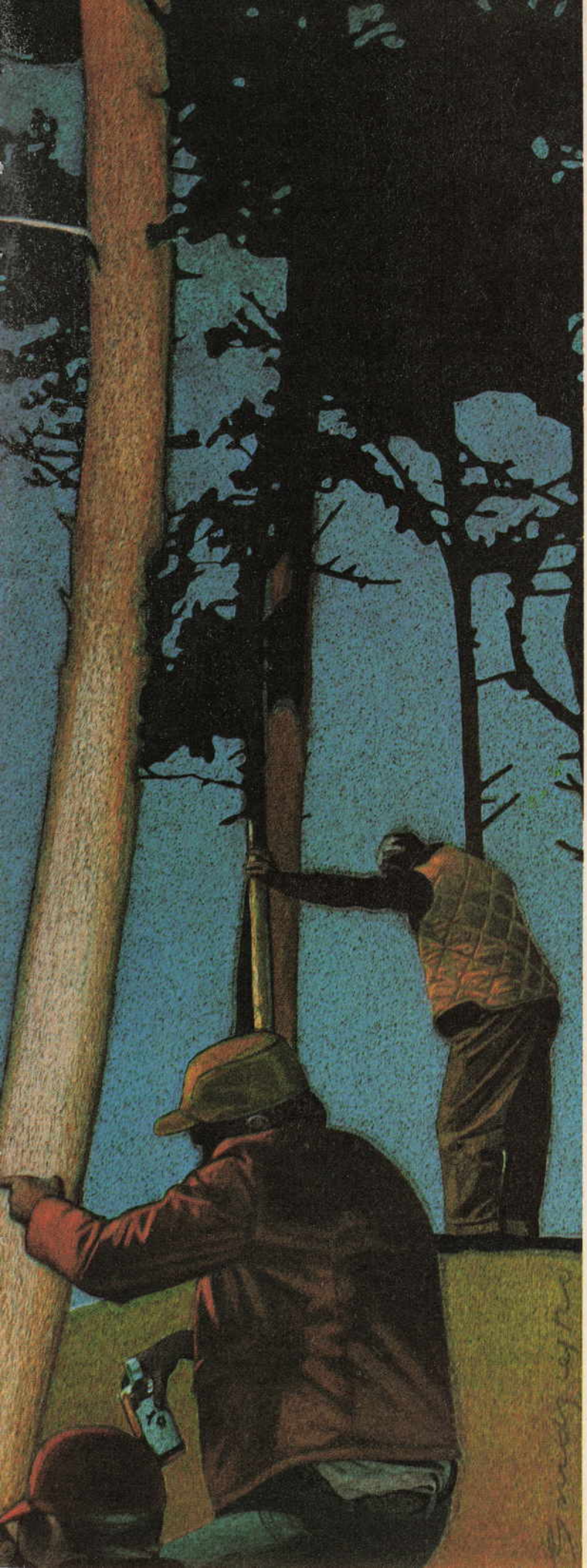
At about the same time in 1975, another strange thing began kicking up around





Pulaski: Space gorillas were running wild in the pines. As long ago as 1947, the Pulaski *Citizen* had reported a gorilla sighting at Minor Hill, a beautiful spot south of town near the Ingram farm, where Ingram's father taught school and served as principal for 23 years. Ingram recalls: "People had thrown some flungies—grapefruit rinds—around the washpot. That's where you wash outdoors in the country. And the gorilla had eaten them; squatting down, it had rested on its hands and there were two prints. I sprinkled some flour in them to bring them out and took a picture of them. People said it was just somebody trying to scare somebody, and the story faded away over three weeks or a month. I believe it was a yeti, because of the description, the sound it made and the smell. My old man said it smelled worse than an old, mangy dog."

(Ingram calls the local Bigfoot a yeti because he believes that it may be related to the hairy Himalayan humanoid; he also considers it distinct from the Oregon Sasquatch in that it has three toes, rather than the Sasquatch's five.)

Reports of strange creatures in Southern Tennessee began to come in regularly in 1972—at approximately the same time that the saucers arrived and/or caught on. Interestingly, the Bigfoot phenomenon is much bigger locally than is Ingram's saucer scene. There seem to be hundreds of witnesses and dozens of Bigfoot buffs, and few of them believe a word of what Ingram says Dzezd says. Swanner is an exception. In fact, Swanner first met Ingram before contacting the Plantos, but after he had sighted a momma, poppa and baby Bigfoot near his house. It was partially through Swanner's observations of the Bigfoot family that Ingram would eventually form his startling hypothesis that this creature is a symbiotic slave from outer space—an intelligent animal used by the Plantos to procure food and perform odd jobs.

In Fayetteville, the local boys were hiding behind trees with high-powered rifles, hoping to bag a Bigfoot or two.

The extraordinary thing about Bigfoot as an animal is that it has been sighted by hundreds of people without being photographed, shot or captured. The shot department is especially remarkable, because nearly all the men in this neck of the woods are hunters. When one out-of-state Bigfoot investigator visited Fayetteville (for many months the hottest Bigfoot hangout), one of the townspeople told him: "If you were to walk through Peaceful Hollow—which is where most of the 15 eyewitnesses have seen the thing—every 50 yards you'd come across one of the local boys hiding behind a tree with his high-powered rifle. They're crazed drunk and out for a good hunt."

While I was interviewing Swanner at his home near Pulaski, he suddenly looked out his window toward the woods, raced to his gunrack for a shotgun and pumped a few rounds into the woods from the front porch. Turned out to be a cat, and he missed, anyway, but he gave your reporter pause enough to dispel any theories about country jokers in furry suits. No one is that crazy.

Ingram believes that Bigfoot cannot be shot or captured because it is under the protection of the Plantos and is capable of repulsing bullets by disappearing, or by means of a force field that surrounds it. Ingram even thinks it's possible that Bigfoot is not an animal at all but some type of protective vehicle for the puny Plantos, a theory that might account for the remarkable speed of the yetis reported by witnesses.

Several Bigfoot reports in the Pulaski area have been related to incidents of livestock theft. "I heard this calf bawling frantically," one farmer reported. "I thought it had gotten hung up in the fence, or something, so I ran out to the barn with my son-in-law. There stood something I first thought was a big buck Nigra wearing a black overcoat and a toboggan

cap. That's how it looked with its back to me. I said, 'What the hell is this?' The thing turned and looked at me, held the calf over his head, slammed it down on the ground and stepped over the five-foot fence without touching it." There have also been a number of local cattle mutilations in the area, reporting the same *modus operandi* as the nationwide cattle-cut-up craze.

Ingram's current theory—that the yetis are the foraging servants of the Plantos—holds that when the beasts are let out of their saucer cages, they go forth to gather venison, lamb, goat, pork and veal; hence the thefts and seeming mutilations. Then, Ingram continues, the yetis are radio-signaled by the Plantos for rendezvous and retrieval.

Could be. Certainly most of the Bigfoot witnesses I talked to had seen and heard something. Whether foraging spacebeast or hirsute mutant, physical object or elaborate hoax, I am not inclined to credit the Tennessee Bigfoot to imagination alone.

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Plantos contactee number three was a Lincoln County man named Colman Bever, and he is the only pal of the Plantos who still admits to being on speaking terms with the spacepersons. Sometimes Bever and Ingram don't see eye to eye on the Plantos, but Ingram has no doubt that Bever's experiences are genuine. The two first met sometime in 1975, when Bever contacted Ingram and told him of his experiences traveling with the Plantos. The previous year, Bever had contacted David Swanner; he had read Ingram's columns on Swanner's Plantosian visitations, he told Swanner, and was interested in making extraterrestrial contact himself. Wishing apparently made it so.

Bever is one of the few hillbillies left in them thar hills. "It carries you back 50 years when you go there," says Ingram. "There're not many who live like him anymore. I don't know of another one. He trades in flea-market stuff and he farms—tobacco and corn, plowing with horses, as they used to. He had 19 children by the same wife."

Bever's home is a long way from the town of McBurg, off the Davy Crockett highway. Between McBurg and Bever's residence is Dellrose, a ghost town that was once a cotton center with its own stores and cotton gins. "But," sighs Ingram, "that's gone with the wind." The beautiful hills hereabouts were in cotton until, as Ingram says, "all the niggers went to *De*troit." Then it was in row crops until "all the kids went to the city." Now it's all cattle farms and plots of tobacco.

Since Bever's two-story shack is without a phone, visitors just show up. Bever built the house years ago, and it is beginning to show its years. Rather than repair it, however, he's building a new one on top of a nearby hill, right where the Plantos told him to build it. It's coming along, but Mrs. Bever doesn't want to move, fearing that the new house might blow away with one of the twisters that regularly hit these parts.

But they *will* move, because Colman Bever is the lord and master of all he surveys and, though he doesn't survey much, that which he has he surveys pretty hard—thus most of his older children have left the hollow for the big city. The ones who remain—about seven, who seemed to range in age from 18 to five—were huddled around a wood stove playing with a tame squirrel when your reporter and Ingram arrived. They looked up at us as if we were from Planto, or beyond.

Mrs. Bever, who has a severe speech defect, managed to tell us that Bever was up in McBurg playing cards, and made us welcome. The home is decorated with flea-market pieces: a big, overstuffed horsehair couch, numerous early-20th-Century portraits of Jesus Christ, calendars and posters from George Wallace and farmers' associations. NEVER HAVE SO FEW PRODUCED SO MUCH FOR SO MANY FOR SO LITTLE. The assorted Bevers didn't know when Colman would return, so Ingram asked Dzezd to tell Bever that we were waiting. After a long wait, we decided to forgo Dzezd and drive back to McBurg to look for him.

We had gotten almost to McBurg when we passed Bever's pickup headed the other way. I spun my rented Capri around and headed after him. But Bever knew the twisted roads and was either in a hurry to get home or didn't like being followed by a black car. It took the feisty little sports model miles to catch up with the truck.

Finally, after much horn-honking and light-flashing, Bever pulled over and, upon seeing Ingram, invited us back to the farm. Once there, however, it took some doing to convince Bever that this reporter was not from the Government and was not going to profiteer on the subject. He was especially worried about your reporter's "purse" (in fact, an Abercrombie & Fitch fishing bag) but finally, at the urging of Ingram, agreed to tell his story.

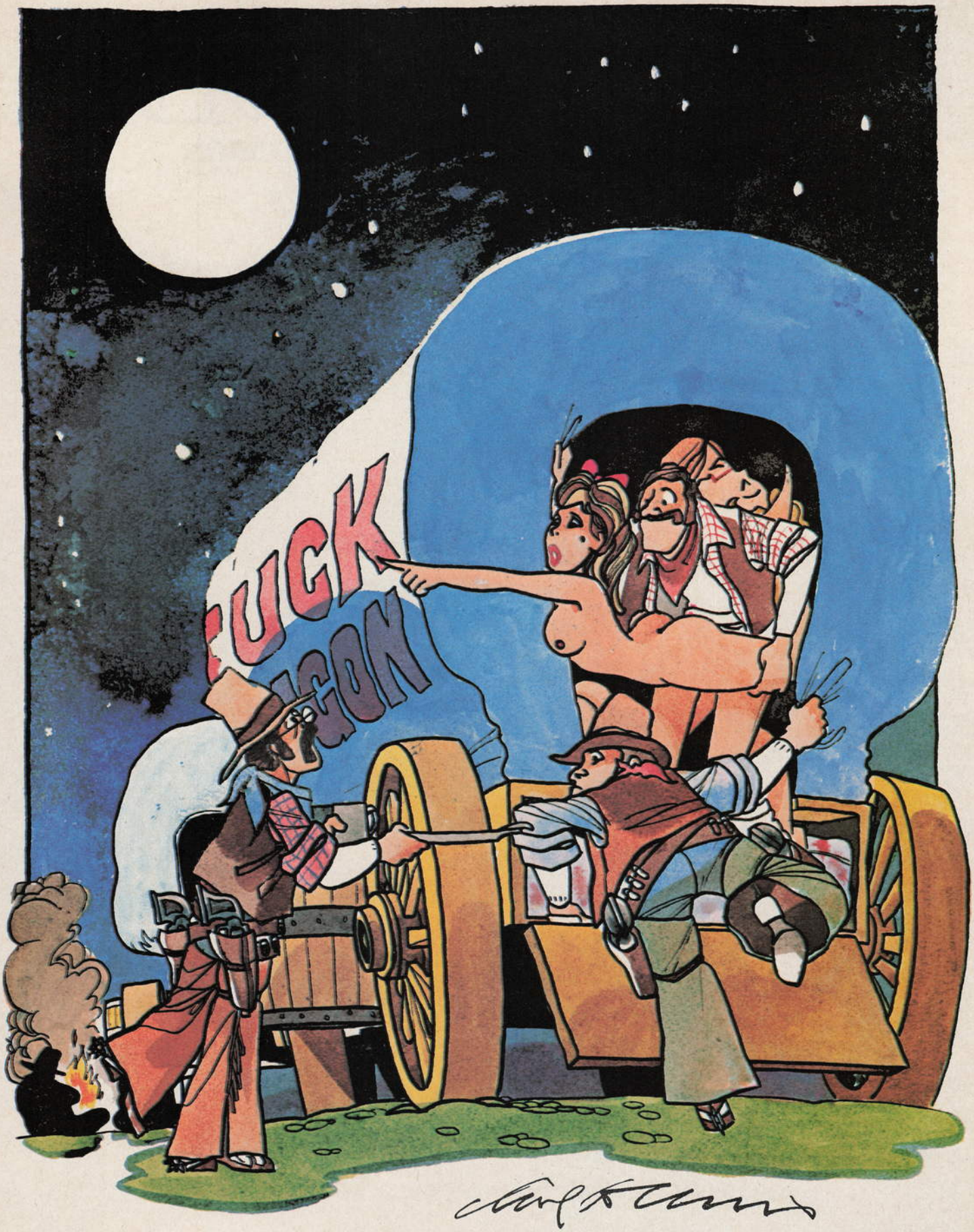
Gray-haired and burly, with clear blue eyes, Bever would make a good Santa Claus except for a certain aura of fierceness and intensity that had even frightened Swanner—Bigfoot watcher, saucer rider and exterminator. Now, however, Bever just sat back in his comfortable chair next to the Franklin stove and began to explain things.

"You don't come into communication with them right away. They put things in your mind and work with you a whole lot before they'll talk to you. That happens for years. Then it starts with a grasshopper in the ear, or a little scream, or something that'll just about kill one of your ears, sometimes both of them. Finally it gets to hurting right straight across your head. But actually I didn't know for a long, long time what it meant. But it got severe with me, and after that I met them, and then after that they talked to me with a voice in the head."

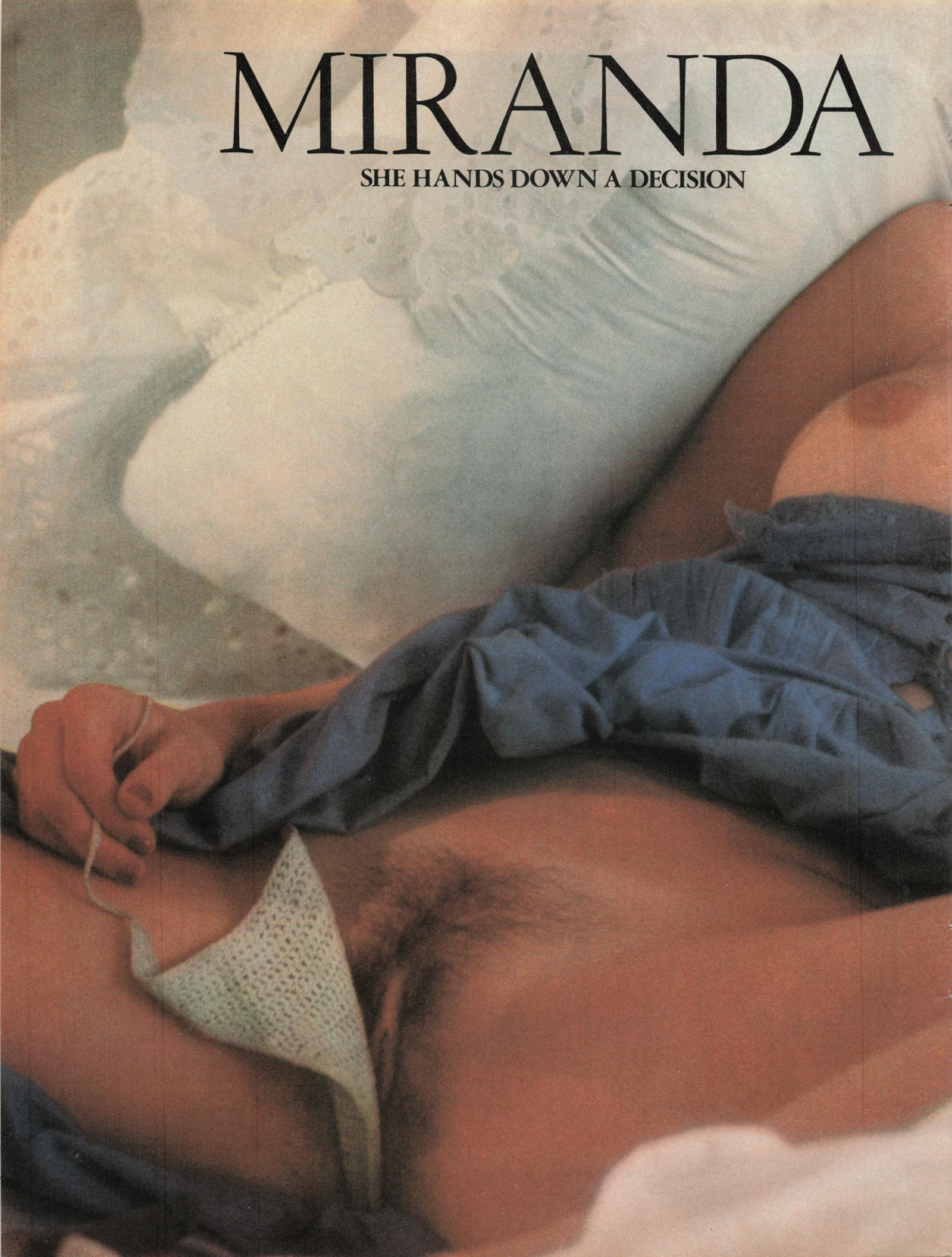
About the time that Bever started having the grasshopper in the ear, he had a strange experience: "I'd been up to the tobacco bed and was driving back when a voice said, 'There's two deer up there, can't you see them?' And I couldn't see anything at all. And I felt funny up there. I'd had some wine, but I had this funny feeling straight across the head. Then this voice says, 'Yonder, off the road!' And I looked and I saw them. They were as close to me as your car, but I couldn't see them until somehow or other they let me see them. So I pulled over, nose to the gutter, got my gun and got out. And they stood up there, sides to me, looking at me. And I raised up and I shot right in one's side, but the deer didn't flinch. I fired two or three more times, but I couldn't hit them, couldn't touch them, couldn't scare them—and they didn't even act like they'd heard the gun fire. They just walked on up over the hill.

"Well, I was all torn to pieces and my head was funny. I drove up the road a piece and there were two men standing in the yard just around the curve. I pulled up by the house and backed up into the shade of the barn and they took my mind away completely. I had my oldest boy with me and I looked around me and I didn't know where I was any more than a man in Texas! Then, after about three or four minutes, it came back to me, just like that. I said, 'Why, there's the tobacco bed right there!' But I felt pretty funny for a few hours."

Why didn't the deer die, drop, flinch, or at least run? "I think there was a force field or something put up and they didn't even hear me, and my bullets didn't even *(Continued on page 106)*



"Sorry, honey, the chuck wagon's over there."


MIRANDA
SHE HANDS DOWN A DECISION

NOBODY HAS TO READ THIS GIRL HER RIGHTS

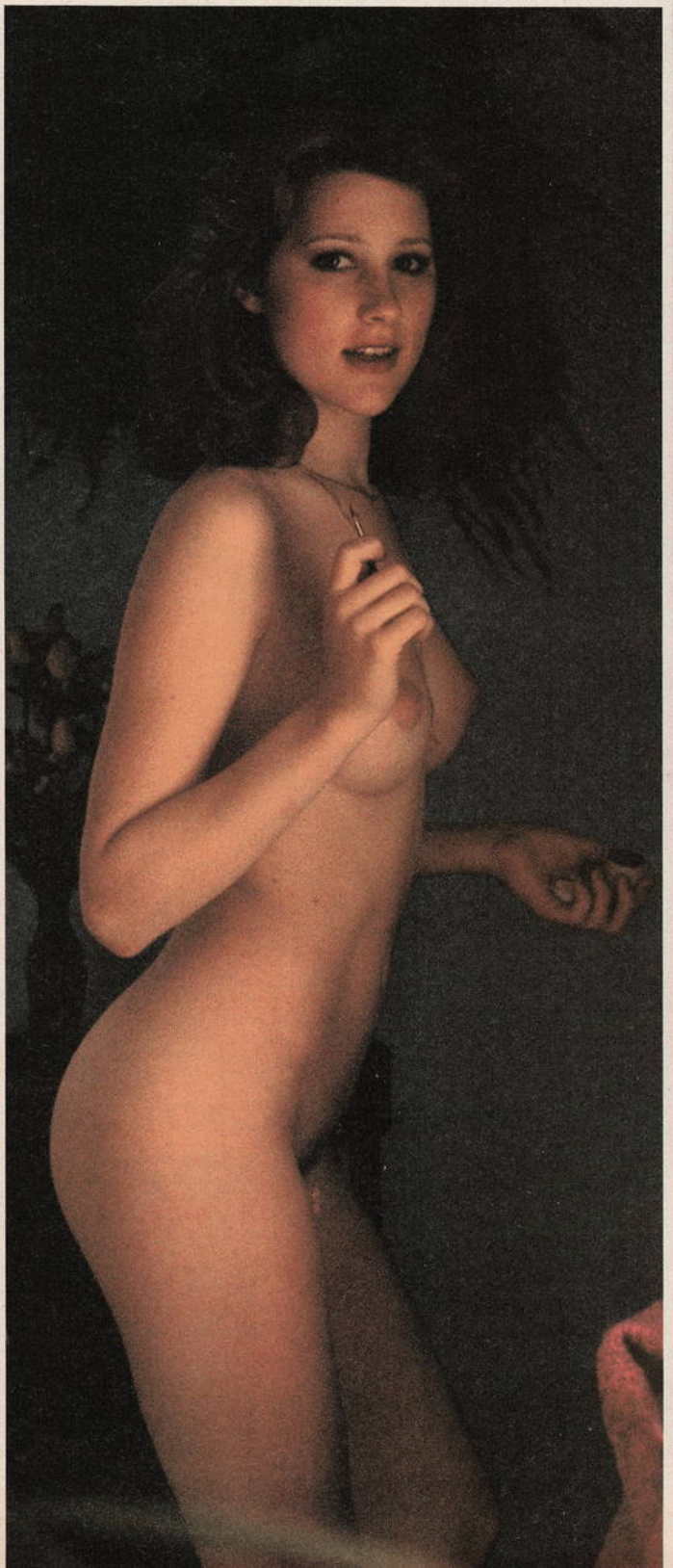
Miranda meanders in bed all afternoon. There is no use hurrying her. Maybe she will get up for supper. Maybe she won't. Miranda shifts. Damned bikini! It's just a string of a thing. Why does it catch her up like that? Miranda takes an odd pride in not knowing what she wants. She is glad her

options are open, her opinions aired. She does, however, know what she doesn't want. She doesn't want to succeed her father in his Kentucky horse-feed business or follow her mother as a minor Gothic novelist. She especially does not want to be first prize at the party being thrown to "re-introduce" her to Pine

Oak's "most eligible horsemen." Which is why Miranda usually puts 1200 miles between herself and her mother. But Miranda is home on a visit, and as she mugs for the mirror in the blue bedroom that she grew up in, she knows she loves the house. The house parallels her. At the "west wing"—it's just a suburban

split-level, but her mother likes to fictionalize the commonplace—is a veranda for Miranda. And out in the garden is the oleander and a plaster salamander, harmonic vibrations that say, stay, you are safe here. But then she sits on the bed and knows that the house is past, is embalmed in moth

SHE'S SUPREME IN HER COURT



balls. It's like one of those memory-enshrouded mansions that clutch at her mother's heroines, and, given Miranda's opinion of her mother, this is provocation enough to set the house on fire. She hugs the pillow tight in hopes of spontaneous combustion. This does little more than make the pillow a hot collector's item. Better to just suddenly leave, to just suddenly let the party candles gutter out and the guests go supperless as her mother casts troubled looks up at the blue bedroom. Nothing will be lost. In her own way, Miranda has already "reintroduced" herself to Pine Oak's most eligible horsemen. She is a brunette; there are blond hairs in her bikini.

Photography by Jeff Dunas

THE SAUCER MEN OF TENNESSEE *When I asked Bever why he thought the Plantos were on earth, he banished the children to the back room and lowered his voice. "They are here for three things."*

(Continued from page 98) get there."

Bever's first contact with extraterrestrials—what UFOlogists catalog as "a close encounter of the third kind"—occurred at a flea market in Coffee County, Tennessee. "What few people were there that day were up eating at the refreshment stand, about 99 percent of them. I was just sitting on the tail gate of my truck; I felt just a little bit funny and I looked around and here he stood! And I looked him up and down and I knew he wasn't a natural man, and then he grinned at me.

"He was about five feet tall, more or less," Bever continues. "He was slender, with dark eyes, and he was pale, as if he'd been dead two weeks. Didn't have a hand like we have, but a little, slim hand like a woman's, and it was pale, too. And he had a cap on, rolled up around the side. Had a suit on with a little gap at the neck and a little funny tight thing there of a dark color. I believe that's where he took the sound in—that's a guess, now. Had on what looked like a one-piece suit, greenish, silverish, but then up at the top by the neck it looked like cattlehide, and that confused me a little." Next, the UFOnaut extended his hand to Bever and chirped "Take it!" in a falsetto. "He handed me a pellet, and I looked up there to see if anybody else was seeing all this, and when I looked back he was gone. But he grinned at me! To let me know he was my friend!"

Bever's metal pellet is the largest of the pieces given to the three contactees, and he is very proud of it. According to Bever, it is the metal used to conduct the UFO force field.

Soon Bever was picked up by a UFO. "I go out a heap at night for different things, but somehow I can't remember up to the time they picked me up and how they picked me up. But they carried me out west. Some of the time I would know and sometimes I wouldn't. They carried me over these cactuses out west first. They carried me over a big bridge and they carried me over a lot of water. And they said to me, 'We're going to carry you to where we live part of the time.' It seemed like an incredible speed we were going. And we lit down on the ground and I got out and walked up to these buildings—had bricks bigger than ours; seemed like the tallest buildings I had ever seen, but with no roads to them.

"We went to the edge of these buildings and there were a lot of tables—looked like pool tables more than anything, but they didn't have the felt; had silver on them, and they had rails. Room was just filled with them in rows. They said, 'Do you want to go in and look any further?' and I said, 'No, I've seen *enough*.'

"They said, 'You want to go home with us?' I said, 'Yeah, I'll go home with you.' But I was scared and nervous. Then it seemed like when you get back to the ship you get dazed again. Next time I came to, we were at this big rectangular opening in a hill. They don't live on the outside of the earth, you see; they live underground. I noticed one thing: When I walked, it was on a sort of silvery, glazed-looking gravel, not dirt.

"They said, 'Go on in and look around' and I said, 'No, I'm ready to go.' They didn't force me to do anything. I turned around and took a step or two on this silvery gravel and I said, 'I'd give anything in the world to have my pickup truck here.' And they said, 'Your truck won't run here.'

"Later, in the spring of 1976, I was lying in bed at 2 or 2:30 one night and it started burning the tar out of me. I thought the bed was afire. I got up and raised the window and said, 'I'm burning up. Y'all don't have to do that to me, boys.' I went to sit down and one of them—named Alton—said to me, 'We're having trouble with our machine. We may have to come and stay in your house for a while. Will we be safe in your home?' And I said, 'Just as safe as my children.' And he said, 'Well, are you in full command of your house?' I said, 'Absolutely. But you'll have to tell me where you are, so I can pick you up.' And he said, 'Well, we'll call you if we don't get it fixed.' And believe me, they'd have been here in person if the machine hadn't worked."

When I asked Bever why he thought the Plantos were on earth, he banished the children to the back room and lowered his voice. "They are here for three things. One of them I'm not at liberty to tell you. Another is that they're picking out men of good health that they can work with, and they want the serum from the men so they can breed their women. It don't sound right, does it?"

I explained that I knew the Plantos were supposed to be somewhat sterile from their nuclear war. That turned out to be the other reason Bever could tell me: "The United Nations and others have got explosives built up to where they could blow the world to pieces, and the Plantos want to save us if they can."

When I asked Bever what the Plantos ate and pressed him for details, he stalled a bit and then finally broached his bold theory on the subject. "Listen, young man, I'll tell you something and Mr. Ingram'll verify me on this, because he knows more about it than I do. They came here and took these rear ends and organs and eyes and ears and tongues out of these cattle. Now, if you or me were killing a yearling, we'd want the

"What are you complaining about? It shrank your hemorrhoids, didn't it?"

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beef and we'd destroy the blood and all the rest, wouldn't we? But they had no use for the beef."

The silver pool tables, one assumes, are the Plantos' blood buffet.

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Is Bigfoot out there in the pines? I don't know. I didn't see it, hear it, smell it. I did hear people tell stories about it that I didn't believe. But I heard people who seemed as if they wouldn't lie tell me that they had seen it, chased it, shot at it.

Are the Plantos out there? I don't know. I didn't see any saucers, hear any voice in the head or lose any time except late at night in my motel. I was suspicious of Becky's excuse for telling her father about UFO-riding. She had spent many hours investigating various weird phenomena with her dad. So what does a ripe young teen say when she comes in a little beat up at four A.M.? Maybe M.I.B. are the best explanation.

Does Ingram believe all of this? It might be Dzezd putting words in my mouth, but I believe the answer is yes. As for the other contactees—those with direct experiences—I hope Bever believes it, because the last experience he reported to Ingram was finding himself and a Planto guide in a room with 30 of the most beautiful naked women he had ever seen in his life. A man who's sired 19 living children must be highly prized in mutopia.

How do I explain it? Hard to say. The person who made me think about it most was a country housewife in a remote area who bore a faint resemblance to Mary Hartman, both in her stark, crazed attractiveness and in her cigarettes-and-coffee manic style. Slightly hunchbacked, Adam's-appled, wild-haired, there was still something beautiful about her. Her house was neat. Her children were very polite and attractive. Some of her older boys were in the Service and she proudly showed their picture. Her boys had chased Bigfoot and shot at it, and once she herself had sighted a UFO. She made me want to believe her, even when she told me about her medical problems, her chills, her fatigue, and when she showed me her pill bottles and told me the doctors didn't know what was wrong with her and she thought maybe it was the space people. She'd given up on the antibiotics but was still taking Valium.

Maybe that was what hit me. You think of housewives on Valium in the high-pressure suburbs, but down here in God's country, it seems odd. And when she said that she believed her son would not tell a lie about Bigfoot, I believed her and him.

Then she took out a battered old copy of *Official UFO* magazine and asked me about the stories in it. I was the expert. She was the eyewitness. It was media in action. And I realized that she believed every word in *Official UFO* because it was printed there and they couldn't say it there if it wasn't true. So I'd carry these reports back to New York where you never see any strange lights in the sky, but you type them up as if you did and send them back out to where they're gospel and the people do. Funny the way things work.

We talked about whether the Bigfoot on *The Six Million Dollar Man* was much like the real one. And I thought about Oscar Wilde's remarks on the imitation of art by life, and Ingram just sort of jumped twice, as if Dzezd had firmly confirmed a proposition. Funny how things work. When we left the woman's house, we stopped at the local general store for gasoline, since we were many miles from the main highway. The people in the store told us about a UFO some of the boys had watched through a rifle scope a couple of nights back, and since I was an expert, they asked me what was new in the Bermuda Triangle. I had nothing to report.

Have we been invaded? Ingram thinks so. If so, why? He isn't sure. At this late date, he isn't sure if the Plantos are good or evil.

In fact, Ingram no longer believes that there is such a planet as Planto. NASA-man Darbro, who collaborated with Ingram on his book, has assured him that such a planet would be detectable. Now Ingram believes that they come from earth, either from another dimension or from the hollow earth. But that's a whole other story. He also believes that the United States Government has an imitation flying saucer of its own, and that would seem to be a whole other story, too.

Even without the saucers, the changes coming down around Southern Tennessee are wrought by immense, anonymous outside forces—HUD, TVA, AEC, NASA, NBC, CBS, ABC, not to mention Pizza Hut. It seems that everything comes in from the outside these days and that little goes outside in return. The tobacco still goes out, and the kids still leave the homestead never to return; that's about it. Balance has gone out of the country, with the once-sovereign states little more than fiefdoms of the corporate/Governmental octopuses.

It seems that way to Ingram, anyway. Everything's being handed to the locals, take it or leave it. The only interest the Feds seem to have is sending down these neo-carpetbagger social workers who pull down heavy salaries for inciting the local blacks to push for job quotas and make other demands.

Now, I'm not too sure about this point, but I can see that the country has lost something. Maybe it had to. But on our long drives through this beautiful country, Ingram and I found much to agree on politically. An ultrarightist by most definitions, he nevertheless yearns for a decentralized way of life in which a local culture grows up with the crops.

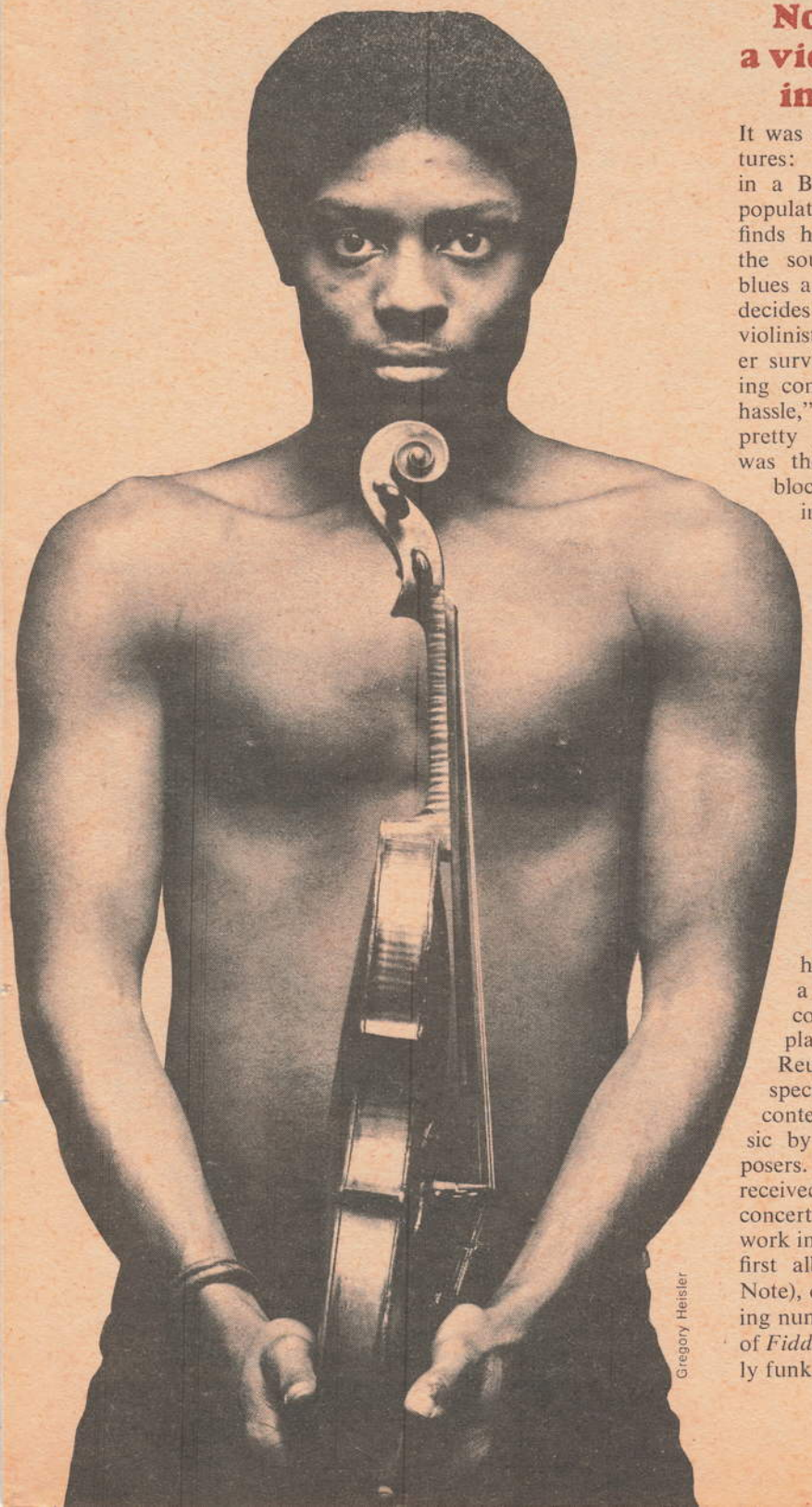
Carl Jung theorized that UFOs might be mass psychic manifestations of "superior beings," formulated by the racial unconscious as a *deus ex machina* remedy to the anxiety attending the "death of God." Now, with our culture essentially convinced that there's nobody up there, the individual is hopelessly alone in the face of a cruel world; so he projects a new sky god, one able to synthesize the very scientific precepts that killed the old God into a new system of belief. One would hate to think that human stupidity could gain total, irreversible power; one would hope that some intelligence might yet intervene to shift the balance so that individual human effort might again be meaningful; one might search the skies; one might see something. Was it alienation that brought the aliens?

At any rate, it's interesting to see Pulaski back in the news. The only coincidence between the old news (the K.K.K.) and the new news (the Plantos) is that both events are centered on racial struggle. The K.K.K. was formed to preserve the goals of the white race in America; the Plantos landed because they needed the biomatter of white Americans to shore up their radiation-damaged genetic heritage.

They also arrived because the human race seemed to be endangering itself. The answer to both problems would seem to be, in Ingram's opinion, "crossing races," simultaneously correcting the Plantos' radiation damage and endowing man with superior intelligence. Ingram also suspects that this process is being used to create a hybrid race, and wonders if certain of the aliens and certain earthlings are not already products of interstellar miscegenation. He suspects Alton and Tombo. And Dzezd. He suspects Swanner of being unknowingly part Planto; he suspects his daughter Becky. Sometimes Ingram even suspects himself.

I myself look like both my mother and father. ▣

WHO



Gregory Heisler

Noel Pointer: a violinist grows in Brooklyn

It was a classic clash of cultures: Black kid grows up in a Brooklyn neighborhood populated by Hasidic Jews, finds himself surrounded by the sounds of rhythm and blues and Yiddish dirges and decides to become a concert violinist. How did Noel Pointer survive amidst such seeming conflicts? "It was no big hassle," he says. "I sounded pretty good, and besides, I was the biggest kid on the block." Pointer began playing the violin when he was ten, and by his mid-teens, he was a featured guest soloist with such august assemblies as the Detroit Symphony and the Chicago Chamber Orchestra. But Pointer was not one to forsake his black roots. He has performed as a jazz violinist at Harlem's Apollo Theater with such soul stars as Aretha Franklin and Marvin Gaye. Pointer has also helped organize a 30-member orchestra composed of black string players called The String Reunion. It's a group that specializes in performing contemporary classical music by minority-group composers. Although Pointer has received much acclaim as a concert violinist, he prefers to work in the jazz idiom. On his first album, *Phantasia* (Blue Note), one of the more diverting numbers is a *disco* version of *Fiddler on the Roof*. "I really funk it up," says Pointer.

Lloyd Dobyns: good news

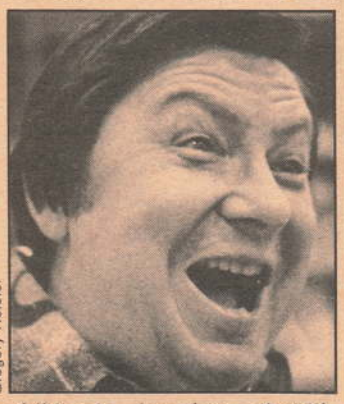
Can this be the man whose NBC news show won a Peabody award for its "contribution to the English language?" Indeed, it *is* Lloyd Dobyns, wry, witty host of *Weekend*, the late-night, first-Saturday show which recently completed its third successful season. While Dobyns is known for his rather iconoclastic attitude toward the news, the visual aid that he is holding never

Martin Schreiber

flashed across our TV screens. The NBC brass nixed the sign, as they did Dobyns' favorite sports-shirt-and-leisure-suit attire. "An offense to the viewers," said the higher-ups. (Next show, Dobyns sat on a park bench and wore a tuxedo; the brass relented.) With his show scheduled to go weekly in January, Dobyns has only one worry left in the world: "Will the powers that be leave us alone?"

Kal Rudman: hitpicker

Before he began publishing *The Friday Morning Quarterback*, a highly successful, 50-page weekly tip sheet on pop-music trends, Kal Rudman was a practicing psychologist who specialized in



Gregory Heisler

children's learning disabilities. "That training is what enabled me to deal with people in the recording industry," says Rudman. "Most of them are emotionally disturbed children."

Raeanne Rubenstein

Mark Sennet

Michael Mauney

Chapman, Takashi and Metheny pose for guitar pics

Actually these three people have little in common. Marshall Chapman (left) is the Patti Smith of country music. Last year she was fired from her waitress job for playing too much pinball and this year she's got a recording contract with Epic. Meanwhile, Japanese-born Takashi (middle) is a movie producer who has been rounding up the Rolling Stones, Joan Baez and the Pointer Sisters to compose the music for *Metamorphoses*, a feature animation. Finally, Missouri-bred Pat Metheny (right) probably plays the guitar as well as any other 22-year-old in the world. At 17, he was hired by the University of Miami to teach music. Now he has a jazz-rock album called *Sea Song*. It's terrif.

Chris Callis

Susan Bennis and Warren Edwards put their best foot forward

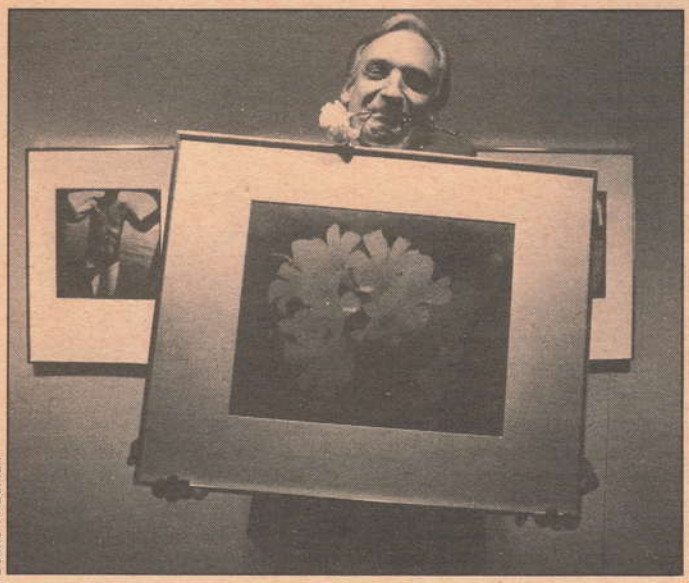
Bennis and Edwards are two New Yorkers who call themselves The Chelsea Cobblers. They design handmade shoes for the kind of people who are willing to pay up to $300 a pair—people like Mick Jagger, Barbra Streisand, Dustin Hoffman and Marisa Berenson. "Basically we serve the neurotic rich," says Edwards. "They believe that what they put on their feet says a lot about their personality."

St. James's new gospel

For years, COYOTE founder Margo St. James has defended the right of women to make money while on their backs; now she wants to help the women who work on their hands and knees. That is, housewives. She and the thousands who have joined Wages for Housework believe that the Federal Government should pay women for all the work they do at home. "I'm a compulsive cleaner," says the double-Virgo St. James, "and I always clean house in the nude. Afterward, I lie down and get off. Now I want something more for my work at home: money."

Bill Frantz

Tennyson Schad clicks off the reasons



Benno Friedman

By day, he is a slick, high-powered, Madison Avenue lawyer; by night, he is a slick, high-powered photo-gallery owner, patron to some of the country's best experimental photographers. He is Tennyson Schad, and his Light Gallery stable in Manhattan includes Ansel Adams, Paul Strand and Harry Callahan. "These photographers are forging a new vocabulary," says Schad. "They are forcing the art world to redefine just what a photograph is. Their detractors are to be more pitied than censored."

Judy Scheer just keeps on rolling

This lumberjill is pro logroller Judy Scheer, the current world champion in a sport traditionally dominated by men. She'll be defending her title this summer in Hayward, Wisconsin, while 10,000 log-rolling fans cheer her on and millions more watch on ABC-TV's *Wide World of Sports*. Scheer attributes the growing popularity of the sport to the fact that "there's so much action in such a small space. The athletes have to take small, quick steps, water flies everywhere and everything gets spinning crazily." When she's not competing, Scheer travels around the country giving demonstrations—she has instructed more than 300 future logrollers in the finer points of the art; she practices for two hours every day that she is home. Scheer has more than the usual incentive, though: "I get head colds real easily," she confesses.

Dale Wittner/People

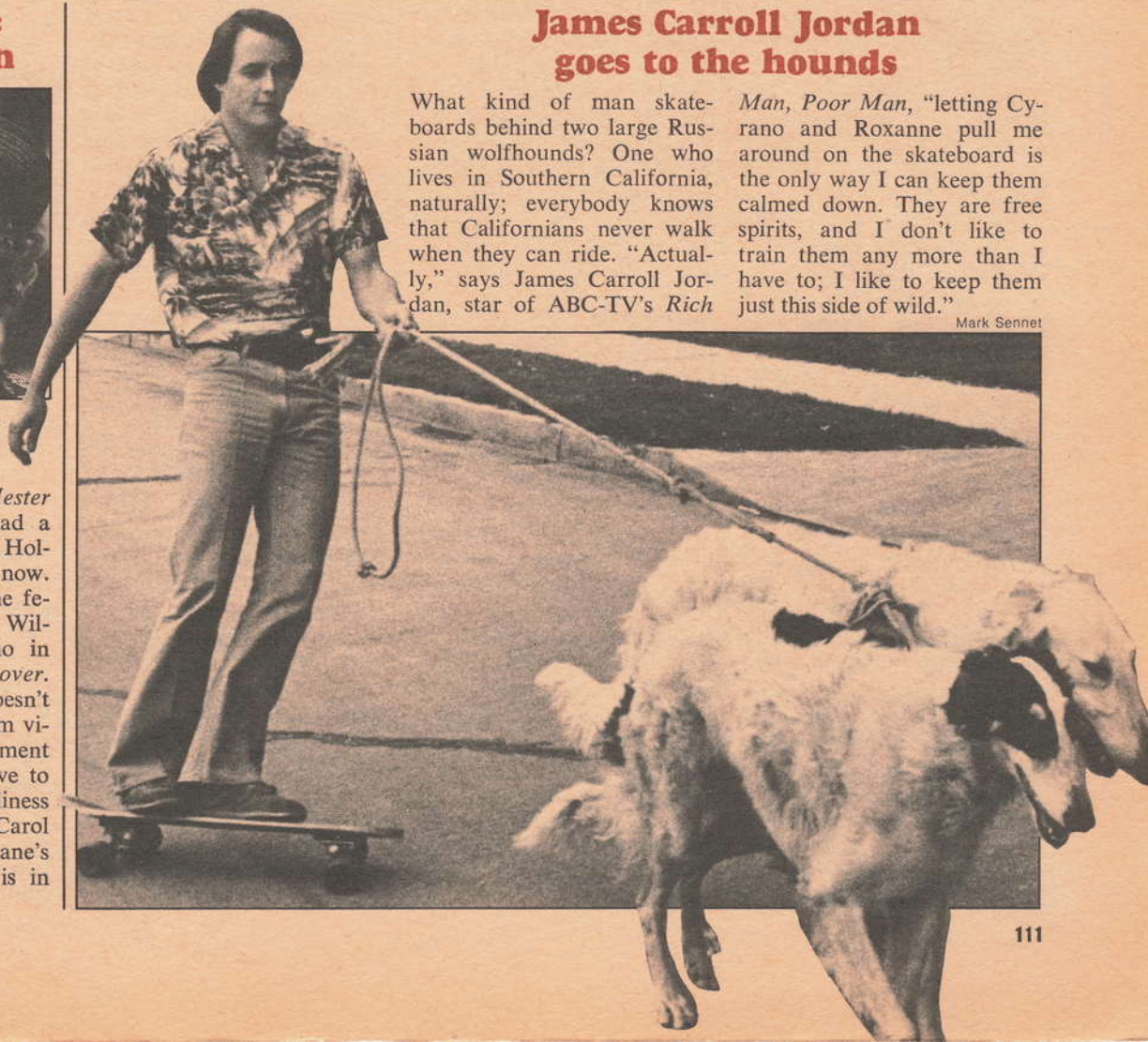
Carol Kane feels no pain

Although Carol Kane received an Academy Award nomination last year for her role in *Hester Street*, she has never had a starring role in a major Hollywood movie. Until now. Recently Kane landed the female lead opposite Gene Wilder's would-be Valentino in *The World's Greatest Lover*. Evidently Hollywood doesn't agree with New York film viper John Simon's assessment of the actress: "You have to have a stomach for ugliness to endure the face of Carol Kane." And what is Kane's reaction? "John Simon is in pain somewhere."

James Carroll Jordan goes to the hounds

What kind of man skateboards behind two large Russian wolfhounds? One who lives in Southern California, naturally; everybody knows that Californians never walk when they can ride. "Actually," says James Carroll Jordan, star of ABC-TV's *Rich Man, Poor Man*, "letting Cyrano and Roxanne pull me around on the skateboard is the only way I can keep them calmed down. They are free spirits, and I don't like to train them any more than I have to; I like to keep them just this side of wild."

Mark Sennet



SHORT TAKES

BIKER JUDGE

Minnesota's Dennis Challeen talks about his judicial program that allows a defendant to choose one of 50 ways to learn his lesson

The defendant started to complain when the judge suggested a stiff fine for reckless driving. "Come on, judge. If I have to pay that kind of fine, I might as well go live in one of those tin shacks down by the river with the derelicts."

Everyone in the courtroom, except for the indignant defendant, burst into wild, loud laughter. Gasping for air and trying to sound serious, the judge gruffly told the startled defendant, "You'll get no sympathy from this court, sir."

Later, someone told the man that Judge Dennis A. Challeen is one of those derelicts who live in a tin shack down by the river.

In Winona County, Minnesota, along the upper backwash of the Mississippi River, Dennis Challeen is a different kind of judge. He drives to work on a chopped Honda 450 and looks like a hefty Hell's Angel. He's been described as a great-bellied man with an appetite for food in generous quantities, oceans of beer, motorcycles, denim, laughter and good times.

A part-time judge since 1964 and a full-time county judge for the past five years, Challeen has a unique judicial system. Defendants who plead guilty to a misdemeanor are allowed to determine their own method (subject to Challeen's approval) of paying back society as an alternative to the traditional fine or jail. "I got the idea when I was a defense attorney," Challeen says. "I learned that a guilty party usually has a pretty good idea of what's fair in cases like this. After all, he is totally involved in the crime from start to finish. When a defendant appears before me, I explain the idea of alternative sentencing along with the traditional penalties. If the plea is innocent, we set a date for a trial; but if the defendant pleads guilty, I offer him the choice of the regular legal penalty or an alternative sentence, such as restitution or community service.

"The defendant has more than 50 alternatives to choose from, or he can come up with an idea of his own. We figure his worktime at $2.50 an hour and use that rate to determine the number of hours needed to work off a fine and make restitution. An offender may also donate a pint of blood to the Red Cross and receive a $25 credit toward his fine."

Since Challeen instituted his program in 1972, more than 2000 offenders have participated in selecting their own sentences.

One man who had burglarized a mobile-home dealer offered to go to work for the dealer. After this sentence was up, the dealer put the man on his payroll as a salesman. Today, he is a partner in the operation.

In another case, a woman shoplifter offered to work with two mentally retarded children instead of going to jail. "She still helps those kids," Challeen adds. "She did much more than was asked of her because she wanted to. Did you ever hear of an offender overpaying a fine or spending extra time in jail?"

Initial reaction to these unusual sentencing methods was spirited. Hard-liners scoffed that crime would rip through the roof of Winona County. They were wrong. The repeat-offender rate in Challeen's court is only 3.5 out of every 100—far less than the national average of nearly 50 percent in the same crime categories.

Challeen wastes no time on the judicial image so sacred to most Americans. "The day of the pompous, white-haired ass in the black robe is gone," he says with feeling.

The 41-year-old Challeen carries 255 pounds on his beefy 6′3″ frame. He sometimes shows up in his chambers wearing a blacksmith's sleeveless leather vest, blue jeans and open shirt.

"I don't feel I have to be a fashion model of respect for someone's kids as long as I'm fair, honest and do my job with integrity and without hypocrisy," Challeen explains. "Young people are very sensitive to phoniness."

There are about 8000 college students in the Winona area, which means there are many arrests for drinking, partying, noise, vehicle violations, petty theft and vandalism. "No hassle or problem; they're good people," Challeen says. "We usually group the offenders into work parties that volunteer to spend a day policing the highways, streets, parks, lakes and rivers around here. I call these cleanup drives ecology projects, which appeals to everyone and doesn't sound so damned criminal, like a chain gang."

Behind his liberal exterior, Challeen has a very tough streak. He is not at all lenient toward violence, unruly behavior that hurts others or the use of weapons. "I'll throw an uncivilized s.o.b. in the slammer in a minute, if he's used a knife or a gun," Challeen growls. "I'm not a very nice person when someone shows up in my court a second time, either. I don't put folks in jail who don't belong there. But I do put people who belong there behind bars!"

For evidence, his records document that from March 1972 through March 1974 he sent 253 persons to jail. That is 108 more persons than had been jailed during the same period the two previous years by the former judge—who was considered tough.

Wallace R. Croup, a veteran criminologist, thinks Challeen's program is a long-needed bit of progress in our criminal justice system: "We have to have common sense in criminal justice. It can't be totally inflexible, using cut-and-dried rules. Judge Challeen is putting common sense into the system and getting excellent results. I hope a lot of other judges pay attention to this unique program. Challeen is a breath of judicial fresh air." —J. DAVID TRUBY

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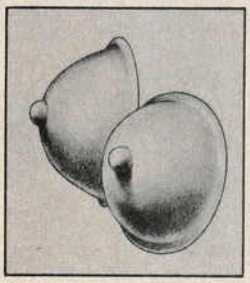

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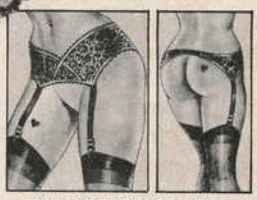

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(Continued from page 82) money to spare. Something about insurance and loan companies. Something further about real estate. The mystery of Warren's money is such, however, that rival teams have spread rumors that he is the largest drug dealer in Jacksonville. This is not a nice rumor to spread, of course, and it says perhaps more about the tenor of softball competition in Florida than it does about Warren.

Warren finally ends his phone conversation, grabs a cup of coffee and begins the explanation of how he got himself up to his neck in slow-pitch softball.

"It was unintentional," he begins, almost apologetically. "A friend called me up eight years ago and asked me to sponsor a team. He said that softball was catching on around here and maybe I'd like to be a part of it. I asked him what kind of team I would get and how much it would cost. He said a team in the top league in the city and less than $500."

Warren spent $3500 that first season. He combined the players from three Jacksonville teams, used the best and discarded the rest.

"I don't just participate," he says, "I play to win. We had a boy hit a home run and we won the city championship. Then we went to the regionals and got beat three to one." He laughs at the ridiculously low score. "I'll tell you, I decided then and there that if I play in a tournament, I'm not going to go in and score just one damn run."

In 1970 and 1971, Warren spent more money on his team and he watched it steadily grow in strength. He paid for road trips to Georgia and Tennessee and all over Florida. By this time, he had all the best players from Jacksonville on his team. Still, when they went to the world championships, Warren Motors finished no higher than ninth.

"We decided to go for all the marbles in 1972," Warren says. "We recruited a shortstop and a third baseman, traveled all over and did real well: won 112, lost 15. We really expected to win the championship, but we finished third. We'd spent $32,000 and we didn't win. After the season, there was a letdown among the players and the sponsors. We began to de-emphasize the program in 1973."

After licking his wounds for a couple of years, in 1976 Warren had yet another change of heart. "We were getting the national tournament back in

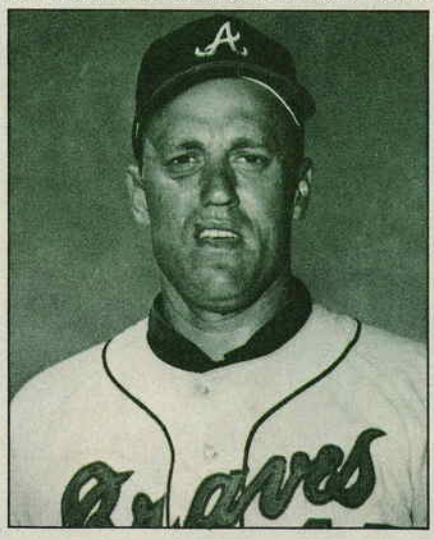
SOFT! WHAT BALL THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?

YOU WONDER WHY IT'S IN A MESS

In the midst of New York City's financial crisis last year, a team made up of Mayor Abraham Beame's staff played softball against the staff of the State Emergency Finance Control Board. Beame's team said it won, 26–9. The Board claimed a 6–0 victory.

LONGEST SLIDE IN HISTORY

Tony Cloninger was once a major-league baseball pitcher. He won 24 games for the Milwaukee Braves in 1965. He hit



two grand-slam home runs in one game. He had it all. Now he plays third base for Howard Furniture in Denver, North Carolina. He is *the* name player in organized slow-pitch softball. They say that he can hit the ball a ton, but that he has trouble getting all the way down for ground balls. They say he is quite content.

GAY LOB

Several summers ago, the New York Mattachine Society fielded a team against the cops of the Sixth Precinct in a softball game that was supposed to cool the tension between the two groups. Over 1000 gays showed up to root dramatically for their team. They wore T-shirts inscribed with the names of local gay bars. Cheerleaders led them through shouts of "Gimme a G! Gimme an A! Gimme a Y!" One partisan said she was glad to see the police "pitching to women as if they were men." The cops won, 15–0.

DYLAN WAS IN ONE OF THE DUGOUTS, BUT HE NEVER CAME OUT TO PLAY

The longest softball game between two teams was played last summer in Monticello, New York. Gager's Diner played the Bend N' Elbow Tavern through 54 hours, 365 innings, three thunderstorms, crackling lightning and a fog so thick that no one could see the ball for three and a half hours. Gager's scored 491 runs on 832 base hits, while Bend N' Elbow was held to 467 runs and 738 hits. Several hundred spectators sat through the whole thing and said they had a blast. One fan called the game "a middle-American Woodstock."

WHAT'S MIZ LILLIAN'S ALIBI?

Billy Carter was on the pitcher's mound in Plains last summer when his gas station blew up. The cause was never found.

JIM MCKAY IS DISGUSTED

Fast-pitch softball's campaign to become an Olympic sport took a giant leap forward in 1976 when the teams from Mexico and the Philippines withdrew from the world championships in protest over the entry of a team from South Africa. After they withdrew, the teams were suspended by the International Softball Federation. The I.S.F. promised an investigation of the policies of the South African team.

THE BABE LOOKED DOWN AND SHED A TEAR

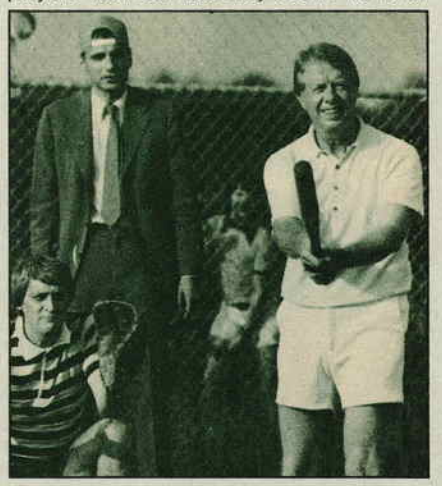
If the best slow-pitch softball teams score 30 or 40 runs a game, you would think that a contest including such baseball stars as Willie Stargell, Rod Carew, Boog Powell, Carl Yastrzemski, Lou Brock and Brooks Robinson would produce run-scoring fireworks. Alas, you would be wrong. They swung lustily but produced little. They fell down in the field, committed atrocious errors and giggled a lot. Only one home run was hit. The American League won, 9–7. By all accounts, it was a lousy game.

OR BELTING A HONDA CIVIC FOR A GROUND-RULE DOUBLE

Bruce Meade, while playing for Warren Motors in Jacksonville, once hit a slow-pitch home run that measured in at 428 feet. A comparable feat of strength would be to line a Greyhound bus over the shortstop's head for a clean base hit.

"I DIDN'T SAY HE WAS OUT. I SAID HE WAS UNSAFE."

At the start of one of Jimmy Carter's softball games in Plains last summer, the players realized that they didn't have an



umpire. They looked around at the small crowd and spotted a man who was dressed like one. They asked him to get

behind the plate and he said OK. The man was Ralph Nader. He'd been in town to discuss weighty matters with the boss. Nader always dresses like an umpire. He called 'em as he saw 'em and Carter's team went down to a 10–3 defeat. Later, Carter was asked to comment on Nader's work during the game. "Both sides said he was awful," Carter said. "I can't disagree with that."

THE QUEEN

It is possible that no athlete has ever dominated his or her sport as completely as Joan Joyce dominates women's fast-

pitch softball. During a 19-year career, she has won something like 460 out of the 500 games she has pitched. In that time, she has averaged eight no-hitters and two perfect games a year. She rarely allows a run and averages about two strike-outs an inning. She has struck out 40 batters in an 18-inning game. Joyce's fastball has been clocked at 118 mph. Ted Williams once stepped in at the plate against her during an exhibition and could not even muster a foul tip. Joyce is also one of the great hitters of her game. She never got paid for her ability because there was never a women's professional league. When such a league started last year, Joyce was the only player who didn't have a ceiling placed on her salary. No one complained. She responded with a 40–2 record and the national title.

THE BOYS ON THE BENCH

Of all the teams that played softball in Plains last summer, the worst was the one made up of members of the press who were covering the Carter campaign. They sweated and laughed and were good sports, but they could barely score a run, much less win a game. The Secret Service team took great pleasure in whipping them. A Carter aide said of them, "I've never seen a bunch of guys so overweight and out of shape. I'm surprised they even have the strength to type out a story."

HOW ABOUT SOME NICE CEMENT BASEBALL SPIKES?

Mushball is a form of softball that was developed in Chicago and is a big deal in Midwestern towns such as Cicero and Sheboygan. The game employs a ball that is 16 inches in diameter, as opposed to the lighter, livelier 12-inch ball used in regular softball. Mushball first went big time in Chicago during the Depression when the Windy City League was formed, and some of the tournaments were played in Soldier Field. As is to be expected, the crooks moved to cash in on the boom. Mobsters and gamblers got chummy with the players, bribed them and bet huge amounts on the games. It is said that six of the FBI's ten most-wanted men were in the stands during a particularly crucial game. Mushball has changed a lot since those days. So, unfortunately, has the nation's criminal mentality.

WHOOZONFIRSHT?

While your friends amuse themselves by shooting beers and torching up shots of Yukon Jack in dank, unhealthy bars, you can be out in the fresh air, playing a real game and getting just as loaded. All you need is a softball field and a keg of el foamo, which you plant firmly at second base. The only rule of the game is that no runner may pass second without drinking a mugful. The great thing about the keg game is that good players are penalized—also, the winners are losers. A most unusual game.

IT'S THE CHAIR IF THEY TRY TO STEAL A BASE

As part of a rehabilitation program, inmates from the Leesburg, New Jersey, prison were allowed to field a team in a local softball league last summer. Everything went fine until the prison team had to play a game in nearby Winslow Township. The police there arrested the prisoners as they got off the bus and charged them with escape. The prison employees on the bus were also arrested for allowing the convicts to escape. The Winslow Township police repeated the arrests a few weeks later when the prison team came to town for the second time. The dispute finally ended when a state Superior Court judge told the police to stop being so foolish.

PAGING THE TOLEDO MUD HENS

One of the charter teams in the fledgling American Professional Slo-Pitch League will be known as the Minnesota Goofy's. We're afraid to ask why.

OK, BRAHMS' FIRST, MAHLER'S SECOND, BEETHOVEN'S THIRD. WHO'S AT SHORTSTOP?

When the musicians in the nation's major orchestras feel like getting up out of the pits, they often trot out to the nearest softball field and tune up for a game. They are not great players by any means, but what they lack in skill they make up for in intensity. The games get so rough that soloists often refuse to play ball on the day of a concert. Conductor Seiji Ozawa learned his lesson the hard way. He was playing in a game in Ames, Iowa, a few years ago when he got involved in a bit of a fracas and banged up his ribs so badly that he could barely lift his arms to conduct that night.

BUT 18 RUNS WERE MISSING FROM THE SCORE SHEET

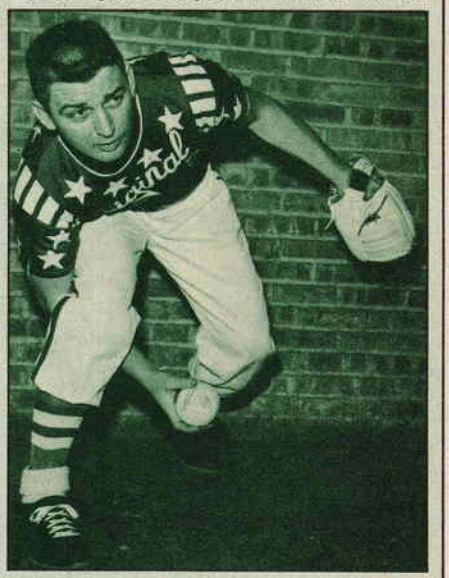
Official Washington plays its softball in West Potomac Park, not far from the White House. Over the years, there have been some intense duels, but never one so full of nervous symbolism as the game played June 8, 1973, between Sam's Sluggers and The Assistants. The Sluggers were members of Senator Sam Ervin's office and committee staffs, including some people from the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, which had begun hearings on May 17th. The Assistants were a team made up of White House staff members. Players from the two teams traded gentle barbs but made few references to the situation on Capitol Hill. The game was close but, in the end, it proved to be a taste of things to come: Sam's Sluggers won it, 10–9.

POKE THE PUSSY

George Hancock, of the Farragut Boat Club in Chicago, is given credit for inventing softball. One chilly day in 1887 he decided that baseball could be brought indoors if the ball were made big and soft enough so that it wouldn't travel very far when hit. Curiously, however, the game was not commonly called softball until the mid-Twenties. For a number of years, it was called kittenball, presumably because the ball felt soft and fluffy when hit, like a kitten.

THE KING

His career has spanned 30 years. He has traveled several million miles, playing 200 games a year in front of a total



of 14,000,000 fans. He has hurled 800 no-hitters and 200 perfect games. He has struck out 15,000 batters while wearing a blindfold. He pitches behind his back, between his legs, from second base and from center field. His team, which fields only four players, wins nine out of every ten games it plays against teams that field nine men. He wants Robert Mitchum to play him in the movies. His name is Eddie Feigner and he is The King. "I am the world's finest softball pitcher by at least 100 percent," he says. "But," he adds, "that's like being a champion nose blower. Who cares about softball?" We do, Eddie, and we love you. ▣

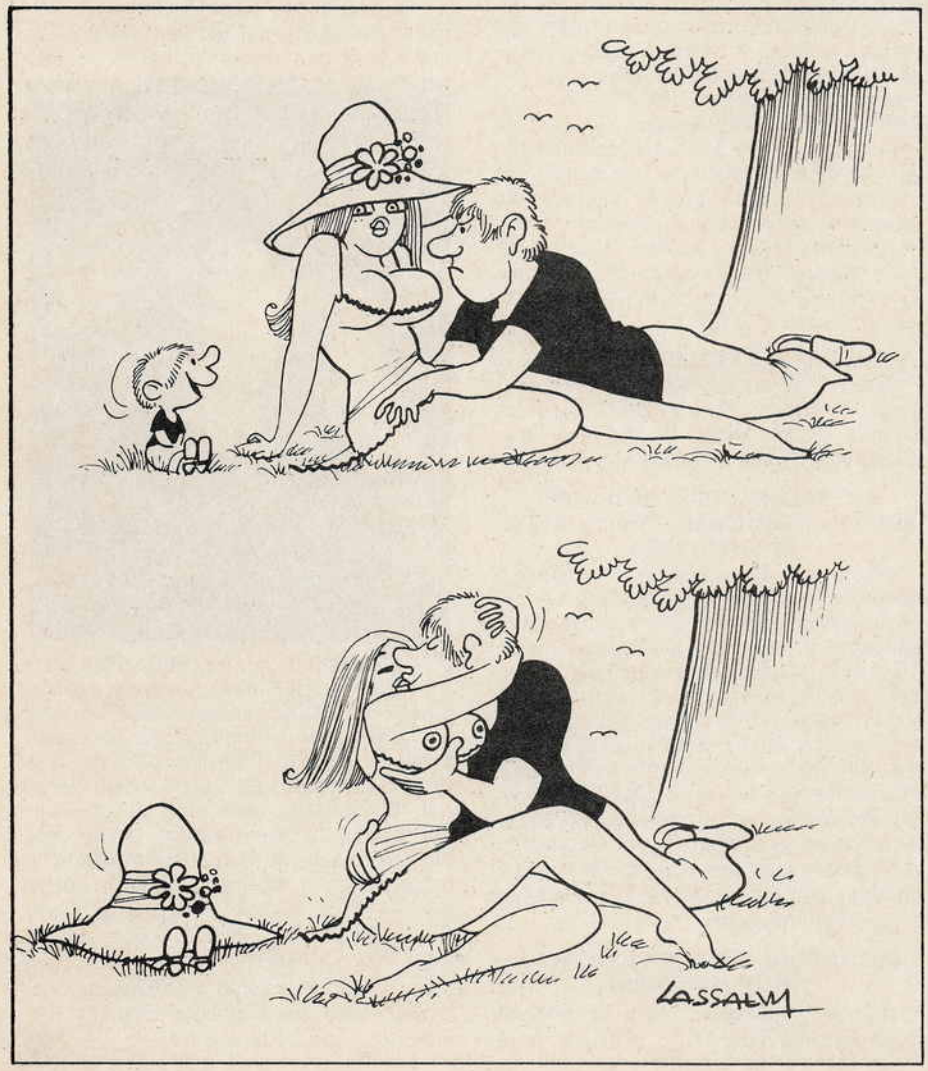
Jacksonville again," he says. "We told the A.S.A. officials that this year we'd have a good team. We went after the top players and we didn't put a limit on our budget."

What Warren got for his money was four of the best slow-pitch players in the country. In 96 games, the four men combined for 550 home runs, 1250 runs batted in and a batting average over .700. Warren Motors as a whole hit 842 home runs, batted .632 and averaged more than 25 runs a game. More importantly, perhaps, the team could play defense as well as offense—six starters are former minor-league baseball players. The 1976 Motormen team ravaged its opposition and presented Harold Warren with his world championship.

Warren whistles when you ask him how much he spent on the team last year. Then he sighs and tells you.

"We spent $65,000 last year. We didn't care what it cost; we just wanted to win. It's no good at all to finish second in this sport; you don't even get anything for finishing first except a feeling of satisfaction. It's hard for people to understand, but there's a lot on the line. It's a big investment."

As Warren talks, several of his players come into his office. They are getting ready for an off-season weekend tournament in Clearwater, and they have stopped by the lot to check arrangements with the boss and to hit him up for a little expense money. Later, they will say that Warren is a good sponsor. He doesn't meddle with the players or try to rule their lives. He is generous, friendly and concerned only with winning. If there is one fault Warren has as a sponsor, the players say, it is that he worries too much. Right now, Warren is worried about the Clearwater tourney. His team has not played in several months. The manager won't be making the trip, nor will two or three key players. The boss doesn't want the record tarnished. He doesn't want Warren Motors to take any more losses in 1976. As a precaution, the team has been registered in the tournament under a bogus name, Gateway Discount. The new name, however, will not fool any of the other teams or the fans in Clearwater, but it will protect his team's reputation in the record books.



But there is something more serious bothering Warren this Friday morning in December. As it turns out, it is something that worries the whole team, something that distracts them all on and off the field. It is the fear that a Southwestern businessman, whom we shall call J. J. Johnson, will destroy their ball club.

If you went without drink waiting to hear a good word about J. J. Johnson in Florida, it is quite possible that you would die of thirst. He is attempting to build a 1977 championship slow-pitch team on a base of cold, uncompromising cash. This would not be particularly unusual, except that Johnson is offering more money than has ever been offered before, and he is offering it in a new way. According to the Florida players Johnson has contacted, he is offering straight cash bonuses of up to $10,000. Two of Warren Motors' best hitters have already left to join Johnson's team and several others are seriously considering the offers. It is clear that Johnson means business. The threat to Warren is real.

Harold Warren is rankled by this. As he explains it, a sponsor does not pay a star outright for playing the game. The sponsor, instead, gets the star a "job," for which he is paid. One of the better players for Warren Motors, for instance, has a job at the car lot for which he gets paid $175 a week. Under the code, it does not matter that the player worked a total of only 80 hours in the ten months between March first and the end of the year. What matters is that the man was officially signed up as a Warren employee.

"Johnson is really just purchasing these boys," Warren complains. "We get a guy a job. It's not fair to give someone a cash bonus. I can guarantee that the players won't enjoy themselves; they'll be playing for just the money."

One player who agrees with this assessment—let's call him Tom Marshall—is a classic star, a braggart who can back up his talk with performance on the field. He relishes pressure and he infuriates other teams. He batted almost .700 and had nearly 200 home runs and over 300 r.b.i.s in 1976. You would want him on your team. Johnson wants him for his team, but Marshall says he won't go for any amount. You see,

Marshall has played for Johnson before, and he says that it wasn't much fun.

Like Warren, Johnson was frustrated in a previous drive for the championship. In 1975, he tried to mount a team that would bring him to glory. The team had talent dearly paid for, but it never got past the regionals. Marshall offers an explanation:

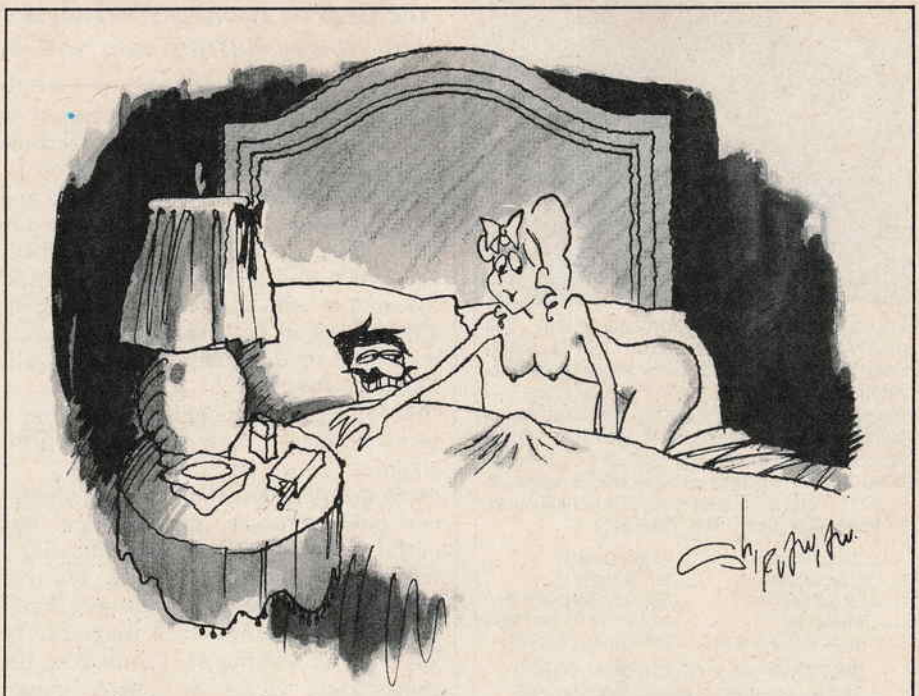
"Johnson tried to run his team the way he runs his company. He treated us like a bunch of dumb-ass kids and he tried to rule us 24 hours a day. Well, I'll tell you something: That dog won't hunt. Softball players are a funny breed. You just can't have total control over them and then expect them to win ball games for you."

Marshall goes on to reveal the fatal flaw in Johnson's master plan: "His son had to play. That was the mistake in 1974, and if you didn't like it, you were gone. Now this year, he's gonna try to cover up that mistake with his wallet. He's gonna spend $200,000, because he wants his son to be a champion. You tell me if that's right."

Across the room, Harold Warren whistles into his coffee cup. He mutters a few words about not wanting to "compete dollarwise" and "trying to do more for the players," but he knows that, in most cases, money speaks louder than loyalty. Warren is in a trap of his own devising and he doesn't like the taste of his own medicine.

It may turn out that Warren is justified in his fear of Johnson's machinations. In more immediate matters, though, he is certainly justified in his worry that his team will mess up in Clearwater. During the drive over to the tournament, Lonnie Turner also predicts that the team will be flat and may not win the tournament. Turner is the pitcher for Warren Motors. He's the one who lobs the ball and then shields his face with his glove. He is a good pitcher—an 81–2 record is not shabby—but he is by no means a player who can command money in the flesh market. He is the only player who has been with Warren since 1969 and, as a result of his seniority and his enthusiasm for both team and game, he's become the unofficial spokesman for the players of Warren Motors. In his own way, Turner is as valuable to the Warren Motors team as any of the sluggers. He serves as a reminder of the days before all the foolishness about money and championships began. He lets the rest of the guys know that softball should be fun, win or lose.

"It's probably not too smart for us to play in this tournament," Turner says on the way to Clearwater. "We haven't played in a long while and we don't have a damn thing to gain by it, but you couldn't keep these guys away if you had



"Sorry. I didn't mean to get you up."

to. There's something about softball that gets in your blood. Wives can't understand it. Hell, there've been more separations and divorces because of softball than any other game I know. The way the wives see it, it's just guys leaving home every weekend to play a dumb game with a bunch of other guys. Two weeks ago, the wife of a guy on our team came up to me and said not to tell him about the tournament this weekend. She was going into the hospital and was afraid he'd take off anyway. No, the wives surely don't understand it. I don't really understand it myself."

So the timeless urge of men to get away from home and get together with other men brings the World Champions to Clearwater. After a Friday night of carousing, chasing after "dirty leg" (Florida slang for young women) and coming to uneven terms with a Mr. Jack Daniel's, the team awakens Saturday morning, rubs the sleep out of its collective eyes and destroys a team named Tarpon Tool, 57–2, in a game mercifully called after five innings. An hour or so later, the Motormen face St. Pete's Merchants. "Let's go hard on these boys for four or five innings," Marshall shouts to his team. "Let's take some of the air out of 'em before we relax." After three innings, the score is 26–2. The champs relax—they even allow an inept newcomer to patrol the outfield for a few innings—but they win, 31–16.

By evening, however, the skein is played out. The opposition is a Clearwater team with good hitting, a good pitcher and a powerful urge to beat the new kings of the hill. The breaks do not come. Warren Motors' line drives are caught. Clearwater grounders hop over the heads of Motormen infielders. The magic is not there and the score is a convincing 18–9. The next morning, things go no better. The Motormen give up two runs in the top of the seventh and eventually lose, 17–12, in eight innings.

"At least we took our ass-whippin' like men," says Marshall with a tight smile. It is a favorite phrase of his, but one he would rather apply to another team. It is one of the youngest Motormen, however, who best sums up the season and, perhaps, lends a word of needed caution to a game on the verge of full, legitimate sporthood. In 1976, this kid batted over .700 and drove in almost 400 runs. He has been courted by several other teams, and Johnson flew him out to a big college football game last fall, wined him, dined him and offered him a $10,000 bonus and a $15,000 "job." At this moment, the kid is leaning against a motel balcony during a break between games, thinking about the season and his future.

"I liked this season," he says. "Winning the championship was great and I feel dedicated to Warren. I'd leave if I got enough money, though." He pauses to think. "You know, it's funny. People ask me what I do and I say I play softball. They say, 'You can't eat a softball. I didn't use to think you could, either, but you can." Another pause. "I guess I'll leave next year open, but I'll tell you one thing—if I start taking this game seriously, it'll kill me. I gotta have fun."■

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ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER *I hear all kinds of lines, including "Oh, you're hurting me; you're so big." But it means nothing.*

(Continued from page 72) yourself in the mirror? Does your body become something outside yourself, an object?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's outside of me and also part of me. I don't say, "Arnold, how do you look?" but rather "Let's check out this body in the mirror and see what it looks like today." Professionally, I have to be detached in order to be critical of it. I don't criticize myself; I criticize my body.

OUI: With a body as perfect as yours, it seems strange to hear you talk of criticizing it.

SCHWARZENEGGER: From the bodybuilder's point of view, my physique was perfect when I won my last title; yet I felt it could have been better. It's true that I was in perfect proportion, but I weighed 228 pounds and I wanted to be 240, overall just bigger. If you keep the proportions, bigger is always better. The goal is to carry the weight but keep the proportion and symmetry.

OUI: Does that mean that 300 pounds would be better than 240?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, because it wouldn't fit my height. I'm 6′2″, and 240 pounds is the perfect weight for me.

OUI: Wouldn't your head be out of proportion if you weighed 240 pounds?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No. Visually that can be taken care of very easily. All you have to do is let the hair grow and you have a bigger head. Also, in competition, the judges concentrate only on your physique. More than one Mr. Universe was an ugly son of a bitch.

OUI: Is your cock disproportionate to the rest of you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Well, that depends on what you mean by disproportionate. The cock isn't a muscle, so it doesn't grow in relation to the shoulders, say, or the pectorals. You can't make it bigger through exercise, that's for sure. Besides, I've never even heard of a bodybuilder who's tried to make his bigger.

OUI: Really?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Really, though in my case, women have told me they're curious about its size—you know, outgoing chicks who're just trying to be outrageous or horny. I hear all kinds of lines, including "Oh, you're hurting me; you're so big." But it means nothing. Bodybuilders' cocks are the same size as everyone else's.

OUI: Many people think that bodybuilders see their physique as an instrument for getting laid. Is that true?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Are you asking if my basic motivation in building my body was to pick up girls? That's ridiculous. There are many easier ways to pick up girls, believe me. Of course, I do use what I have when it comes in handy. If nothing else, my body's a conversation piece.

OUI: Are you embarrassed by that?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Not at all. A girl can talk about my nose, my teeth or my accent—anything that gets a conversation going is fine with me. It is weird, though, the way women respond to my body. Maybe 50 percent respond positively right away, while another 25 or 30 percent need a while to adjust to my size and to realize that ordinarily my muscles are soft, just like anyone's, only bigger. A number of women, however, will say, "You're way too big for me; I don't like that."

OUI: What kinds of women generally come on to you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I can't categorize them. I've been approached by waitresses, stewardesses, teachers—come to think of it, there have been a great many teachers, women who are smart. Their trip is such a mental one that they are often attracted to men who are big and muscular.

OUI: Do you feel exploited by such women?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I'd feel used only if I didn't get something out of it. If a girl comes on strong and says, "I really dig your body and I want to fuck the shit out of you," I just decide whether or not I like her. If I do take her home, I try to make sure I get just as much out of it as she does. The word exploited therefore wouldn't apply.

OUI: Do you think that your familiarity with your body gives you a sounder mind sexually?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't have any sexual hang-ups, but I'm sure there are bodybuilders who have trouble with sex, and obviously the body building hasn't helped. Still, if you're in touch with your body, you certainly have an enormous sexual advantage. The mind-body connection is the same in sex as it is in training. If I tell myself to train the thighs, then the calves, it's boom, boom, mind-thighs, mind-calves, mind-this, mind-that. And it's the same with fucking—mind-cock. You're in touch. You realize you have a body. Ninety percent of the people, though, don't realize that there is anything below the head. They think that the head is carried around by something very mysterious, and they're not aware that it's the body, something they should be in tune with.

OUI: Stirling Moss, the British racing-car

champion, claimed that he'd never fuck the night before a race because it would sap his competitive drive. Does anything like that apply to bodybuilders, say, on the eve of the Mr. Olympia contest?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I get laid on purpose. I can't sleep before competition and I'm up all night, anyway, so instead of staring at the ceiling I figure I might as well find somebody and fuck.

OUI: Doesn't it take the edge off your performance?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, why should it? For ten years, I've been building a physique. It's not going to run away after one night. What Moss and others are talking about is a totally mental thing: If you feel that something's going to affect your body, then it definitely will. I've always found that sex gives me a kind of calm, and I'm much more in control because of it. It's the same for friends of mine who are also top bodybuilders. The guys who are working their way up often say they have to sleep ten hours a day and they try not to get laid more than three times a week, but, sooner or later, most of them find out that all this means shit. Whether you sleep two hours or ten, get laid a dozen times a week or not at all, eat three meals or five, at the end of the week you look absolutely the same; there's no difference.

OUI: So you believe in writing your own rules?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Exactly. There are bodybuilders who are afraid of indulging in sex or even of playing other sports for fear of harming their bodies. I think that's silly. What's the use of building your body if you don't use it? At the Mr. Olympia contest in 1972, we had girls backstage giving head, then all of us went out and I won. It didn't bother me at all; in fact, I went out there feeling like King Kong.

OUI: This business of feeling like King Kong—is it your act to psych everyone out so they *know* you're King Kong?

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the past five or six years, I haven't had to do that, but I used to do all kinds of numbers in the gym just to make it clear that I was the best. Gold's gym has produced ten or 12 Mr. Americas, and obviously there were guys there who wanted to take the Mr. Universe title away from me. What I do is make them feel great. I tell a guy that he's never looked better, that he looks brilliant, fantastic. "Your deltoids! And how did you get the tan and the proportion? I'm positive that you'll place; you'll beat Frank; I think you'll even beat Corney. You can easily beat this guy and that guy. I'm certain you'll go all the way—to second place."

OUI: Is there a code of dos and don'ts in a championship?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course; but when you become a star almost anything goes. It's like Ali doing something dirty in the ring—not many people are going to take it too seriously. You're not supposed to talk while you're posing, for example, yet I used to do it all the time and it would blow the other guys' minds. If we were going through the compulsory poses—a double-biceps pose, say—I'd just turn to the guy next to me and say, "What a shame, what a disadvantage for you," or I'd psych him in reverse by saying that the disadvantage was mine, that he was definitely going to be the one to win. Once, I even sent a guy offstage. He was enormous, really fantastic, and the audience was screaming for both of us, so you knew it was going to be close. After about 15 minutes of posing, I told him I thought I'd had enough and that we ought to quit, just walk off. He agreed, turned around and left and I just stayed on. The audience immediately turned against him and I won—my first Mr. Olympia title, in 1970.

OUI: What percentage of bodybuilders is gay?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The percentage of gays is the same, probably, as anywhere. Most bodybuilders are straight, regular street guys, though a lot aren't serious. Many in California are punks, beach bums just lying around in the sun and maybe collecting unemployment.

OUI: Many people think that bodybuilders eventually become muscle-bound. Is this true?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The general definition of being muscle-bound is that you have so many muscles that you can't move freely. I don't know of any bodybuilder in that category; in fact, many of them are quite active in other sports. Columbu, for instance, was the Italian boxing champion. Ken Waller was a football player and Mike Katz played for the Jets. Robbie Robinson runs the 100-yard dash in 9.3 seconds. When the Russians were lifting weights in preparation for the Olympics—for the shot-put, the hammer throw and things like that—the Americans picked up on it immediately. Then there's the Russian master weight lifter, Alexiev. Do you know what speed it takes to do a snatch, to lift a 700- or 800-pound bar bell so fast that you can raise it over your head? Alexiev can't run because he weighs 375 pounds, a weight he needs in order to handle the bar bell. The Olympic decathlon champion, Bruce Jenner, is one of the world's best athletes. When training for the Olympics, he lifted weights for two hours daily, squatting with almost 500 pounds. The idea of a muscle-bound freak is nothing but a myth.

OUI: Do you look at other people's bodies

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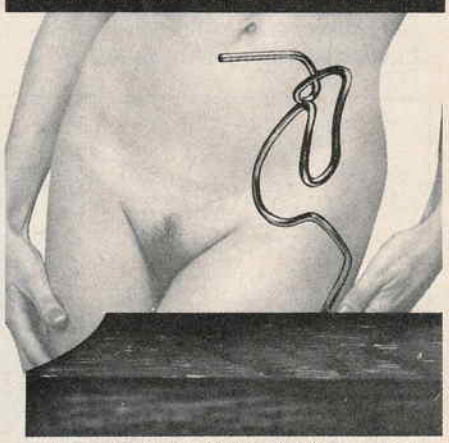

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as objectively as you look at your own?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I look at bodies differently in the gym than I do elsewhere. For example, many women seem to have hang-ups about going out with me because they feel they have to be in the same shape that I am. If they're overweight, they're insecure, because they don't understand that I don't look at women the same way I look at myself. I'm a competitive bodybuilder; I'm not training just to be healthy. Ninety-five percent of the people training with weights are into this health thing, and it's a different mentality entirely. As far as I'm concerned, it's bullshit; otherwise I wouldn't drink. I make my protein drink with whiskey. People think I'm crazy, but that's the way I am. I get stoned, I do my own thing.

OUI: Do you use dope?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, grass and hash—no hard drugs. But the point is that I do what I feel like doing. I'm not on a health kick. I know I should take vitamins, for example, but I forget half the time. I just can't be bothered carrying around a lot of little bottles. Once I get outside the gym, I forget all about body building. I can look at a chick who's a little out of shape and if she turns me on, I won't hesitate to date her. If she's a good fuck, she can weigh 150 pounds, I don't care.

OUI: Do you get freaked out by being in such close contact with men in the gym?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Not at all. When I was playing soccer at the age of 14, the first thing we'd do before going out onto the field would be to climb up on one another's thighs and massage the legs; it was a regular thing. None of us had a thought of being gay, absolutely not, and it's the same with most bodybuilders. Men shouldn't feel like fags just because they want to have nice-looking bodies. Another thing: Recently I posed for a gay magazine, which caused much comment. But it doesn't bother me. Gay people are fighting the same kind of stereotyping that bodybuilders are: People have certain misconceptions about them just as they do about us. Well, I have absolutely no hang-ups about the fag business; though it may bother some bodybuilders, it doesn't affect me at all.

OUI: Is there a broader acceptance of the body these days, as an offshoot of the sexual revolution of the Sixties?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. I've been in America for only eight years, but there's been a change and it's getting better. It's happening in Europe, too. People are more at ease with their bodies.

OUI: Being at ease is one thing, but whatever possessed you to pose for the Whitney Museum?

SCHWARZENEGGER: A woman from *The New York Times* had been doing a piece on body building. She came to the gym and asked if Corney and I would pose at the museum. I thought at once that it was a terrific idea. I'd always wanted to tell people that when I work on my body I'm thinking about classical sculpture, so I jumped at the chance to show off body building as an art form. After the show, a lot of people came backstage and said it was fantastic, that they'd never thought of body building as art before.

OUI: Didn't you feel like a pet monkey performing for the East Side ladies?

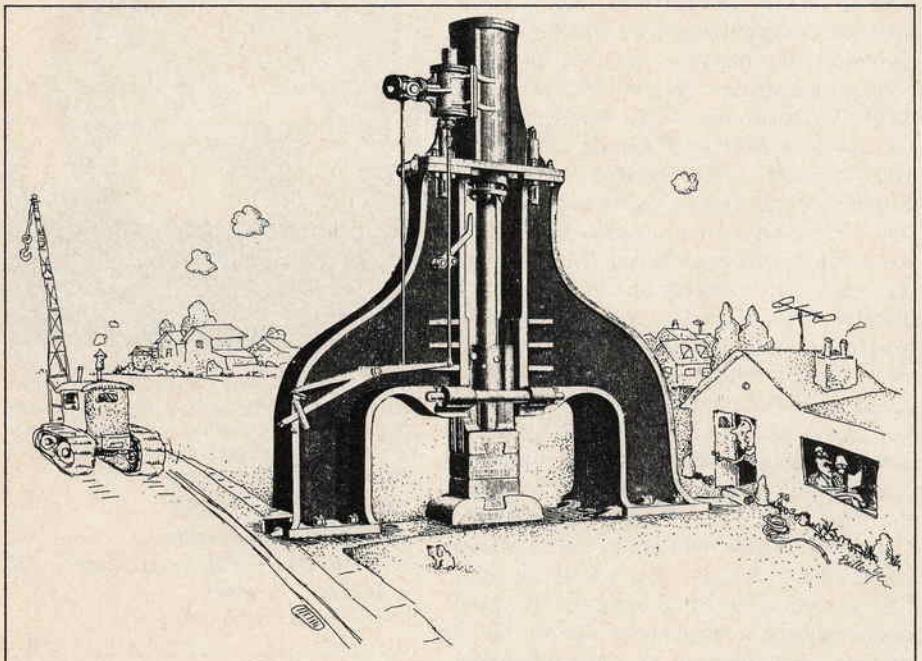
SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I felt great because I was the first athlete to be in a museum displaying *his* work of art, which just happened to be my physique. Overall, it was a great success. What does piss me off, though, is when people try to trick me into going to parties. You know, rich people in Beverly Hills who want to make the gossip columns.

OUI: Now that you've retired from professional body-building competition and are concentrating on acting, don't you *need* the Hollywood publicity?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If that's the kind of publicity I have to depend on, I'm a sad, sad case. I don't choose my friends for publicity purposes. Jon Voight, Warren Beatty, Sylvester Stallone—I've gotten to know these people and they're a lot of fun. Stallone's into body building, and Jack Nicholson had a birthday party for me after we finished *Stay Hungry*. All my bodybuilder friends were there, really a mixed crowd—actors, bodybuilders, weight lifters, karate guys and writers—and it was great. The other kind of party, though, where someone's trying to rip you off—no, thanks.

OUI: Are you serious about becoming a professional actor?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, I've been going to acting school and I know that this is what I really want to do. At the moment, I'm looking for the right vehicles, and I pretty much know what I want. Do you know Hemingway's short story *The Killers*? I'd like to do a remake, play the guy the two mobsters are after—the Swede. I realize there's only one Arnold in the world, that there's never been an Arnold before, and the one thing that won't work on the screen is my being an ass-kicker. If Robert De Niro kills in *Taxi Driver*, it's perfect, because he's a little guy and people are 100 percent behind him. For me, that isn't the right kind of role, because I'm big and therefore I have to play the opposite kind of guy. When you build a career, you should never imitate anybody. If there's one thing I ought to do, it's the unexpected. Whether it's *The Killers* or something else, I probably should play the victim. ▣



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THE ABCs OF ZZZZZs *My favorite aid is packaged in fifths.*

(Continued from page 76) dependency as sure as anything you can buy on the street.

"Almost every sedative, if used regularly, will aggravate the insomnia that it is intended to cure," wrote the Stanford people. Penn State's Dr. Anthony Kales and Massachusetts General's Dr. David Greenblatt—sizable cheeses, indeed—went before Congress to portray the joys of drug-dependence insomnia, which include prolonged sleeplessness, mad nightmares, hallucinations, delirium and psychosis. Who makes this stuff, Owsley?

Hardly. We're talking about straight, over-the-counter items—Nytol, Excedrin P.M. and Sominex (made by Nabisco; a cracker for the nerves). These include the housewives' heroin, the sedatives—Compoz, Miles Nervine, etc.— that provide all the negative attributes of sleep without the blessing of unconsciousness. Used now and then, there's probably little harm to these. But what happens is that if you eat a pill too late, it just makes you groggy and robotesque the next day, so you start taking pills ahead of time. This isn't treatment but habit.

As they become habitual, they become habit-forming, creating a *Through the Looking-Glass* scene in which you have to dose as fast as you can just to stay where you are. Regular, heavy hits of this jazz can decrease your ability to concentrate, balance, coordinate and cope; and even the FDA, a virtual house organ of the drug industry, said they're neither demonstrably effective nor safe. With long-term sleep problems, says Stanford's team, the primary cause is very likely respiratory and drugs will be "counterproductive and risky." Every one of these little potions is mostly antihistamine, which fiddles with the respiration and, in the case of sleep apnea, can put you on a slab.

Incidentally, *any* depressant used regularly to coax sleep will produce this tolerance/dependence sequence, including my favorite sleep aid, which is packaged in Mexico in fifths. Indeed, a lot of alcoholics started out as insomniacs. Any writer knows this. (Marijuana, however, seems both safe and serviceable as a sleep catalyst and is available everywhere without prescription.)

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THE ABCs OF ZZZZZs *Sleepism, like any bigotry, ultimately toys with your head and restricts your freedom. If your sleep is insufficient, so by implication are you.*

that sleep abuse is hyped and sustained by advertising, which has convinced us that routine anxieties and minor sleeplessness are unhealthy and require medicine. Marvelous! Sleep as consumer item. Coming soon: air! This create-a-need-and-fill-it tactic has further produced a spreading fear of sleeplessness that Kales calls a major source of insomnia. Aiyeeeee! Insomnophobia!

It's true. A lot of people who can't sleep at night suffer from pseudo insomnia—they stay awake worrying about sleep and are then psychologically bushed the next day. Mitler says that when they're shown that they actually get enough sleep, they relax, crash, have no more problems.

These people and most insomniacs are nothing more than victims of cheap sleepism, a blindly prosleep prejudice that goes something like "We know that sleep has a function, because we feel it has a function." Since the time when we descended from the trees, we've imagined sleep as a mystical, restorative power, not so much because we wake up in the morning all teeth and optimism but because otherwise we've just been lying there, dead meat, doing absolutely nothing for one third of the day. This, particularly, spits on the Yankee cross of productivity: I ain't slacking, I'm recharging.

Sleepism, like any bigotry, ultimately toys with your head and restricts your freedom. Once you buy the idea that sleep should be restorative, you're disappointed and fretful when it isn't. And if your sleep is insufficient, so by implication are you—fuzzy with unclarity and running on auxiliary power. Even the eight-hour rule is just another bit of tyranny by generality—like brushing after every meal or walking with the light—and is about as valid as buttering a burn.

There's a good four-hour range in adult-sleep requirements, independent of habits, intelligence or rearing; and needing little sleep seems no worse than needing big sex. Edison and Napoleon were four-hour men. If you have no genuine physical or psychological problems, whatever amount of sleep you're comfortable with is "proper." Anything else is shabby, sleepist bunk—the wholesale imposition of arbitrary uniform standards whose cheerleaders are the pharmaceutical houses.

And whose fertilizer is our lifestyle. Everybody has known the panic of partying far beyond sane realms on Saturday night, not rejoining the living until about the time the Sunday sportscasts start and then looking forward to a 7:30 alarm on Monday morning. So, Sunday night, after maybe a ten-hour day, we try to fall out. Good luck, chump. When we do this, says Webb, we're "violating the laws of sleep."

Drop dead, Doc. We need more laws like we need more blacktop.

Probably the most common sleep grievance is that you're still charged up at bedtime and so stay up, but the next morning the economy demands that you rise and go to work, which you do with effort and reluctance, and midway through the day you'd give your firstborn for a fast nod. Hosed by your biorhythms? Bah! The fault here isn't with you but with a socioeconomic rhythm you've been hammered into. Mitler calls this violation of your internal clockwork the biggest problem he's seen and says you should select a schedule that you're comfortable with.

But this choice is open usually only to the rich or the indifferent, leaving the rest of us trapped in the Full Life: Johnny Carson and Tom Snyder say we should stay up till two A.M.; the guy in personnel insists we get up at seven. If we live so as to accommodate both sides, we're three hours short of what we've always been told was utterly vital to health and happiness.

Nuts. It's time for some insomniacs' lib! Stop knuckling under to sleepism and the artificial standards of the semi-death cult. The trick is to not feel you've lost three hours but gained them. There's a growing network of all-night Everything to make this easier. Many of us now sleep at night only because we've nothing better to do.

Insomnia has already become a lot like opium or masochism or Twinkies—generally recognized as bad and self-destructive, but enjoyed by a growing number on the sly. "I get two whole lives to everybody else's one," gloats one phenomenal insomniac. If you slept two hours less daily, you'd add roughly three years to your waking life, which may or may not be a good thing, but at least you'd be up and living. And remember: The FDA gave particular hell to drugs pitched to blunt tension and anxiety, implying that the best thing for nervous energy is to *do* something with it.

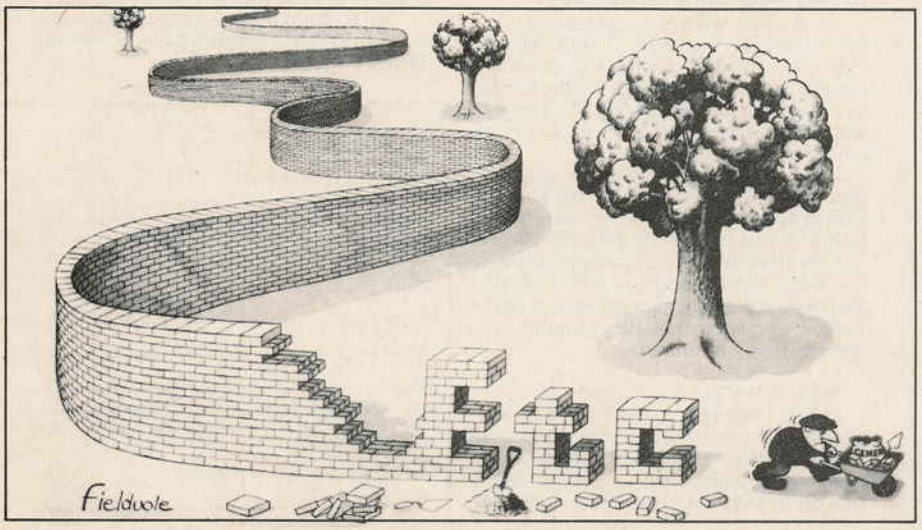
And why not? There's a serious debate in the sleep sciences right now over whether we need sleep at all. Besides the untold numbers who get by on a few hours or less nightly, we know that the Geritol crowd commonly needs just five hours and a handful of animals don't seem to sleep at all. An hour a night for humans isn't that rare. In fact, with the advent of the 24-hour functional day, many are wondering if sleep is maybe just a mythologized waste of time.

•

> "I don't know why I don't sleep. Frankly I couldn't care less. . . . If I did start going to sleep now for lengthy periods I'd go flaming mad. . . . I don't need sleep. I don't like sleeping, and even the 15 minutes that I sleep now I begrudge."
>
> —A MR. DATTNER TO THE BBC

Bravo, Dattner. Let's face it: Right now we habitually piss away on sleep some eight hours that could be spent fucking, gambling, practicing the oboe, trepanning a skull, weighing out cocaine, wishing we were a gynecologist, learning French, mastering decimal conversion, forging checks or picking horses. Precious time squandered on the dipso ramblings of the subconscious.

There's a serious aspect to this,



MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman?
One particular method has been a tremendous success in England. Here is what the Englishmen who have used it have to say:

After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by ¾" and nearly ½" in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

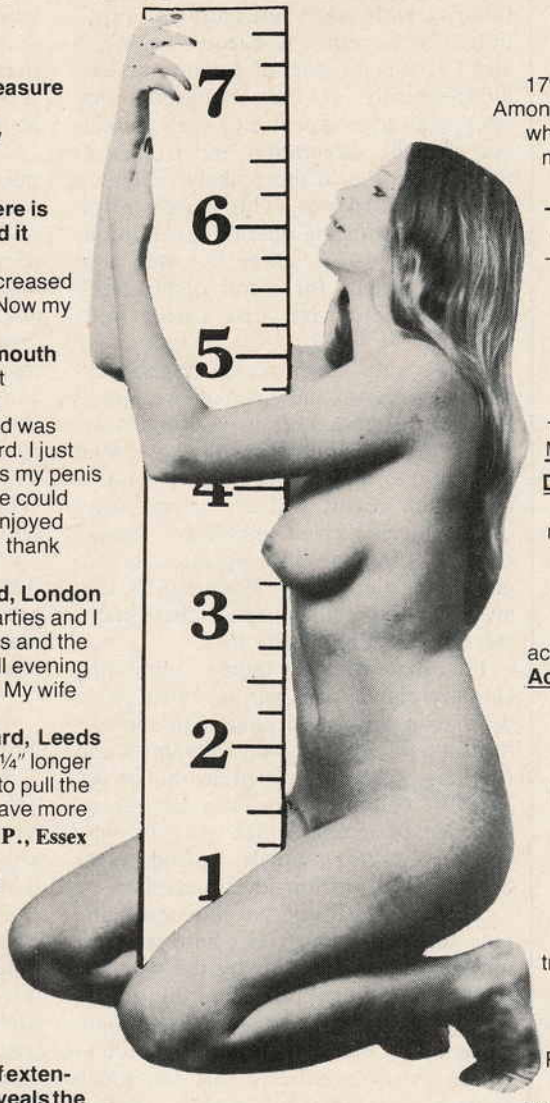
Brian L., Catford, London

My wife and I go to a lot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now 1¼" longer and ½" thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex



Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women *do* think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

Medical Results

Years of extensive scientifically controlled medical experimentation went into the making of "The Penis." The most interesting example was that used to test for the effectiveness of one particular method of enlargement. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this particular method of penis enlargement, which is described in detail.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was 17% and the average breadth increase was 16%. Among a second similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, no increase in penis size was found. The following is a table of results obtained.

Case No.	Age	LENGTH Starting	LENGTH Ending	LENGTH Change of	GIRTH Starting	GIRTH Ending	GIRTH Change of
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64	Dropped out of trial					
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6:1	.9
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9

Detailed Instructions

With the precision that only an experienced medical specialist could have, he illustrates the physiological factors involved in enlarging the penis. Step by step—detail by detail, he describes the effective methods, how to employ them, and how long it will take to achieve remarkable results.

Acclaimed in Europe

Dr. Richards' achievement is truly a landmark. After years of intensive clinical study and research, the truth is finally revealed. Often shocking, it is always factual and authentic. A business executive from Berlin commented. "It seems that truth can really be stranger than fiction. It contains an arsenal of information." Perhaps the most revealing comment comes from one of Dr. Richards' assistants: "It is the work of a physician who brings to bear a vast warehouse of experience, knowledge and training...in order to enlighten."

It is time to clear up the confusion and end the exploitation. This definitive study is now available in America: "The Penis" by Dr. Brian Richards. To obtain your copy simply fill out the coupon below. Let the power of modern medical science work for you.

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THE ABCs OF ZZZZZs *Sleep is escape, emotional A.W.O.L.; avoidance of labor, sanctuary from duty and ignorance of grief.*

though, with some intriguing implications. Such research barons as Webb and Dr. Ray Meddis of London arrived independently at the conclusion that sleep evolved as a device to keep animals out of sight, circulation and trouble at times when they'd more likely become a meal than find one. This principle has little to do with the operating conditions of America 1977, where the only concrete arguments for a full night's sleep are the electric bill and saving your marriage.

It gets very fundamental. Webb's experiments have shown that we aren't 24-hour animals. Left in nontime isolation to "make" our own days, we tend naturally to stay up one or two hours later each night. Mitler's sleep-restriction subjects, given increased awake-time, all chose to stay up later, not to get up earlier. Aha! Wanting to stay awake an extra hour each night is natural; semicoma regularity isn't.

For that matter, there's something clammy about sleep per se. "Between a dead man and a sleeping man there is but little difference," said Cervantes; and Raymond Chandler called death *The Big Sleep*. If you're like me, you can't stand the idea of death, which may be why you're not crazy about drifting eight hours a day in its low-level metaphor.

There's actually a vaguely menacing note to sleep—which is where the vast majority of us kick off, by the way. As far as that's concerned, some big minds wonder if it might not actually be dangerous. Dr. Meddis: "There is a lot of recent work to indicate that too much sleep is bad for you." Webb: "You're fighting with sleep; you and it are against each other." Mitler likens it to high-sugar foods, which are no problem for most people but terrible news for diabetics. For at least some people, sleep can produce drastic physiological changes: "The notion that sleep is uniformly restorative is probably wrong. Certain people stop breathing when they go into sleep, and this is not good by any standards." If sleep comes to you bearing clinical problems, too much could be dangerous!

But even for normals, is it healthy? "Inactivity will kill you" is the golden rule of physical fitness, and it's known that too much sleep deconditions the body. Physiologically, you spend most of those eight hours deteriorating: lung and heart efficiency decline, bones grow brittle, blood vessels stiffen, muscles lose tone, the body enflabs and oxygen delivery shrivels. During R.E.M. sleep, you're actually paralyzed, and we refer to the lack of muscle tension in the unconscious as dead weight. Brrr. "Restorative" your ass. Too much sleep can leave you groggy, stumbling with cobwebs and about as energetic as wet burlap.

There's also a clear-cut hazard to sleep insofar as you meddle with your natural rhythms to attain it, and especially if you meddle using the shoehorn of pharmacology. "If you're born with a mechanism which permits you a small amount of sleep," Meddis told the BBC, "you may well be healthier and happier than someone who sleeps longer."

So. If it's neither particularly healthy, restorative or natural, just what good *is* it? Sleep nullifies the reason, deceives the passions and blottos the senses. Who needs it? The Persian poet Saadi said, "God gives sleep to the bad in order that the good may be undisturbed," but the bad are notorious for carrying on at night, and asleep is a lousy place to be in an emergency. Besides, there are documented cases of murder by sleeping persons. You can't win.

Then why do we so avidly pursue this mindless oblivion?

Because in sleep, as Aristotle said, "There is no difference between the happy and the miserable." Ari saw it as a great equalizer, but sleep's real virtue is as a great escape.

That's the final score. Sleep is escape, emotional A.W.O.L.; avoidance of labor, sanctuary from duty and ignorance of grief. It is nonconsciousness, which in itself makes the stuff increasingly attractive. Given the current quality of life, what's the advantage of being awake? We are a drug culture and sleep is nature's own sopor. Mindless stupor, whether you seek it in smack or in a catnap, works out to a retreat from the hopelessly cruel battleground of awareness. As much as anything, I get my six hours a night just to take some time off from being me. I don't think I'm unusual, either.

Sleep is a strategic hamlet of nonresponsibility in a world of stress, chores, family, insecurity, work, ambition, competition, schedules, deadlines, politics, bills, *argh*. We tend to need less sleep when things are going well, when being awake is enjoyable. And it's precisely when everything goes into the slit trench that we most crave and prolong it. They make you sleep in hospitals not because it's therapeutic but because it's absence, unawareness of the wretched fix you're in.

With all its waste, pointlessness, hazard and inutility, why is it so precious and vital? Because sleep is where the dreams are. ▣

LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE *Sometimes it's the eating that kills you.*

(Continued from page 46) as agricultural-experiment stations.

And after you nudge your chem/germ-noia up to the cosmic level, you can treat it like a potential flu. Get plenty of sleep, take vitamins, easy on the alcohol, take exercise and read lots of poetry.

Those who don't rely on their natural defenses and their natural cosmic humor have only Howard Hughes as their model. The germ phobes' germ phobe, Hughes lay abed behind his bacteria-proof screens, with the windows sealed against bacterial creepy crawl. He was especially leery of Mormon germs and would not let his Mormon attendant-nurses get near enough to huff him with any germic halitosis; rather, they slid notes back and forth to him under a screen. When Hughes walked forth from his bed during his last sad years, his slaves strewed Kleenex leaves before him as if he were some new-age, I-am-Jesus cult leader.

No, you don't want to get as freaky as *that* in your chem/germ consciousness. On the other hand, now that the military has taken a new interest in combining the genetic codes of various bacteria in order to make better weapons, public awareness will obviously increase. CBS will probably be able to put out a documentary called *The Selling of the Germ*. Shoulder to shoulder we'll stand in common chem/germ-noia—poet, leftist, rightist, blue collar, white collar, hawk, dove and toucan. And germs will be seen as un-American Nazi thugs and punks, who convert your tissue to ooze and eat you like oatmeal! Cannibals! Sometimes it's the eating that kills you. A tuberculosis bacillus actually eats the lungs. Poor Anton Chekhov, desperate to finish a few more short stories, his lungs getting devoured like something in plastic at a fast-food window.

On the other hand, while TB is eat-kill, germs like tetanus are shitkill. Such germs are the symbol of all evil: Secret, malevolent, freaky and dirty, they sneak into our cells and defecate upon their hard-working floors. Think of it: A decent cell, just trying to obey the chemical and electrical instructions from the decent, rational, Listerine-rinsing human in charge, and along comes a germ and just throws dooky everywhere.

I tell you, it makes you think of *punishing* the germs. You laugh? How, you say, could you ever punish a germ? Well, just the other day I saw a picture of a television screen in a laboratory

"Hi!"

with a full-color image of a germ on it, and a scientist sitting in front of the screen who was able to zap various parts of the germ with a tiny laser beam. I say exhume Anton Chekhov and remove all the dormant tubercular bacilli and punish each with the laser beam for killing that wonderful man.

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THE MILITARY AND CHEM/GERM-NOIA

"New biological laboratories are rising on Moscow's outskirts," began an article in the *Los Angeles Times* in early 1977; it then went on to describe satellite photos proving (allegedly) the facilities' existence. Dire sentences spoke of "ethnic weapons" or "race bombs," which focus on a specific race.

Such race bombs would be the result of a controversial new field of research involving so-called "recombinant DNA" techniques, whereby genes of one organism are transplanted into another organism and a new life form is created. Supporters of such research claim that great benefits will flow from the work, such as a rootless corn that gets its nitrogen from the air rather than the soil. The military, of course, thinks of race bombs rather than rootless corn, unless (as the chem/germ-noiac would argue) it could devise a rootless recombinant corn that would feed friends and kill enemies.

The chem/germ-noia position on genetic-weapons research is that biology professors, hungry for honors, grants, security clearance and Nobel Prizes, will go ahead anyway and create new unstoppable germs, create monsters pulsing in cages, all for the historic game of moneygrub and approval. But if the American military establishment does develop the new recombinant chem/germ weapons, it will probably have to use a duplicitous road. This is because chem/germ-warfare research is totally banned by international law—except that research done for "defensive" purposes. The banning, as you recall, came about in large part because of what happened one cold March day in 1968 in Skull Valley, Utah.

•

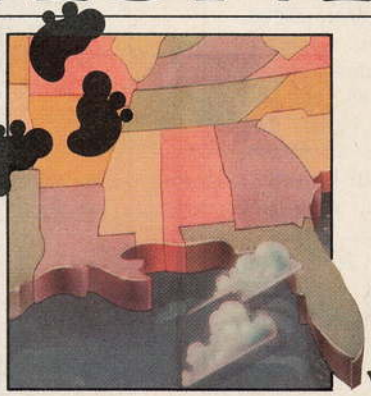
SKULL VALLEY SHEEP-HIT

The sheep were grazing peacefully; the snow was still on the ground. And

NEXT MONTH

CARTER'S LITTLE CONSPIRACY
Who are the Trilateralists? What do they tell Jimmy?

ANITA BRYANT VS. THE GAYS
The orange-juice lady's war on fruits.



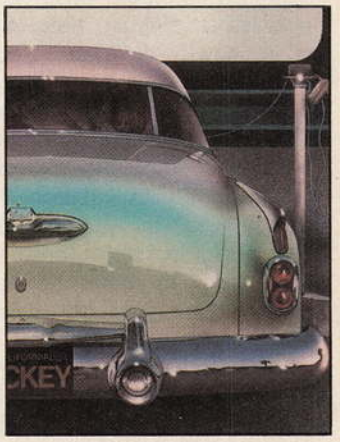
PSYCHIC TOURING MAP OF THE U. S.
Follow this guide to UFO hotspots, Bigfoot country and other weirdness areas.

A OUI EDITORIAL POSITION:
Back to back, belly to belly, in and around and up and down.

LIES AND LIE DETECTORS
A state-of-the-art look at the latest in polygraph technology.

JOHNNY BENCH
A few words on the greater meaning of baseball's one true superhero.

DR. DEMENTO'S favorite dirty discs.



MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR TOMORROW
An explosive interview with physicist Ted Taylor.

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then a cloud of off-ooze, part of an open-air test of VX nerve gas, drifted over from the nearby Dugway Proving Grounds, apparently by accident, and thousands of sheep fell dead.

For some time, the Army and chem/germ officials stuck firm to Lenny Bruce's rule 16 (Deny, deny, deny). In the end, however, the Army paid damages of $376,000 to the sheep-persons. This single incident was extremely important in marshaling pressure by the public and by Congress to scrap the entire chemical-biological-warfare apparatus and to sign the 1925 Geneva Protocol banning such warfare.

President Nixon ordered a chem/germ halt in late 1969, and the international treaty was ratified by Congress in 1973. With funding for the Boys from Bacteria cut off, one would have thought that that would have been the end of it. Chem/germ-noia would have subsided to a tolerable level. But were the Boys from Bacteria really cut off?

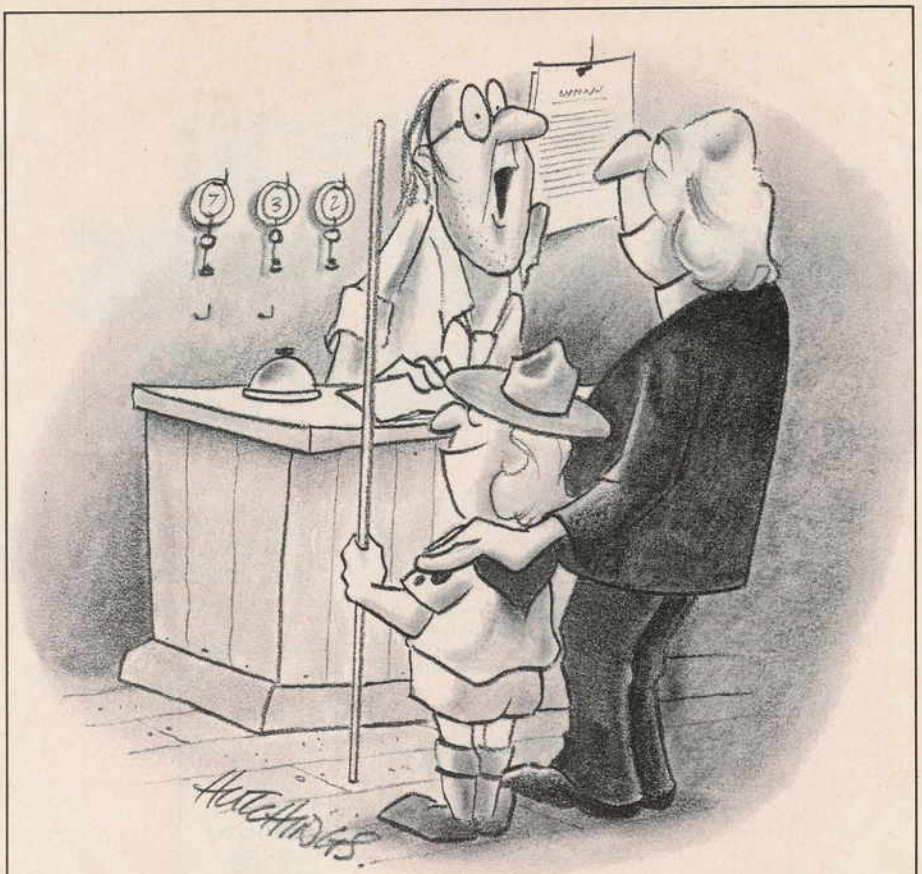
Two incidents may indicate they were not. First, in 1970, as part of its COINTELPRO disruption program, the FBI approved the use of a biological to poison food to be used in a Black Panther free-breakfast program in New Jersey and to sabotage at the same time a Black Panther convention. (The initial decision to implement the biopoison plan, says the FBI, was rescinded before it could be put into operation.) Second is the reported 1971 devastation of the Cuban swine population by deliberate implantation of the African swine-fever virus. This incident raises the strongest possibility that the announced cessation of biological-warfare activities in 1969 was a scam and that it masked an opposite intention.

•

THE FLOODGATES ARE OPEN

To understand the swine-flu program and the Legionnaire's disease in the context of chem/germ-noia, it is useful to recall a few previous terrorist threats in a similar genre. During the past few years, plotlets of chem/germ had bubbled up from the wire-service torrent, but they were minor media items for the most part, placed as unspecific, babble-mouth fillers just before commercials on the six o'clock news and in an obscure part of an already obscure back page of *The New York Times*. For instance, there was the:

**Alleged SDS plot against the gay lieutenant at Fort Detrick.* Frankly this sounded like a right-wing-disguised-as-left-wing operation to me. It began with a dispatch on November 20, 1970: "The Army said today that it had been informed of an alleged plot by a group of revolutionaries to steal bacteriological weapons from Fort Detrick, Maryland, to be used in poisoning a city's water supply."



"Any luggage?"

This sounded like good terror material, perhaps front page. Follow-up articles alleged that the Weatherpeople were behind the operation and that they were planning to blackmail a gay lieutenant into giving them enough biological materials to incapacitate a population for up to ten days. That didn't sound like the Weatherpeople, unless they were out to zap members of Congress while they were preparing to vote on a Vietnam funding bill or something. All thought of front-page headlines passed, however, when the source for the story turned out to be an unnamed informant in a Bureau of Customs report turned over to the Army.

A much bigger media chem/germ terror plot occurred in Illinois in early 1972. It was:

**The old superrace-after-germ-kill-of-weaklings scam.* Early on the morning of January 18, 1972, Chicago radio stations offered terrorist wake-up thrills to people headed for work. City water-filtration plants were under heavy police guard after the arrest of two young men charged with planning to place germs in the water; the two men were said to belong to a group called RISE, which, after inoculating its members against the germs, was allegedly going to off citizens of Chicago and other Midwest cities and then form its inoculated members into a ruling superrace.

Two members of RISE who had received their second immunization shots against typhoid decided to snitch on the plot. Police apparently located a small typhoid-germ farm at the home of the ringleader. The front page of the *Chicago Tribune* was exquisitely designed to encourage Listerine and Lysol sales: "TWO SEIZED IN GERM PLOT/TIGHTEN WATER-PLANT GUARD AFTER POISON-SCARE ARRESTS."

But it still wasn't a world-wide story. Nor was the first public incident of nerve-gas threats, which occurred two years later when a group called Aliens for America announced that it had sent letters to the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court that had disks of nerve gas hidden under the stamps. The story was buried among the book ads in the back of *The New York Times* and there was nary a follow-up article.

•

1974 AND 1975

The golden age of chem/germ-noia was launched in 1974, as Nixon's fall exposed the inner workings of American

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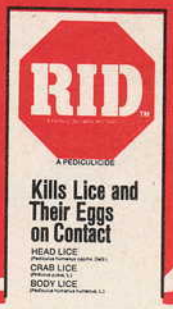

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LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE *The Senate feared another pandemic.*

Government as never before. At the same time, the Symbionese Liberation Army showed once and for all the future of terror as a headline producer.

In 1975, the CIA murder plots against foreign leaders came into public view at just about the same time a member of the Manson family pointed a loaded .45 at President Ford. Also in 1975, a former CIA operative published a book that seemed to accuse the Soviet Union of sending rockets bearing flu virus into the jet stream.

Military men were themselves becoming horrified as reports began coming in that the Soviet military equipment supplied to the Arabs during the 1973 Mideast war and later captured by Israel had extensive outfittings for defense against biological, chemical and radiological attack. Clearly, the military argued, the U. S. must take firm steps to counter this development.

Through constant bombardment by formerly secret data, the public gained its most healthy skepticism about Government operations since the Thirties. Thus, when the swine-flu program came along, leaking gross inconsistencies from its hull, a sort of mass chem/germ-noia came to pass and the program was subjected to withering examination.

•

PORCINE VIRUS

In January 1976, four soldiers at Fort Dix, New Jersey, came down with what was diagnosed as swine flu, a dread illness that in 1918 had killed some 20,000,000 people world-wide; ominously, one of the Fort Dix soldiers died. Fearing another pandemic, so the story went, the United States Senate in early April passed an emergency bill that provided $135,000,000 to immunize every American against the swine-flu virus.

Once the Senate acted, there was a race to prepare the initial vaccine before the summer, when inoculations would begin. The program was botched from the start: The manufacturers left out a key protein that would have provided additional strength to the vaccine. A group of senior citizens in Pennsylvania died after taking swine-flu shots, and although there was no provable correlation, it was front-page news.

Suspicion was rampant. In New York City, a Mafia don named Carlo Gambino died, providing the first instance of a possible swine-flu assassination. "CARLO GAMBINO—SWINE-FLU HIT?" blared a headline in the *New York Post*. The accompanying article, citing unnamed police sources, reported that Gambino, who had died of a respiratory ailment after taking a swine-flu shot, had

been strongly urged to take the shot by other Mob members, who were gambling that the aging honcho would succumb to side effects.

Then, in late 1976, the swine-flu program was stopped entirely when it became apparent that the shots could lead to a paralytic ailment known as the Guillain-Barre syndrome. With that, the mind affected by chem/germ-noia was able to go into full, fantastic operation.

•

LIST OF POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS THAT A SUSPICIOUS MIND MIGHT HAVE FOR THE SWINE-FLU PROGRAM

1. A plot by big business to acclimate the people toward accepting lots of shots, figuring: Lots of shots equal lots of mon.

2. A plot by the military to mask experiments in chemical-biological warfare; say, for the testing on the general population of a nerve-gas vaccine by hiding it in the swine-flu shots. Hence the weird paralytic effects suffered by some who took the shot.

3. A plot by the military to persuade Ford to order the program as a foreign-policy statement. This theory holds that the Pentagon was anxious to set a precedent for national inoculations, and hence to show the Russians how quickly and massively the United States could respond to any foreign flu-rocket attack.

4. The Boys from Bacteria, who were using recombinant DNA techniques to develop, say, a combined flu germ/mosquito, accidentally allowed a recombinant flu strain to escape from a laboratory; panic followed and the Boys from Bacteria convinced the President to set up the program.

5. The program was an inner-civil-defense operation. Security-cleared patriots became convinced that the minds and bodies of citizens were bastions to be defended against sneak germ, sneak chemical and sneak brainwash attacks; the only way adequately to prevent such attacks would be for a massive inner-civil-defense program, wherein citizens would take flu shots, nerve-gas shots, Q-fever shots, LSD shots, grass shots, polio shots, anthrax shots and many other shots—and take them regularly under pain of law. The swine-flu program could be seen as the first step for inner civil defense.

•

THE LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE

The American Legionnaires of Pennsylvania met in Philadelphia in late July of the Bicentennial summer—staunch, patriotic, ever vigilant for the safety of the nation. Then it struck: a virulent disease with high fever that seemed like pneumonia; 180 were afflicted and 29 ultimately died. It was a world-wide media event, filling a sort of news vacuum between the two political conventions. The eyes of the world were on America during its 200th summer, and that a patriotic organization like the Legion should be afflicted was front-page irony.

No one could tell the disease's source or sort. For a while, things looked bad for Pennsylvania. If the disease had grown unstoppable and had begun to spread, and drugs had failed to arrest it, then Pennsylvania would probably have been sacrificed as a sort of roped-off area, with troops wearing germ-protection masks stationed at the borders to prevent all from entering or leaving. The affliction acquired the name Legionnaire's disease, but citizens attending the 41st International Eucharistic Congress in Philadelphia a week after the Legion convention also contracted the illness, although on a lesser scale. One could never call a sickness Catholics' disease, so Legionnaire's disease it remained.

The disease was investigated at once by state, county and Federal officials. Questionnaires were sent to Legionnaires who attended the convention, and tissue and blood samples were taken from the victims for analysis. It quickly became apparent that virtually all of those stricken by the disease had spent a considerable amount of time in the lobby or convention hospitality rooms at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, one of the city's finest lodgings. It also turned out that those who had drunk the hotel water were more likely to have fallen prey to the illness. The average age of those who died was 64; 55 was the average age of those who became ill.

As to the cause and to possible perpetrators, it was weird-theory heaven. There was speculation for some time about a "demented veteran" with a grudge against the military or veterans' organizations. There was talk of a killer refrigeration gas called Freon seeping from the air conditioners; the theory was that the refrigerant had deteriorated into phosgene, a deadly gas used during World War One. There was the theory that ricin—a highly toxic substance extracted from castor-oil beans and reportedly developed for aerosol use by American chem/bio-warfare research years ago—had been sprayed into the lobby of the Bellevue Stratford. There was the theory that a refuse fire in the streets outside the hotel had emitted fumes of deadly nickel carbonyl and that

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LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE *The theory supposes that extremists on the far right, in the midst of the Republican nomination campaign, decided to expose the President to a disease that affects men his age.*

these fumes had drifted into the hotel in snuffish proportions; or, more ominously, that someone had spewed nickel carbonyl mixed with dry ice through the hotel air ducts. Both nickel carbonyl theories fell into disuse when it became apparent that the nickel that showed up in test tissues might have come from the scalpels that were used to cut the tissues.

The Federal investigation was coordinated by the Center for Disease Control, with emphasis on locating either bacterial, viral or toxic origins for the disease. Late in the year, a microbiologist at the center's leprosy and rickettsial branch was leisurely re-examining some earlier slides, in particular one showing a single-tissue cell of a chick embryo that had been inoculated with material from the lungs of Legionnaire's-disease victims. The search paid off. The doctor located a cluster of extremely tiny rods—bacteria—made bright red because of a staining chemical administered to help spot microbes. Tests with tissue samples from other Legionnaire's-disease victims confirmed that the disease indeed had been caused by a bacteria, but it was of an unknown type. Then it was revealed that there had been one, and one only, known previous outbreak of the disease—in 1965, when 62 were afflicted and at least 16 died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, a Federal mental institution in Washington, D.C.

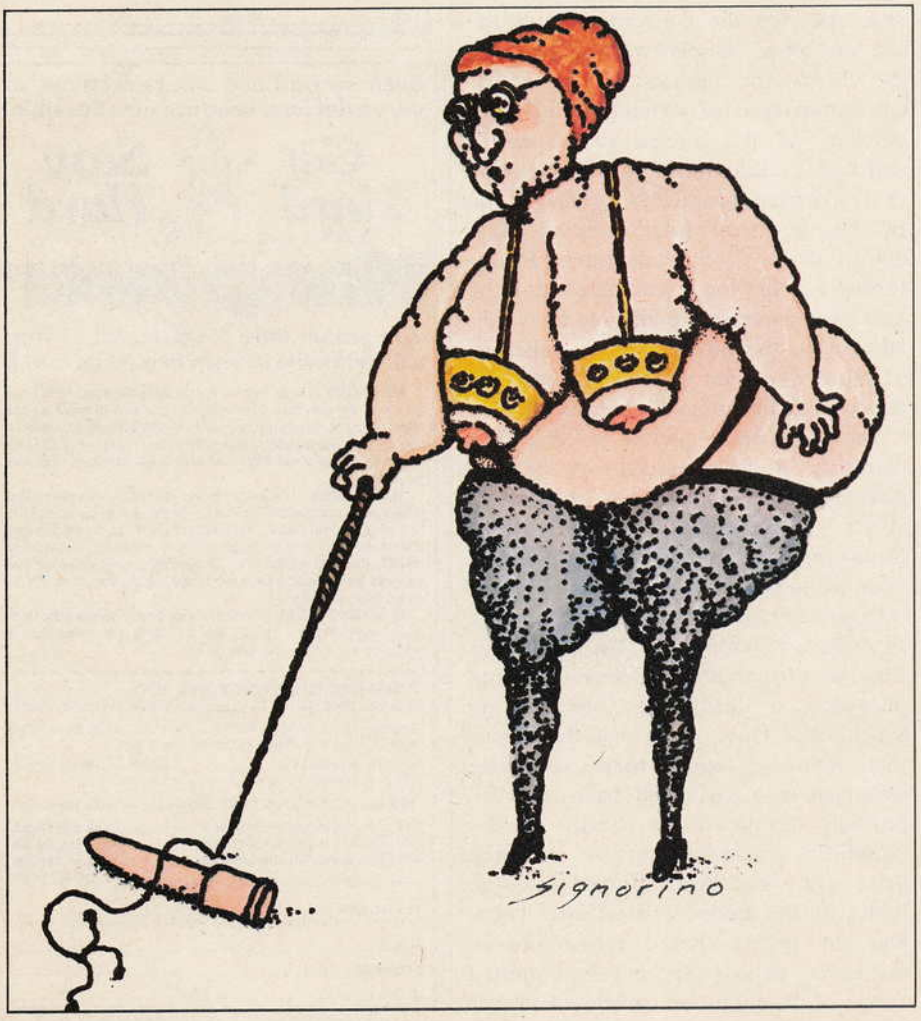
The location of the bacteria that caused the Legionnaire's disease did not attract nearly as much media attention as had attended upon the first panic-peppered days of August 1976. Nevertheless, I think that it provides the final factor in a scenario that may well explain the outbreak.

•

THE SOLUTION

I think that the incidents at the Bellevue Stratford quite possibly represent another botched assassination attempt against President Gerald R. Ford.

This theory takes into special consideration the following six factors: (1) my personal suspicions as to the real story behind the Squeaky Fromme / Sara Jane Moore assassination attempts in the fall of 1975; (2) the disclosure that the St. Elizabeth's and the Legionnaire's diseases are caused by the same bacteria; (3) the frenzied and angry race for the Republican nomination, and suspicions about the far-far-far-right wing in the United States; (4) recent revelations about Government open-air biological-warfare tests in populated areas of the U. S.; (5) the age factor in the Legionnaire's disease; and (6) the rumored theft of biological-warfare materials just before the Legion and Eucharistic gatherings.



The theory supposes that extremists on the far right, in the midst of the Republican nomination campaign and unbeknownst to Reagan, of course, decided to do their candidate a favor and remove the one obstacle to Reagan's nomination by exposing the President to a disease that affects men and women of his age bracket. It might have been a lingering illness and—as in the case of the Legionnaire's/Eucharistic diseases where many survived—Ford might not have died. Even if Ford *had* died before the convention, Vice-President Rockefeller would not have had enough time to marshal his own forces to carry the nomination; Rockefeller had long ago withdrawn even from contention for the Vice-Presidency.

What, then, do Squeaky and Sara Jane have to do with all this? Well, I've always entertained suspicions about those two assassination attempts and have scoffed generally at those who muttered, "Aha! Rockefeller is behind it!" On the left, Rockefeller is booed as the beast of Attica, and the right has never forgiven him for his heinous, crypto-leftist conspiracy in urging his father to donate the land for the United Nations building in New York. I personally think it would have been the Reagan forces who would have benefited most if Squeaky or Sara Jane had succeeded, and in my opinion it would have been a cinch, given her background, to have hypnorobotized, say, Lynette Alice Fromme into being an unwitting "sleeper" assassin. And as for Rockefeller's succession, the right wing–controlled Republican convention would probably have denied the nomination even to a Rockefeller who had been President for more than a year.

•

KHRUSHCHEV DISEASE

The Senate Committee on Intelligence Research has revealed that the

CIA and the military have developed an alarming number of specialized germs and poisons over the years. For instance, the CIA planned to slip Patrice Lumumba a fatal disease that occurred naturally only in Africa. It seems logical that the CIA and the military would have wanted to develop a noncommunicable ailment—say a respiratory/high-fever disease—that would attack a person who was about the age of Nikita Krushchev when he was leading the Soviet Union; that is, in the age bracket of 55 to 65. There are, of course, diseases that strike particular age groups—polio, for instance, and eastern equine encephalomyelitis, which tend to occur in children under ten years of age.

For the purposes of this article, I will call the putative biological-warfare weapon just described Khrushchev disease. I believe that Khrushchev disease is Legionnaire's disease. My theory also supposes that the CIA, or the Army, or the Navy, experimented with Khrushchev disease at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in 1965 and that unfortunately some had to die—"for the security of the nation," as the Boys from Bacteria would have rationalized it.

It is possible that a former security-cleared Government employee with knowledge of things like Khrushchev disease may have provided information about it (including location of samples) to a far-right group. The far right loves to recruit the disgruntled former intelligence agent or military officer who feels the nation is in dire danger and that nincompoops and traitors are selling it out.

•

THE THEFT

When I was researching this article, I went to Philadelphia to check out the Bellevue Stratford in person and to talk to investigators. I heard a rumor from an editor there that in the summer of 1976, not long before the Legionnaire's outbreak, there had been a burglary of biological weapons from a Government storage facility in Maryland. (If this burglary did occur, it might help explain the report that the Office of Naval Intelligence had sent a team to investigate the Legionnaire's disease not long after the outbreak.)

For the purposes of my theory, let's assume that there *was* a major burglary of biologicals from a Government facility. Why would that be hushed up? Well, in the first place, there are not supposed to be any biological-warfare weapons in the United States arsenal, according to Presidential order. There had been an enormous media flap when the CIA dart guns and shellfish toxin had been reported in the fall of 1975, and the military would certainly not have wanted any further flap. Perhaps, too, the materials stolen may have been of a sensitive, supersecret nature, and rather than alarm the public, a veil of national security was cast upon the matter.

Anyone who has read the Senate Committee on Intelligence's little green book outlining CIA assassination plots knows that the technology exists to place a germ source in a room with a timer set to spread the germs into the air on a certain day. The germ spreaders would have been installed in the Bellevue Stratford lobby or air-circulation system as early as possible after the theft. The only remaining problem would be to see to it that, for one reason or another—such as a luncheon or press conference—the President would walk through the ritzy lobby on the appointed day.

Whereas the timers on at least one of the germ diffusers went off two weeks too soon, at least one of the remaining devices went off on schedule (according to the theory) and infected some of those attending the Eucharistic Congress at the Bellevue Stratford.

In June, two events occurred that possibly were part of a plan to soften up the media and Federal agencies (already strained from looking for lone nuts, gun barrels jutting from human seas and the sort of executive action better known as executive reaction). On June 29th, CBS reported that a special nuclear alert was in place at nuclear facilities for possible "sabotage by an extremist group" during the next few days.

A few days earlier, on June 16th, a letter postmarked Texarkana, Texas, and addressed to Director Clarence Kelley, was received by the FBI in Washington. The letter contained ticks that the accompanying letter alleged to bear deadly disease, but mail-canceling machines had already killed the blood-sucking arachnids; corporation heads also received ticks and letters of threat. At the same time, apparently as part of the same coordinated terror drive, 18 letter bombs were received around the country by corporations. The FBI described the letter bombs as part of a plot to extort millions from about 200 businesses and executives.

So it can be seen that June and July of the Bicentennial summer were months of intense crisis for the police, for the apparatus that protects nuclear missiles and plants, and for the Secret Service. The result was that one might have been able to pull off something like a Legionnaire's disease-murder amidst such distraction.

•

STEP-BY-STEP DESCRIPTION OF THE PLOT

The plot would have been a deliberate tampering with the democratic process by those highly placed, in the mode of events of *(Continued on page 133)*

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SEX TAPE LETTERS *I had the terrible thought that I'd brought all this about by all those years of rape fantasies.*

(Continued from page 28) Harley-Davidsons. I've been dreaming up variations on this fantasy for years, and I've been unable to reach orgasm every time I've tried to block or change the fantasy. Nevertheless, the most frightening experience of my life was an attempted rape by just such a beefy hoodlum.

A couple of years ago I spent the summer working on an art project at a New England university. I took a break late one afternoon and went for a walk with a girl I'd met the day before. She lived in the area, and as we walked toward town she saw some guys in a convertible that she'd known in high school. Beer-swilling jock types, I remembered thinking in disgust, but Sally talked me into accepting a ride with them because they wanted to take us to a party. There are bound to be some different types at the party, I told myself. There were: Instead of jocks, there were motorcycle hoods—the kind who'd eat The Fonz for breakfast. I tried to figure out a way to leave, but we were at a house way out in the country. I guessed from the number of empty beer cans I saw that they'd all been drinking quite a bit. I wasn't there long when I noticed that all the girls had disappeared into various rooms and I was left with three of the biggest, dumbest and ugliest bozos of the lot. One of them grabbed me by the arm and shoved me into a tiny room not much larger than a closet. I would have protested, but I figured that one would be easier to handle than three.

Bozo (what else can I call him?) was so drunk he could hardly stand. I know now that most drunks can't even get it up, much less rape anybody, but at the time, Bozo was so similar to my fantasy rapist that I was terrified at the thought that he might actually *do* all those evil things I'd only imagined. He kissed me. In my dream I fought him for a couple of seconds and then melted into his manly arms. In reality I just went limp. His breath stank, his beard scratched and a wave of revulsion swept over me. I decided to take my chances with the other two creeps, but Bozo caught me from behind and began mauling my breasts with his giant paws. This, too, was similar to a scene from my fantasy, but instead of setting my blood afire, his actions served only to further terrify me and I began screaming. At the same time I had the terrible thought that I'd brought all this about by all those years of rape fantasies. For a split second, I even considered giving in to the bastard because of some strange sense of guilt. Then I got angry, and when Bozo dropped his pants, I waited for my chance and then kicked him in the balls as hard as I could. He screamed, fell over and passed out.

I've thought about that experience a lot in the past two years. I know that rape is a frightening and brutalizing experience. I know that I never, ever, want it to really happen to me. But you know what? I still have the same fantasy every time I make love.

JANET Y.
Nashua, New Hampshire

Every time I take someone home for the first time it's frightening.

GAIL W.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Every time a woman says no it's frightening.

EDWARD T.
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

I love sex, but I also find it frightening. It always seems like a challenge, and what scares me is the thought that I might not please my partner. I don't think I'd be able to take it. I don't know how to do too many things, so I try to do what I do well, and if trying harder makes you better, then I'm one of the world's greatest lovers. But I feel that I have to prove it every time.

LINDA C.
Montgomery, Alabama

To me, the worst feeling in the world is to be trapped, even if it's in a loving embrace. I went home one night with a Filipino guy whom I worked with during the summer. He was gentle and thoughtful, and I wouldn't have thought him capable of cruelty, but he was: He simply wouldn't come. I was going crazy, hitting and scratching him—this after several hours of fucking—and I had the feeling that he was just going to keep on methodically working me over. So I panicked and pushed him off me, which made him angry. He got dressed, lit a cigarette and walked out into the street. By the time he came back, both our moods had changed. We didn't even talk about it. We got back into the sack, and our coordination was perfect.

CLAIRE V.
Raleigh, North Carolina

My first experience with a prostitute came after I'd been around quite a bit. In fact, it happened last week, and I was terrified by the heartlessness with which this woman performed the so-called act of love. She did a great imitation of a cash register in bed.

FLOYD J.
Salt Lake City, Utah

LEGIONNAIRE'S DISEASE *What went wrong with the plot? The timers on the bacteria spreaders went off too soon.*

(Continued from page 131) 1963 and 1968. It would have followed this paradigm, if all had gone off according to schedule:

1. The acquisition of the biologicals, probably by stealing them, or from far-right Government sources. Thieves would have stolen a bunch of materials, so as not to cause the authorities to focus on any particular chem/bio weapon. Thieves would perhaps leave behind a clue to lead the authorities to believe a nuclear-terrorist group was involved. Such sensitive materials are stolen that a security blackout is thrown around the theft.

2. The softening up of the media and of Federal investigative agencies, who are going nuts in any case worrying about Bicentennial terrorism and protecting candidates from Sirhans and snipers. The group may have triggered the nuclear-terrorist alert of late June and may also have been responsible for the wave of letter bombs and the putative diseased ticks sent to FBI director Kelley.

3. Timer-rigged devices are implanted in or near the Bellevue Stratford Hotel lobby weeks in advance, timed to release the bacteria the weekend of the Eucharistic Congress. High-level maneuvers are undertaken to have the President walk through the lobby, perhaps to a luncheon or to a meeting with the press. (Not as difficult to arrange as it seems—surely more easily arranged than to have a caravan go out of its way to negotiate a hairpin curve and to slow down conveniently as it passes a Book Depository building and grassy knoll.)

4. Being in his 60s, President Ford is the right age to succumb to the disease. He is, of course, neck and neck with Ronald Reagan at that time for the nomination. When Ford comes down with the unknown pneumonia, the nation naturally mourns for the leader trapped in his hospital bed; but history waits for no one, and many mark the event as further indication of a weak and ineffectual Presidency. Reagan picks up another 75 delegates and wins the nomination in Kansas City. Tennis-shoe rightists perform a war dance/victory dance across the nation.

What went wrong with the plot? If this theory has validity, the mistake occurred when the timers on one or more of the automatic bacteria spreaders went off exactly two weeks too soon—on the weekend of July 24th. The get-Ford conspiracy planned on their going off on the weekend of August 8th, just before Ford was scheduled to appear at the Eucharistic Congress.

By the beginning of August, the Legionnaire's-disease scare had begun, but Ford still kept to his schedule. On Wednesday, August 4th, the White House announced that the President still planned to address the group in Philadelphia on Sunday. But the plotters' main plan had to be scrapped, for Ford could not in these circumstances be expected to bop through the Bellevue Stratford lobby. Those guys in the Presidential protection service are pretty sharp, after all.

Please send all rewards and prizes for breaking this case to Edward Sanders, in care of this publication. No ticks, please.

•

THE EFFACEMENT OF CHEM/GERM-NOIA

The solution to the problem of chem/germ-noia and its debilitating and time-wasting fears lies mainly in the application of gentle science. An important aspect of this is mental attitude. We have labeled this attitude the *Sesame Street Solution*, from the *Sesame Street* song containing those aphoristic words, "Sing of happy, not sad."

A corollary of that attitude, if you happen to be superstitious, is to build a mental bastion against the images of evil, thus thwarting the attention of hostile forces. That, combined with a Kennedy-like fatalism that says, "When the galactic ice pick falls from the sky, maybe it'll be quick," will enable the potential chem/germ-noiac to scamper through life in bliss until the universal mousetrap clacks down upon him/her unawares.

Another solution is for an individual to assume a personal-reassurance ritual regarding his chem/germ-noia. A close relative of mine utilizes such a ritual: She always swabs the inside of her nostrils with hydrogen peroxide following a visit to the following possibly germy environments: (a) redneck auctions in the Catskills, (b) New York City dentists and (c) Woodstock gallery openings.

I mentioned earlier the golden-mean method of chem/germ-noia effacement: easy on the alcohol, frequent meditation, lots of vitamins and exercise, moderation in the consumption of drugs, don't piss off the Deputy Director of Plans, and so forth. Another key element in erasing chem/germ-noia is the banning, for all purposes, of amphetamines.

Otherwise, the best method of all was devised by Dylan Thomas in his play for voices: *Under Milk Wood*. In it, he has the fastidious Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard exhort, "And before you let the sun in, mind it wipes its shoes." ▣

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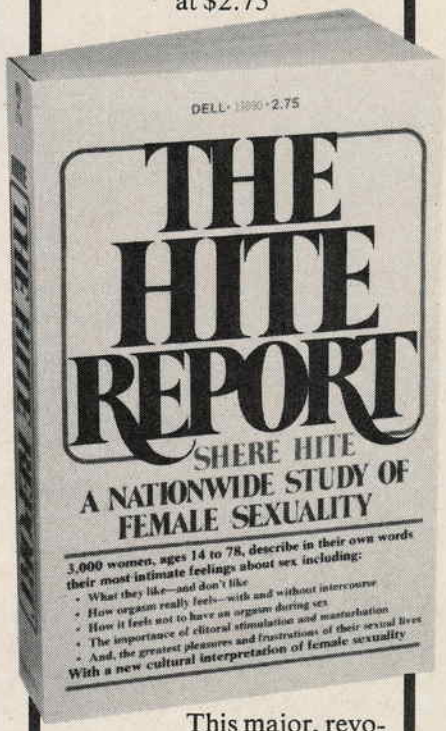
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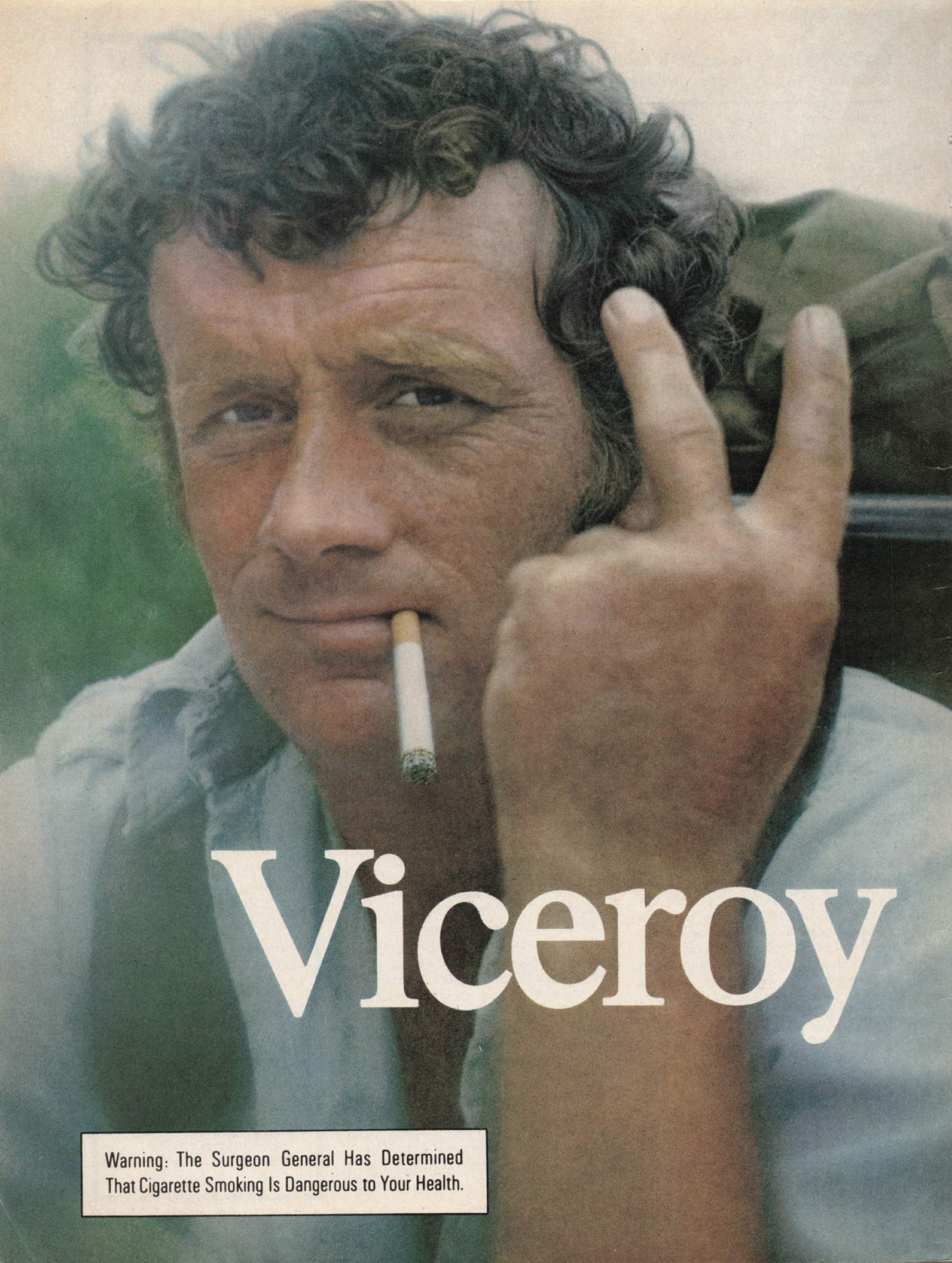
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WE

She-wolf

Dyanne Thorne claims to be nothing like Ilsa, the sado-Nazi she plays in movies; yet when we invited her to breakfast, she showed up in jack boots and a Kaiser Wilhelm

jacket. Do you always dress like this in the morning? we asked. "Only for publicity," laughed Thorne, who had flown in from Canada expressly for our shooting. "The Boston University Medical School voted me the body they'd most like to operate on." Playwright David Mamet, who has never seen an Ilsa flick, wisecracked, "I don't understand. What do you do, get naked and beat Jewish women?" Thorne explained that fans liked to see Ilsa get hers. In fact, the running joke of the series is that Ilsa dies anew in each film. "A depressed guy told me he was about to commit suicide, but when he saw *Ilsa*, he realized that things could be worse." Thorne's next epic will be equally uplifting: Ilsa goes to Siberia to run a Stalinist death camp.

Puns, not guns

"Never hesitate to open a case file," says Ed Sanders, author of this month's *Legionnaire's Disease Mystery Solved*. Sanders is an "investigative poet," a profession he founded when he wrote his Manson epic, *The Family*, and has since practiced on the pages of OUI with articles on cattle mutilations and Squeaky Fromme. Sanders believes that it will be poets who do the real muckraking in the future, because they are not tied, as newspaper reporters are, to commercial interests. "Blackmail, in other words, is going to go bye-bye." To wit, he has written a textbook on the art, *Investigative Poetry* (City Lights), and this summer will teach it at The Naropa Institute, a blissed-out school in Boulder, Colorado, that's heavy on Buddhist studies and courses with names like Empathy Skills and Women Writers: Transparent and Dense. Sanders advises the student poet to track down informants and make lists of their strengths and weaknesses. Thus will evolve a generation of poets who may make "the likes of Henry Kissinger . . . tremble. . . . We are here speaking of uncompunctious conjugation, not of richies cutting up cattle from silent helicopters, or of bankers whipping each other on yachts. . . . The days of bards trying to please some CIA-worshiping . . . professor are done!"

Twilight zoner

Glenn O'Brien walked such a thin line in this month's *The Saucer Men of Tennessee* that we wondered where his true sympathies lie. "I don't believe in flying saucers for political reasons," he replied. "UFOs are a new religion, a new opiate of the people. I wouldn't be surprised if the Government is behind them." Does he view his informants, then, as mere Dixie grotesques? "Yeah, I liked them a lot." O'Brien is no stranger to the twilight zone. He cut his editorial teeth on *Andy Warhol's Interview*—Warhol, in fact, snapped and signed the Polaroid at left—worked on OUI, *Rolling Stone* and *High Times*, and became notorious for articles explaining the Masonic symbolism on the dollar bill, the invention of glitter and the relation between magic mushrooms and piss-drinking. "But the UFO thing has more to do with the *Six Million Dollar Man* than with Mars," O'Brien claims. "It's a hysteria that comes from living out in the wilderness with only a TV. As I say in the piece, alienation leads to a belief in aliens." Still, O'Brien never misses an episode of *I Dream of Jeannie*.

It is often said that to name a thing is to create it. Thus, we received the letter below, and thus, Mr. O. Magazine replies: "Dear Miss Express (may I call you American?): Quite frankly, I'm not for everyone either. We corporate entities must be discreet. But something about your letter touched the deepest part of me, the French part. Miss Express, may I inquire if that instrument of yours—'honored,' 'prestigious,' 'financial'—is also photogenic? If so. . . ."

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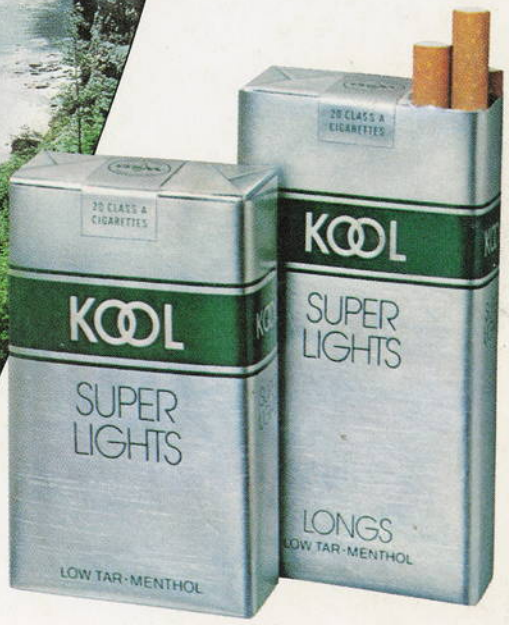

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